McCALL'S

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TEN CENTS

FEBRUARY 1929

Beginning

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE *by* Rafael Sabatini

Maude Parker - Vivien R. Bretherton -
Margaret E. Sangster - Temple Bailey

.....State.....

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One little sprinkle—
One little rub,
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MAKES BATHROOMS SHINE WITH CLEANLINESS

PLAYING? Of course, she's playing—it really is child's play to clean with Bon Ami. For it's so easy to use this soft, scratchless cleanser—so much fun to watch the way it blots up every trace of dirt and grime.

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Questions: *by You*

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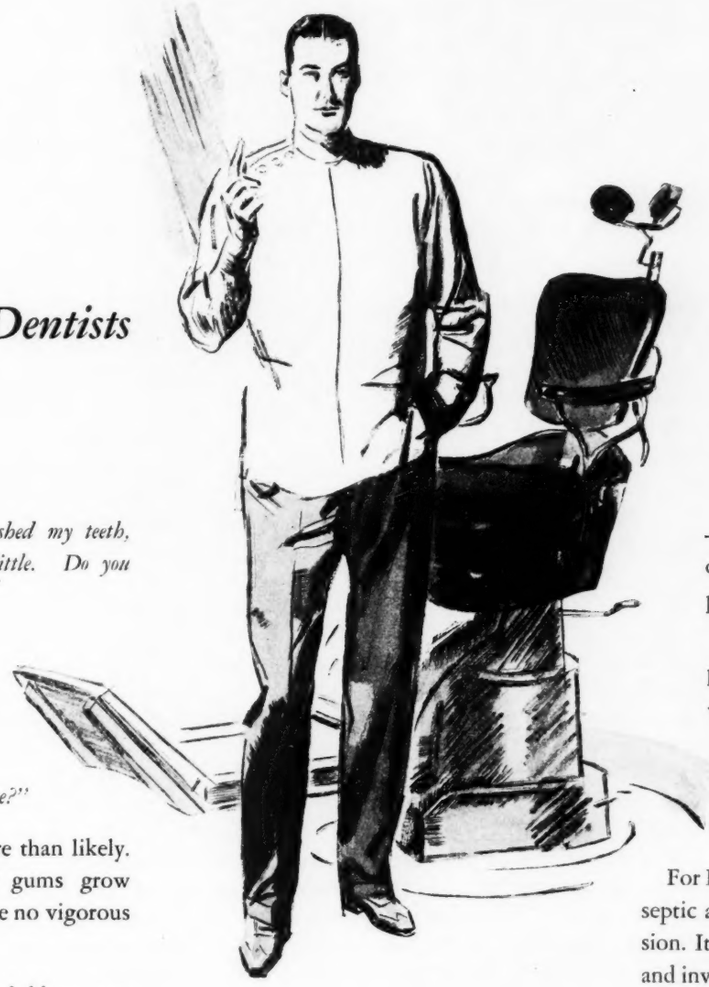

YOU: *"This morning when I brushed my teeth, my gums felt tender and bled a little. Do you suppose I could have pyorrhea?"*

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YOU: *"But I can't change the household arrangements about meals."*

DENTISTS: "No need to. Simply massage your gums twice a day at the time you brush your teeth. Use your brush or your fingers, whichever is more comfortable."

YOU: *"What good does that do?"*

DENTISTS: "It stimulates the flow of blood through the gum walls. It builds up and tones the tiny cells. It makes your gums firm and healthy."

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* * *

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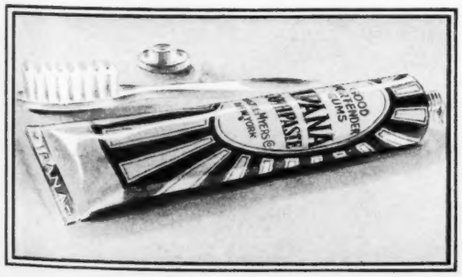

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Two Days

WE celebrate this month the birthdays of two supreme Americans—two of the greatest men the world has ever known: George Washington, the creator of a commonwealth; Abraham Lincoln, the father of the American home.

When we celebrate their birthdays what are we commemorating? Do we merely record the fact that on the twelfth or twenty-second day of the month so many years ago such and such a man was born? Do we simply recall the coincidence as an occasion for holiday? Has the sanctity of their lives lapsed into a gesture, a habit, a slogan?

A birthday is a vital event. A life is given to the world. With incalculable potentialities for good or evil it is poured into the stream of time and circumstance. In memorializing that gift we should do more than wave flags and send flowers. We should, so to speak, renew our own spirits. We should, by participation in the miracle of birth, whose significance is the wealth of women, ourselves suffer a rebirth and a baptism. A birthday is an opportunity, not a holiday. It is an opportunity for a spiritual inventory, a rehabilitation of character, a rededication of ideals.

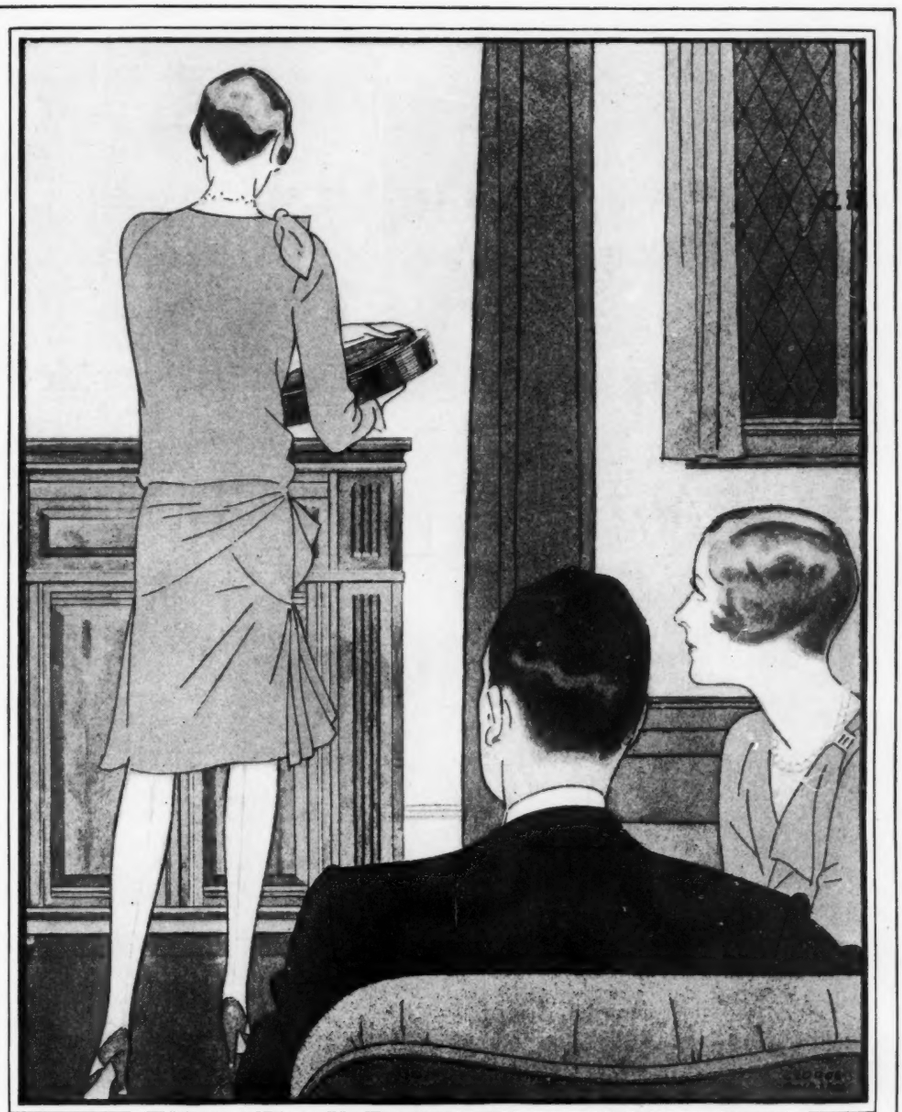
So the birthdays of men like Washington and Lincoln come to us as our own birthdays in the calendar of the soul. Each of them asks of us: "What kind of man are you? What kind of American are you? How have you endured hardship—or pleasure? How have you given, beyond yourself, to that which I fought to create, to that which I died to preserve?"

According to the answer in the silence of our souls we play true or false to the founder of our independence and the father of our democracy.

—THE EDITOR

I'm Telling You

it was positively uncanny!



¶ *Mildred took an armful of records and placed them in the Victrola.*

I've never attended a séance in my life. But last night at the Fergusons', Jimmy and I watched a performance that was certainly spooky. The things we saw and the sounds we heard—well, they just *couldn't* have been real.

Mildred Ferguson invited Jimmy and me to come over and see their new automatic Victrola. We went. We saw. And we sat there with our mouths open like a garage, as my husband said on the way home. I'll try to describe it.

Mildred took an armful of records and placed them in the Victrola. She pressed a button. The needle swung into position and the record started to play. Such music! We could have *sworn* the Philadelphia Orchestra was in the next room.

Then the music stopped and the needle lifted and the mechanism set the record aside, and put on the next one and played *that* one through. This kept up most of the evening, it seemed, giving us the finest music we had ever heard. It was completely automatic. Mildred and her husband sat with us and listened . . . they didn't have to *touch* the Victrola after starting it!

When the last record had been played and the Victrola stopped completely, we plied the Fergusons with questions. "It must have cost a fortune," we ventured. Mildred laughed. It hadn't cost a quarter as much as our car out there in the driveway! And the dealer had allowed them to pay for it by the month. . . . You may as well know it—we have ordered an automatic Victrola to be delivered Saturday.

¶ . . . *with our mouths open like a garage.*

Model Nine-fifty-four plays record-music electrically, with volume that may be adjusted. It changes its own records. In addition, it is the new Radiola Super-Heterodyne with the wonderful non-fading compensator. See it! Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Model Nine-fifty-four. Victor Automatic Electrola Radiola—$1350, list, with Radiotrons.

The New Orthophonic

Victrola

Dorothy Reid *Maude Parker* *Margaret Sangster*

McCALL MIRRORS

TO know Rafael Sabatini one must visit his birthplace—the little city of Jesi in Italy. Here one sees medieval walls and cobbled streets that in a dead age echoed to the ring of steel and laughter, villa gardens rich with memories of beautiful ladies and romantic rendezvous. Sabatini grew up in this little fragment of the past, left it to attend school in Switzerland and Portugal, and now through the medium of his romantic, historical novels returns to it, although living in England and wintering in the Alps. In a welter of more popular forms, Sabatini continues to write the stories that give him greatest joy, fascinating tales of medieval intrigue and gay cavaliers, knights of the sword and sail—men like Scaramouche and Captain Blood, whose adventures brought Sabatini international recognition—or like the Romantic Prince whose story begins in this issue. In *The Romantic Prince* the author "turns again home."

IF Sabatini's background is flavored with the character of the Middle Ages, Maude Parker's is as distinctly New World, for her ancestors settled in Virginia almost three hundred years ago. Born in Texas, Mrs. Parker lived in Iowa and attended the University of Wisconsin. Since the age of twenty she has lived variously in New York, Washington, Paris and Rome, where she spent three years as the wife of the American Ambassador to Italy. She has seen America first, traveled a good deal in the Orient and in all parts of Europe; yet from her home in New York she sends this thoroughly home-like message: "I have two small daughters and find, contrary to the usual maternal dictum, that they give to me in interest and companionship something which far outweighs the occasional care and anxiety which are an inevitable part of their upbringing."

MARCH will be remembered on McCall Street this year for more than clean, raw winds and poet's warnings. It will be the month when McCall's publishes the first installment of *Hide In the Dark*, the arresting new novel by Frances Noyes Hart, who wrote *The Bellamy Trial*. It is impossible to disclose the story in a paragraph, for the plot is far too ingenious. We shall tell you only that thirteen intriguing people, banded together under the name of the March Hares—for all were born in the month of March and all are a little mad—meet for a night of revelry in a single room of an old house on Hallowe'en. They enter the room at four in the afternoon and leave at four in the morning. And meanwhile—but that's the story!

THAT Jill-of-all-Arts, Vivien R. Bretherton, is an original McCall discovery. She tells the story in this way: "I never meant to be a writer at all. At first I was going to be a musician, until I discovered that I could get all my arithmetic done by little boys who wanted pictures drawn; so I decided to be an artist. Later I studied to be a sculptor, then a dancer. But I never thought of writing until one day a serious minded young man, who took all I said literally—and I never could resist the temptation of letting an agile imagination run away with my tongue—remarked acidly that it was a pity I didn't write fiction. Now that was an idea! I promptly wrote a story and sold it, on its first trip out, to your magazine." The serious minded young man's advice has held, for there have been many stories since.

DOROTHY C. REID graduated from "fibbing" into writing at an earlier age. In recalling her childhood in North Attleboro, Massachusetts, she says: "I have heard my grandmother frequently take my mother to task for letting me tell remarkable stories of imaginary adventures. Then mother would say, 'Dorothy, was that a true story or a dream story?' And pressed for an answer I would often have to admit it was a dream story." Mrs. Reid attended Dana Hall, and later, because her mother had some fine, old-fashioned ideas about women's careers, she was sent to the Boston Cooking School. She is the wife of Albert T. Reid, the cartoonist, and in addition to her writing, shares with him a deep interest in politics.

VIOLET QUIRK might well have benefited by Mrs. Reid's domestic training, for while editor of one of Pearson's publications she illustrated an article on celery with rhubarb. In a fit of despair she went home, but instead of crying she started writing. Her current story is the last of a group published during the past year in McCall's.

IN a letter to the editor Margaret Sangster reveals for the first time her Jekyll and Hyde existence as a member of the staff of the Christian Herald, a post she has held since she was sixteen: "Between being taken for my grandmother and Margaret Sanger, I have a busy time of it. My salvation is in concentrating on writing fiction, something neither lady was interested in." She has published four books of verse and two novels, and when she is neither her grandmother nor Margaret Sanger she is the wife of George Illian, the illustrator.

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By Neysa McMein

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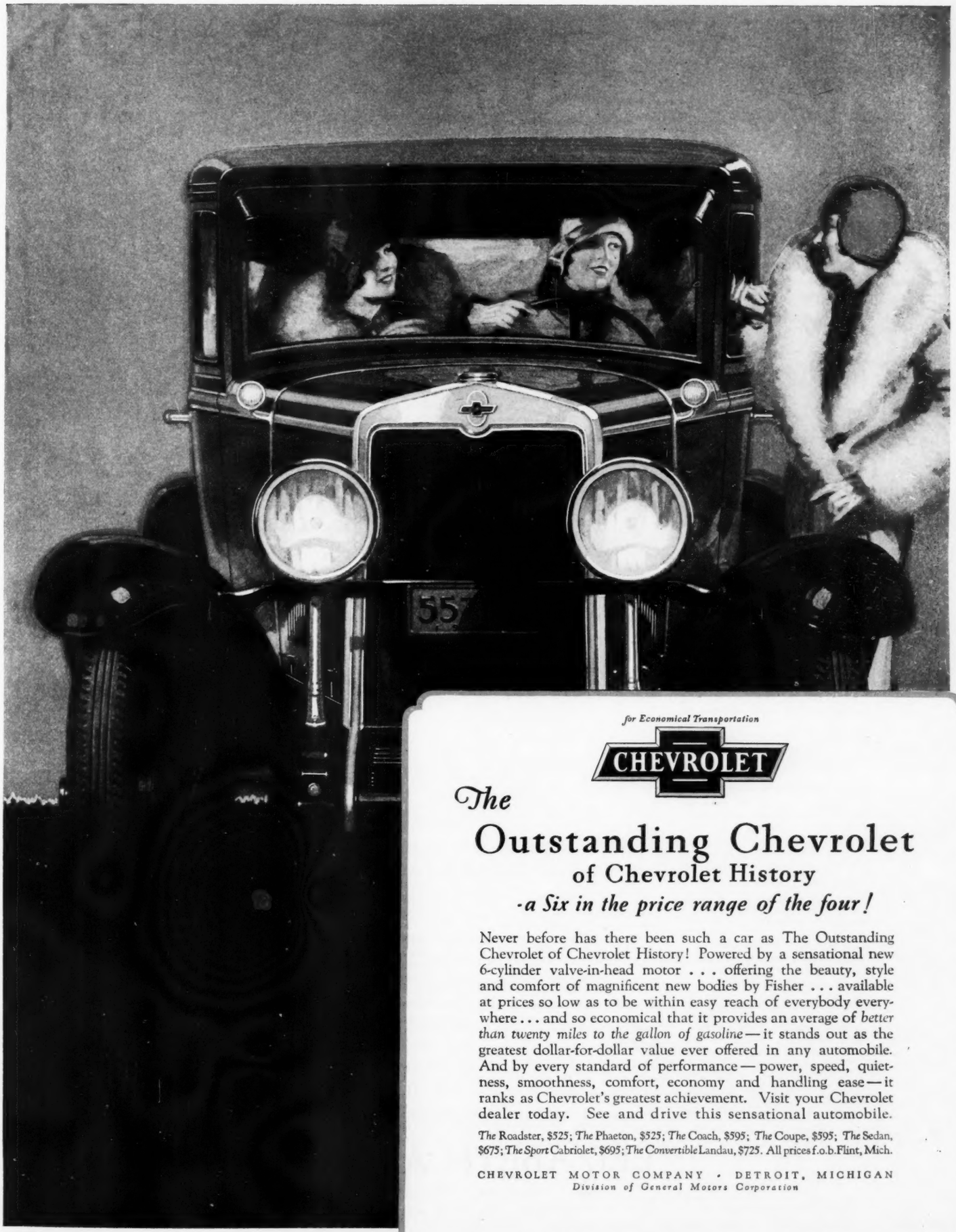

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It might have been useful to him in the Château-Thierry salient

ADVENTURES IN RELIGION

What is Religion?

By Basil King

IN an age of hullabaloo and general questioning all of us, more or less, depending upon individual need or will, are searching for the spiritual values of life. ¶ None are seeking more intently than the youth of today who strive to drown with pomp and noise the questions drumming constantly on lonely minds. This series of articles, Adventures in Religion, is meant to answer them. ¶ It is no adamant defense of conventionalized religion; no attempt at popularization. It is, instead, a simple seeking and delineation of the motives and impulses that make life "a luminous experience and living a divine adventure."

—THE EDITOR

LEROY was well into his thirties before he began to take any interest whatever in religion. Even then his interest was less in religion than it was in his children. It seemed absurd that between their mother and himself they could not teach them anything. Bobby was twelve, Ellie nearly eight. At their ages he himself had known a lot about the Bible, fragments of what they called a catechism, a number of hymns and his prayers. His prayers he had said at Ellie's age, digging his elbows into his father's or his mother's knees while he writhed in contortions, calling down blessings on uncles, aunts and friends. At Bobby's age he said them by himself, kneeling sedately at his bedside. But these children never said a prayer. They didn't know any. Neither Mabel nor he had even taught them. Mabel had grown up in a family that had no religion and he had abandoned his during his second year at Harvard. But between his wife and himself there was this difference—that Mabel, never having known the practice, felt no remorse, whereas he was conscious of a vague discomfort like that of a wound he had got at Belleau Wood, which though long ago healed started up every now and then to ache again.

The worst of it was that their house was opposite a church. It was a church with a large congregation who were not satisfied with services on Sunday but spilled over into weekdays. The children would stand at the windows watching the people, among whom were boys and girls older than themselves, trooping in and out.

Sooner or later the young lookers-on would be asking what it meant.

And one day Ellie did.

"Mother, is that a picture theater?"

"No, dear, it's a church."

"What's a church?"

"It's a place," the mother replied somewhat evasively, "where people go to practise their religion."

It was Bobby who asked the next question, doing it in a tone which implied that he had often been puzzled by the subject. "Mother, what's religion?" "Go and ask your father, dear. He'll explain to you."

They were all three in the front drawing-room which looked toward the church. He was in the back sitting-room, reading a paper. Bobby came straight to his father's knee—a tall boy with handsome, intelligent, features, a set mouth, a clean-cut nose and truthful eyes that still shone with the clouds of glory which he had come trailing. It was no wonder that Leroy adored him.

"Father, what's religion?"

Leroy pretended to be still reading his paper. "You wouldn't understand, son, if I were to tell you."

It was the reply that children most resent. "I know I could understand if you'd explain to me."

Slightly ashamed, the father let his paper drop. "I know you could, old boy, but I can't explain because I don't know very well myself. But this is what I'll do. I'll think it over and try to tell you this time tomorrow."

"All right, father. That's a promise, and I'll ask you then."

A good part of the night Leroy lay awake trying to find the definition that would satisfy the boy. Little by little he came to see that it must also be one that would satisfy himself. "What the dickens is it?" he kept repeating, as he tossed from side to side. "I know in a way, and yet in a way I don't know."

He went back to the religious impressions of his early years and found that they did not help him much because they were all in confusion. His father had been brought up a Methodist, but as Leroy remembered him he wasn't anything. His mother, on the other hand, had been an ardent Episcopalian—an Anglican she preferred to call herself—and had tried to make another of her son. To this the father presented only the objection of a secret derision, and yet a derision not so secret but that the boy easily divined it. Outwardly he did as his mother told him. He went to church; he was confirmed; he received the Holy Communion. But he, too, maintained a form of secret derision in order to be like his father.

When he was sixteen his father died, leaving him to the guardianship of his mother, though the trustee of his fortune was his Uncle Charlie, his father's brother, who was also to be his guardian in case of his mother's death before he came of age. [*Turn to page 70*]

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

Photo by
Melbourne Spurr
Los Angeles

The wife of a famous comedian, with their daughter, Mary

In Miniature — Mrs. Will Rogers

Intimate pictures of people you want to know

By Dorothy C. Reid

TWENTY years ago in a little town in Arkansas, Betty Blake became Mrs. Will Rogers. Since then Mr. Rogers has become a nationally, even an internationally known figure; but the reading public has learned remarkably little of his wife.

Before meeting her I confess to a measure of curiosity. Will Rogers has been twirling a rope, cavorting and joking for years on the Broadway stage. He has been an integral part in Ziegfeld's famous Follies, a revue known for its beautiful, glorified girls. Was his wife a Broadway type? Or was she, perhaps, a breezy Westerner?

Mrs. Rogers is *not* the Broadway type, nor is she breezy.

She is smartly and simply gowned; she has soft, wavy brown hair piled slightly toward the back of her head, kindly hazel eyes, clear skin minus paint or rouge, an easy, graceful walk, a resonant, low-pitched voice, precise enunciation and a gracious manner. She is matronly, as one likes to see the mother of three children. She is substantial, a far cry from the Broadway type, and just as far from being breezily western. She is altogether charming.

"I have learned much from Will's wholesome viewpoint in the years we have been married," says this unassuming wife. Two people cannot live in perfect harmony without learning from each other, but her quiet, restful, soothing manner, her innate understanding and appreciation of human nature have had their effect, too. In spite of her modest statement, it has not been a one-sided education.

Her father, J. Wyeth Blake, was originally from Georgia and had been an officer in the Confederate army. Her mother came from Charleston, South Carolina. Betty was born in Rogers, Arkansas. Mr. Blake was in the lumber business in that section of the country and his daughter attended the local schools including Rogers Academy.

At the time of their marriage Will Rogers was at the beginning of his theatrical career. While the Blake family approved the marriage, they were not enthusiastic about the stage connection. They hoped he would return to the ranching business, since his father had given him the old home ranch at Oolagah, on which he had been born.

"We came to New York right after our wedding," said Mrs. Rogers. "I had lived my whole life in Rogers, and the idea of being in New York City and later traveling with Will was thrilling. We stopped at a little hotel across from the Metropolitan Opera House. I can still remember sitting at my window and watching the crowds going in and out of that vast building, larger crowds than I had ever seen before.

"Although Will was in vaudeville then, we could attend all the theaters, for he was on the stage only fifteen minutes twice a day. He would stay until time for his act, run over to his theater and return without having missed more than a small portion of whatever show we were attending. We went to the opera, or rather I should say I went; once was enough for Will."

IT was an entirely different life for Betty Rogers. Contrary to public belief, Will Rogers has always had plenty of money. His parents, being Cherokee Indians, owned all the land they needed and hundreds of head of cattle stocked these lands. If Will Rogers ever wanted for anything it was only because he did not express his desires so that his father could hear them, for he was an only son of an indulgent father.

"We always felt we would soon be back on the old home ranch," said Mrs. Rogers. "Will believed that what he was doing would not last long. Even to this day he thinks every year will be his last. And he always says, 'They will get wise to me pretty soon'."

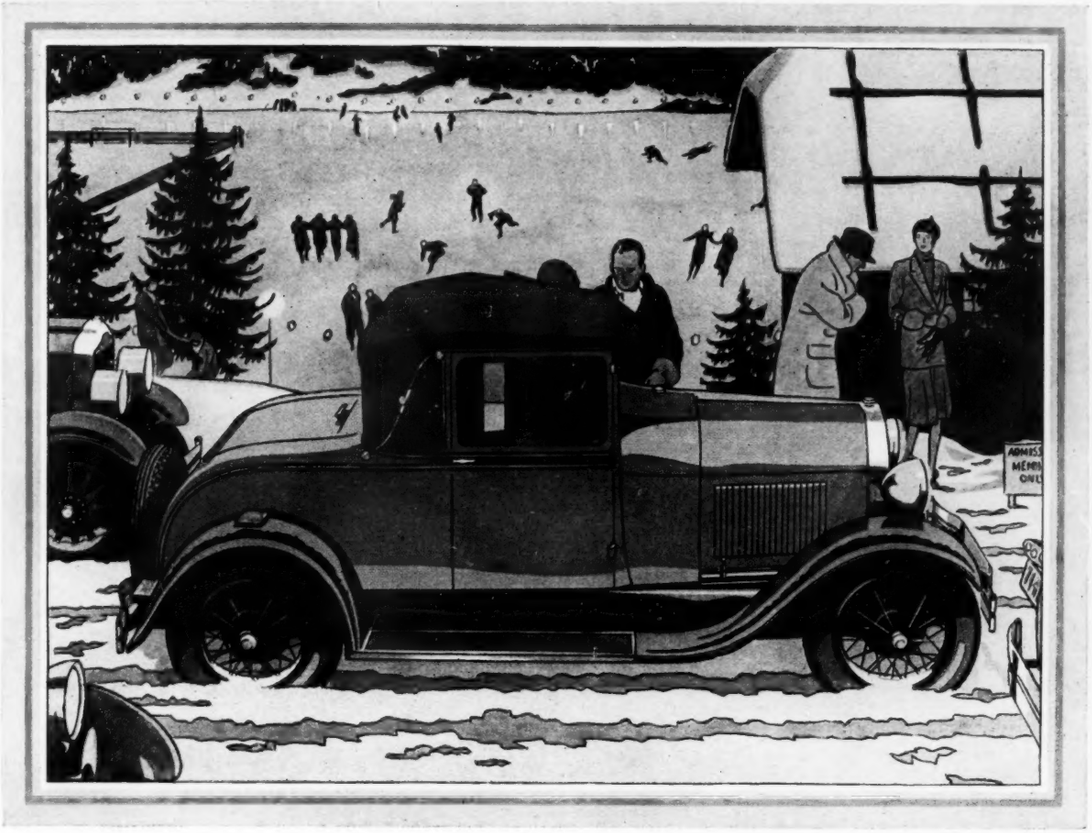
Mrs. Rogers disclaims any credit for her husband's success. "Like ninety-nine wives out a hundred," she says, "I have discussed my husband's problems with him. Possibly I have urged him to take important steps, but we generally agree on what to do. For years I retrieved and answered the many letters he received and promptly forgot after tucking them behind mirrors, into drawers and under books in his stage dressing-rooms—letters requiring answers and which he was too busy to attend to."

The first years of their married life were spent traveling, part of the time covering the vaudeville engagements, one year in Europe and numerous trips back to Oklahoma and Arkansas. After three years, when the first baby came, they more or less settled down in New York City; but later, when there were three children, they lived on Long Island. While living in Forest Hills, Rex Beach asked Will Rogers to do his picture, *Laughing Bill Hyde*. This was his debut in the motion picture world.

Mrs. Rogers, always ready to pack and go wherever she is most needed, moved her family, bag and baggage, to California, where they have since lived. She has never regretted the move, although members of the family spend considerable time on trains between the East and the West. Winters they live in Beverly Hills and summers they spend on their ranch outside Santa Monica. Of the two homes, the ranch is their choice.

Here is the polo field; the tan-bark ring and the roping corral; horses and Texas steers. Here, too, is Sarah, a gift of the Great King ranch in Texas, a thoroughbred, sacred calf of India. Sarah is the family pet, raised on a nursing bottle; she wields a gorgeous pair of soulful brown eyes as she follows the family in and out of the house. A Shetland pony often wanders into the ranch living room and joins in a family gathering; while Jock, a Sealyham and a gift of Lord Dewar, is always about.

"We all like animals and outdoor life," says Mrs. Rogers. "I frequently ride horseback with the children. We go back into the beautiful California hills and ride for hours, but I never attempt any of the stunts the children undertake, such as riding [*Turn to page 66*]



Built to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles

THE new Ford is a remarkably fine car for one that costs so little. It is simple in design, constructed of the finest materials, and built with unusual accuracy.

These are the reasons it performs so wonderfully. These are also the reasons its service requirements are so few and the up-keep cost so low.

An example of the simplicity of Ford manufacturing methods is shown in the engine lubrication system. It is reliable and effective in action, yet so carefully designed and made that it requires practically no service attention. There is, in fact, only one thing for you to do, but that is a very important thing . . . *watch the oil!* Keep enough oil in the oil pan so that the indicator rod never registers below low (L) and change the oil regularly every 500 miles.

If the oil level is allowed to fall below low, the supply becomes insufficient to oil all parts as they should be oiled. The oil also loses its lubrication properties more rapidly because it is used faster.

In addition to having the engine oil changed, you will also find that it pays to have the chassis lubricated every 500 miles. This has been made easy in the new Ford through the use of the high pressure grease gun system.

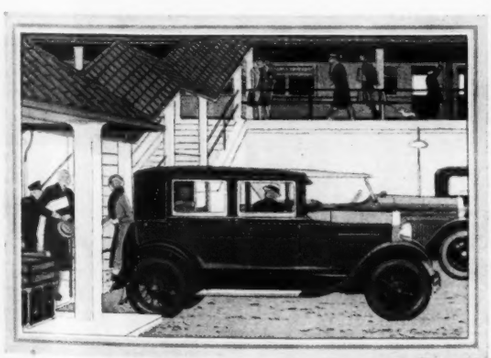
The oiling and greasing of an automobile is so important and means so much to economical, satisfactory performance that it ought not to be neglected or delegated to inexperienced hands.

When you consider that each piston moves up and down 1300 times a minute when you are traveling at only thirty miles an hour, you can see the need of complete and proper lubrication. And the piston is only one of many moving parts in the engine!

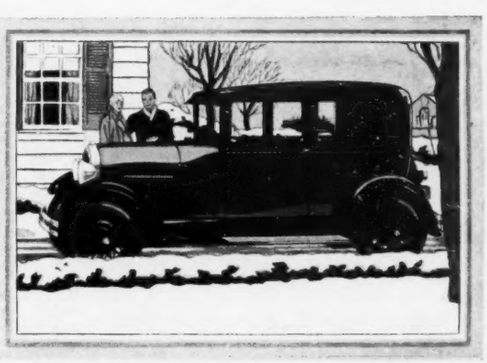
Ford dealers are the most competent to handle the lubrication requirements of the new Ford. They know what oil and grease are best for each season of the year and they have the equipment to do a prompt and thorough job at a fair price.

Ford

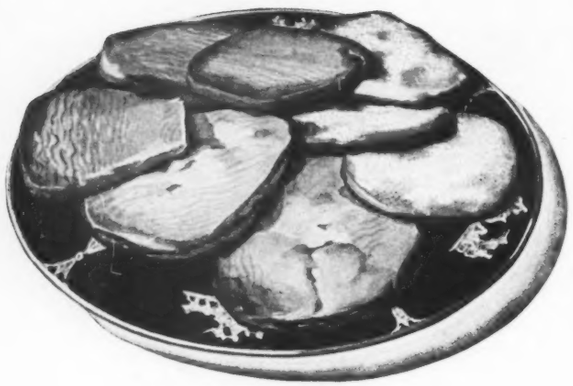
FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan



Long, low and fleet are the lines and strikingly beautiful the colors of this new Fordor Sedan. Distinguished, too, by a richness of finish and appointment unusual in a low-price car. Five people can ride in comfort in the new Fordor Sedan because of the wide seats and generous room in both front and rear compartments.



All the features of the new Ford are brought to you in this Tudor Sedan. Beautiful lines and choice of colors . . . 55 to 65 miles an hour . . . fully-enclosed, silent six-brake system . . . four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers . . . Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield . . . reliability and low cost of up-keep.



ICE-BOX COOKIES

(Mixing time: any spare moment)

The ice-box cookie is the new and improved 1929 model home-made cookie. They can be stirred up in a spare moment, set aside in the ice-box to harden and baked at your convenience. Crisco with its sweet fresh flavor keeps the unbaked dough (and the baked cookie, too) fresh and sweet. If you like cookies hot from the oven, as I do, try my plan of always keeping dough in the ice-box and baking cookies a few at a time. I find that cookies baked from Crisco dough two weeks old are as fresh as the very first ones from the roll.

I am giving you a master recipe and several variations I've tested.

1 cup Crisco
2 eggs, beaten
3½ cups flour
2 cups brown or white sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon vanilla
(¼ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon each, cinnamon and nutmeg)

Blend Crisco and sugar. Add beaten eggs and flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder. Mix well. Add flavoring. Shape into rolls about 3" in diameter and place in ice-box to harden. Next day slice about ⅛" thick, sprinkle with mixture of sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for about 10 minutes. This recipe makes about 50 cookies.

FILLED COOKIES: Use ice-box cookie master recipe. Cut rolls in ⅛" slices. In center of one slice place a little jam, marmalade, conserve, ground nuts, or ground fruit. Cover this with another slice the same size and pinch edges together. These cookies require 10 minutes in a moderate (350° F.) oven to bake.

FRUIT-NUT COOKIES: Add 1 cup ground nuts and raisins (or nuts or fruit alone) to ice-box cookie master recipe mixture and bake as before directed.

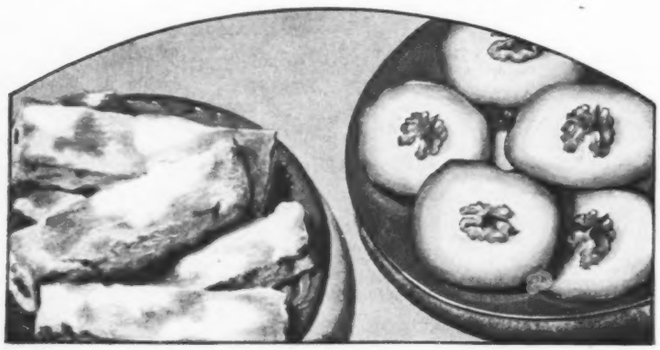
ICE-CREAM WAFERS (*below, right*)

(Mixing time: 7 minutes)

The simpler the food, the fresher and sweeter must be the flavor of its ingredients. That is why Crisco, with its own pure sweet flavor, is the only shortening I would think of using in making these delicate ice-cream wafers. And just taste how good they are!

½ cup Crisco
½ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
¾ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Blend Crisco and sugar thoroughly. Add egg, beaten until velvety. Then add flour sifted with salt. Beat vigorously, add flavoring and drop on Criscoed cookie sheet like small marbles, well apart. Put a nut meat in center of each cookie and bake 10 minutes in moderate (350° F.) oven. The finished product is a crisp, rich wafer about the color of French ice cream. This makes about 25 cookies.



RAINY-DAY DATE STICKS

(Mixing time: 10 minutes)

One mother I know solved the rainy-day problem of entertaining house-bound children by turning them loose in the kitchen with this simple, easy-to-make recipe for date sticks. As nearly as possible all of the fuss and bother have been kitchen-tested out of Crisco recipes and a satisfaction added—the satisfaction of using a shortening which lends its own fresh flavor to the foods made with it.

¾ cup Crisco
1½ cups sugar
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup chopped nut meats
3 cups flour
1 cup cut dates
(Powdered sugar)

Mix Crisco and sugar well. Add sour milk which has been mixed with soda. Then add flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder, and fold in nuts and dates. Pour into shallow Criscoed pan and bake 20 minutes in moderate (350° F.) oven. Cut into narrow slices while still warm and roll in powdered sugar. These cookies will take the place of less wholesome sweets for the children.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

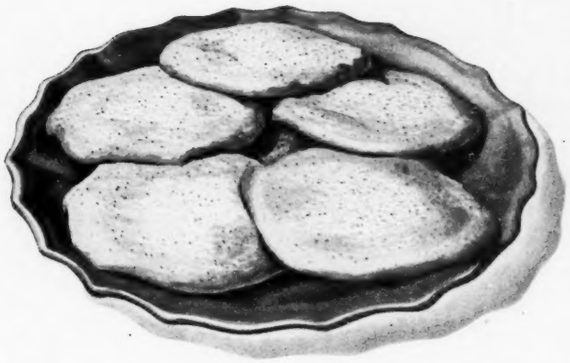
You taste milk. You taste Crisco—then Taste Crisco's Imagine how Crisco of your

8 new double-quick

test eggs. Now, taste your shortening - - - sweet fresh flavor improves the flavor - - - cookies

Little Jean was the son of a baker who lived about the year 1550 in the Province of Languedoc. One day Jean, despite the stern warning of his bearded père, dabbled with some dough—and discovered, by happy chance, the secret of Cookies!

© 1929, P. & G. Co.



GRANDMOTHER'S SUGAR COOKIES

(Mixing time: 7 minutes)

Remember when you used to slip down the back cellar steps and "swipe" cookies like these from Grandmother's big cookie jar? *She* had to store them in the cellar to keep them soft and fresh. *You* can keep them handy anywhere because nowadays they're made with Crisco, a pure, sweet shortening which helps to make them fine flavored and moist—and keeps them so to the very last cookie. (Recipe makes 50 luscious cookies.)

1 cup Crisco 1 teaspoon salt 3 cups flour
1½ cups sugar ¾ cup thick, sour milk
2 eggs, beaten ½ teaspoon soda
(½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon nutmeg)

Blend Crisco and sugar, add beaten eggs. Add sour milk with soda dissolved in it and stir in flour sifted with salt. Don't roll dough—drop by spoonfuls on Criscoed pan. Sprinkle with mixture of sugar and nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 10 minutes.

ALICE COOKIES (*below, left*)

(Mixing time: 10 minutes)

Such a funny name for a cookie! A homesick little boy called them that after Alice, the family cook, who comforted him through a long term of boarding school by sending him these cookies in every Monday's mail packed in an empty Crisco can. And Crisco's own sweet fresh flavor kept the cookies sweet and fresh on their long journey.

½ cup Crisco 1 cup raisins 1 cup nuts, broken
¾ cup sugar 1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs 1 cup flour ½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup milk 1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup cocoanut 1 cup oatmeal

Blend Crisco and sugar, add eggs and milk, then cocoanut, raisins and nuts. Sift salt, baking powder and cinnamon with flour, and add to oatmeal. Add to first mixture and stir thoroughly. Drop from spoon on Criscoed pan. Bake in moderate (350° F.) oven for 12 minutes. This recipe makes 50 cookies.

SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES (*below, right*)

(Mixing time: 10 minutes)

A letter from a man in Ohio tells us that Crisco cookies were left all winter in a summer camp and when found this spring were "amazingly" fresh and sweet. There *is* something amazing about Crisco's pure sweet flavor and the way it lends its flavor and fresh keeping quality to foods.

1 cup Crisco 2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 cup brown sugar ¼ teaspoon soda
2 eggs well beaten 1 cup hot coffee
1 cup molasses 1 teaspoon vinegar
4 cups flour 3 teaspoons baking powder
2 teaspoons ginger 1 teaspoon salt

Blend sugar and Crisco, add well beaten eggs, molasses, spices, and soda which has been mixed with hot coffee. Then add vinegar and beat in the flour which has been previously sifted with salt and baking powder. Stir well and drop from end of spoon onto Criscoed cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for ten minutes. This recipe makes about 65 cookies.

FREE!

Miss Splint's Selected Recipes:

199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor of McCall's Magazine. Every recipe makes a perfectly delicious dish, practical for use in the average home. Many of the recipes are quite unusual—but the ingredients themselves are those you already have on your pantry shelf, or can procure easily. Free—simply fill in and mail the coupon at right

Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XM-29)
P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

Please send me free the cook book "Sarah Field Splint's Selected Recipes."

Name_____

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Notice how long these rich suds *last!*

And - in machine or tub - *lasting* suds shorten washday

Millions of washing machine users insist upon Chipso because Chipso gives quick suds that *last* throughout the run. Chipso suds do not fall down shortly after the machine starts, as the suds of some soaps do. And, you never have to add more soap to revive them.

Chipso suds are so rich and lasting that they *can* be used for more than one batch if the clothes are not too soiled—and will still be lively and effective at the end of the run.

Of course there's a good reason why Chipso suds are so rich—why they last until every garment is clean. It's because Chipso is made of materials especially selected to give harder-working, more lasting suds.

The easiest way to loosen dirt . . . let these rich, lasting Chipso suds *soak* it loose for you.

Many washing machine users find that a 20-minute Chipso soaking right in the machine cuts their power bill about in two. Chipso suds are so rich, so lasting that they thoroughly loosen dirt in this short time, without harming color or fabrics. And, once the dirt is loosened, you run the machine *half* the usual time to get the clothes clean and white.

Tub-washing needs lasting suds

In tub-washing—Chipso does the really hard work of washday. Chipso suds are so rich and lasting that they *soak* the dirt loose—even greasy dirt. Then—a squeezing of suds through clothes a few times, a light hand-rubbing on extra soiled spots—and the dirt simply floats out. Chipso does away with hard rubbing on the board, hot boiling in a steamy kitchen.

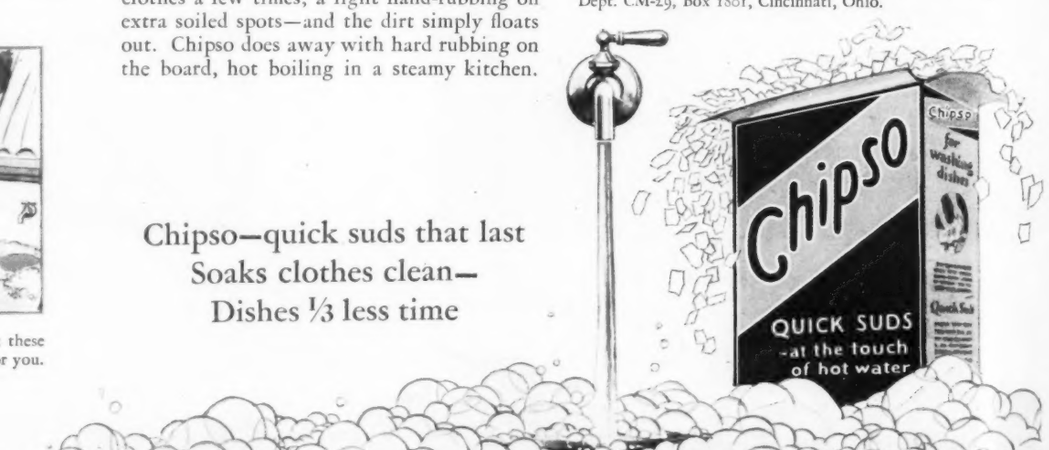
Rich suds shorten dishwashing

Dishwashing is quicker the Chipso way. While you dry glass and silver, let the rich, lasting Chipso suds soak food traces from your china. Then, while you dry the china, Chipso will soak grease from pots and pans. This way dishes are done in a twinkling—and you've hardly had your hands in hot water.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! Saving Golden Hours—"How to take out 15 common stains—save clothes by soaking . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry *methods* are discussed in a free booklet—*Saving Golden Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. CM-29, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Chipso—quick suds that last
Soaks clothes clean—
Dishes ⅓ less time



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The most amazing success in the history of household soap

The young Zealander was not the man to receive kicks with impunity

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

For king, for country, for liege lady! a new novel of faith and valor

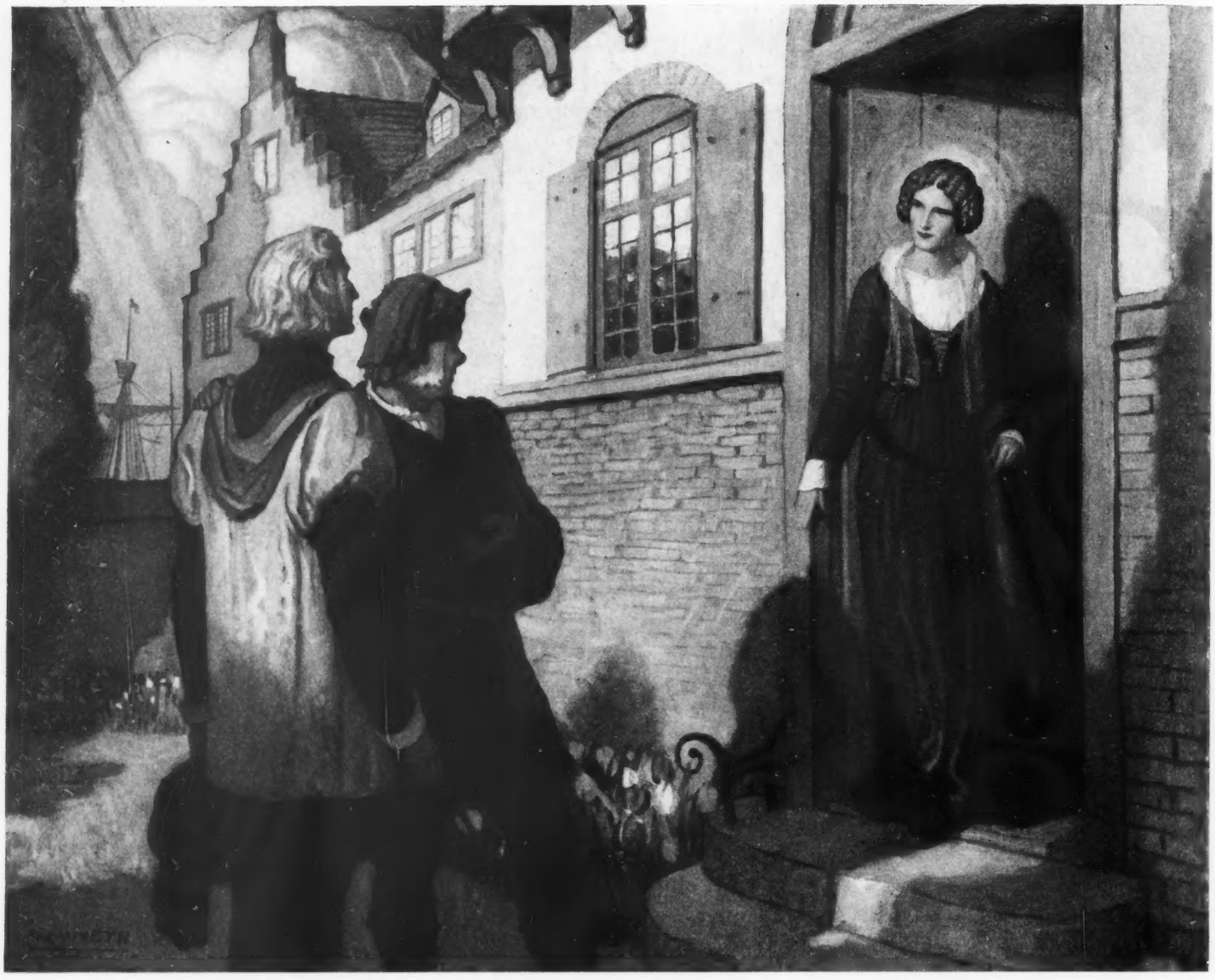
By Rafael Sabatini

Copyright 1929 by Rafael Sabatini

ANTHONY of Egmont contemplated the world with disapproval. He reached the conclusion that it was no place for a gentleman. This happened in the year of grace, 1467, amid the opulent surroundings of the Burgundian Court, when and where there were quite abundant grounds for Anthony's disillusion and consequent harsh assumption.

In common with his cousin, friend and brother-in-arms, Charles of Burgundy, it was Anthony's bad or good fortune to have been born in the expiring days of the age of chivalry. Almost from birth he had been imbued with its lofty ideals and in early years had taken for a pattern upon which to mold himself, that very perfect and peerless knight, the Sieur Jacques de Lalaing, who was almost the last to uphold in all its romantic effulgence, the chivalrous tradition.

As a boy of ten, when newly appointed page to Philip the Good, Anthony had witnessed in the Feast of Pheasant the last princely endeavor to fan the cooling embers of chivalry into flames and to set on foot a crusade that should rid Christendom of the menace of



Somewhere at some dim time he and this girl, as yet unnamed to him, had been indissolubly united

the encroaching Turk, to whom Constantinople had lately fallen. He had seen that effort, sustained for a full year, languish and finally perish without a single knightly blow being struck, and there it seemed to him the spirit of chivalry had fallen and utterly expired.

Anthony had fought at Montlhéry beside his cousin Charles and he accounted it an engagement reflecting little military and no knightly credit upon either side. At Charles' side he had been a witness to the protracted intrigues that followed; of the greed, discontent and treachery among the allies. He had attended the parleys which at last wrung extortionate terms from the rascally little king of France, whom in a world of knaves he had been almost tempted to admire as the most perfect of his kind. He had revolted at the greed of the allies in the division of the spoils and their complete oblivion in the hour of triumph of the "poor, oppressed people" on whose behalf the war had been undertaken.

AFTER that he had witnessed the Burgundian ruthlessness at Liége and the drawing up of the Piteous Peace, which had brought that hitherto independent little state virtually into the embrace of the Burgundian Duchy. He had returned from that campaign retaining few indeed of those bright illusions which throughout youth he had been amassing. Instead of the pictured high-souled pageantry of war, he had beheld its stark and piteous realities. The gallant joust as he had conceived it had resolved itself into sordid, bestial carnage. And since then, his vision of other things rendered keener and truer by that one terrible glimpse of truth, he had viewed the court and the great figures that composed it with a new perception of their real quality. Under a noble, glittering exterior which had hitherto deceived him, he now discovered mean faithlessness, vulgar mendacity and sordid greed. Yet because of something within his own poetic spirit, he still clung to an illusion which lent a glamor to the world about him until the Lady Catharine robbed him of that and brought him to the conclusion we have discovered.

Already at the time of the War of Public Weal, Charles of Burgundy who, owing to his father's failing health, had assumed the regency of the vast Burgundian dominions, was concerned with all those measures of statecraft by which a prince consolidates his power. By marrying his sister-in-law, Catharine of Bourbon, to his dear friend and brother-in-arms, Count Anthony, he ensured himself the endurance of the alliance already existing between himself and the Duchy of Guelders, to which Anthony was heir.

The beauty of the Lady Catharine had conspired with Burgundian aspirations to melt the Lord Anthony's austerity. It was a beauty that had melted the austerity of many men and was to melt that of many more. In the case of Count John of Armagnac that beauty was hardly required to accomplish so much. For John of Armagnac, as all the world knows, was entirely without austerity of any kind. Greed-begotten disloyalty to his suzerain, Louis XI of France, had alone driven him into alliance with Burgundy in the War of Public Weal. The alliance had subsequently justified his seeking the relaxations offered by the Burgundian Court at Brussels, and the soft eyes of the Lady Catharine—blue, mysteriously tranquil pools in which a man might drown his soul—had been responsible for keeping him there when his welcome, never too cordial, was wearing thin.

IN all that concerned a lady to whom he was affianced, the romantic, dreamy idealist, Anthony, was at this stage incapable of thinking evil; it being necessary for the Duke, himself, to draw his attention to what was passing. He sought the apartments assigned to his cousin in the palace of Brussels one July evening, and found him, to his exasperation, at work in his study, a small chamber whose walls were hung with tapestries from the looms of Arras. He drove out the single page who was in attendance and came straight to business.

"By St. George, if I were betrothed as you are to a lady none too heedful of the honor, I'd at least make my betrothal respected. I would so, by St. George!"

Short of stature, broad and powerful of frame, black of hair and dark of eye, with a big-boned, swarthy countenance prominent of nose and jaw, he contrasted oddly with the heir of Guelders, who leaned back now in his tall chair of crimson velvet, faintly startled by his visitor's abruptness.

A Flemish wit of singular knowledge for his day, hearing them described on the score of their intimacy as Damon and Pythias had retorted that they reminded him, rather, of Ormuzd and Ahriman, the powers of light and darkness. If the image is too grossly exaggerated in so far as concerns Duke Charles, it is not without justification in the case of Count Anthony. A creature of light he seemed, indeed; a radiant, joyous personality, with

Illustrated by N. C. WYETH

his tawny, golden hair which fell in a wavy mane about the nape of his shapely neck. Serenity sat upon his lofty brow and finely featured, square-chinned face, ardor glowed in his great dark eyes in which, at times, there was a hint of gold. They were the eyes of a visionary, of a poet, of a man of dreams rather than one of action.

In his thirtieth year, and some three years younger than the Duke, there was still an almost stripling grace about his long limbs and slender frame, and this notwithstanding the mantle of dignity and reserve imposed by his lofty station. He smiled now in tolerant amusement at the vehemence so habitual to his choleric cousin. He spoke in the even, deliberate tones of a voice that was singularly attractive.

"Who is it that is lacking in respect?"

"Who? The Lady herself. Who else?"

Smiling still, Count Anthony sighed. "Well, well! Shall I blame her for that? It is for me to make myself well-considered. Then, perhaps, she will come to respect that for which I stand to her."

"It is what I urge," the other thundered impatiently.

"I am about it now." Count Anthony took up the quill which, upon his cousin's advent he had laid down, and pointed with it to the sheet of parchment spread before him on the table. The Duke saw a deal of writing, most of it erased.

This prodigality of ink meant nothing to him and he said so with his glance. The younger man explained himself. The long, delicate fingers of his left hand touched an open volume beside the sheet.

"I am assisted in my delectable labors by Messer Petrarch."

The Duke was scowling now. "Tell me what your Italian poet has to do with Catharine?" he demanded.

"He lends my poverty a little of his wealth. I borrow from him. Thus—and taking up the parchment he began to read: "Cupid's right hand did open my left side . . . . ."

But he got no further, for here the Duke, now thoroughly out of patience, interrupted brutally.

"If Cupid's right hand would but open your eyes to what is happening, he'd find a better employment for your wits than this love-sick caterwauling. The Lady Catharine is a thought too generous of herself. You do not make her sufficiently aware of you and you give her leisure in which to become excessively aware of other men."

Count Anthony stared at him, blankly incredulous. "Why here's lewdness!" he cried indignantly.

"That is the word, though I hesitated to employ it."

"I apply it to your mind, Charles." Clearly the Count was stirred to indignation.

"Apply it to Catharine's conduct. It will be more apt."

Count Anthony came abruptly to his feet, his head thrown back, the color deepening in his face.

"In God's name, Charles, what are you saying?"

"Am I not plain enough?"

"Too plain, I think. You imply that the Lady Catharine, who is one day to be Duchess of Guelders and the mother of future dukes . . . . ." He could not complete the expression of his ugly thought. But the Duke completed it for him:

". . . . is very much a woman and the subject of too much gossip. Wait!" He was suddenly of a harsh peremptoriness, and weary of skirmishing about the subject, drove straight at the heart of it. "Three days ago, as you know, Auxonne was seriously wounded in an encounter with d'Epinal. It is being said quite openly that Catharine was the subject of their quarrel; and now there are rumors of bad blood [*Turn to page 76*]

The gentleman, young and fair and good to look upon, took in the situation at a glance

"I believe," the little man said thoughtfully, "that there is a watch"

The Past Hunters

"An English Lord," born in Detroit, discovers his country- and its first lady

By Reita Lambert

Illustrated by Pruett Carter

. . . . In view of these circumstances you would, as the only surviving male descendant of our late client Perceval Theed, Lord Wyatt, succeed to the title and to the barony, Thornycroft, at Durham Ridges in Sussex.

If we are correct in our assumptions and you will honor us with an early reply, we shall be very happy indeed to consider ourselves,

Your Obedient Servants,
Weeks and Weeks.

DUDLEY THEED WYATT slipped the letter into its envelope and looked at it back and front. At the decorous features of King George on the stamp, at the firm's name opposite—Weeks and Weeks, Solicitors, 4 Upper Temple Court, E.C. 4, London, England. Then, like a giddy man reaching for support he lifted his eyes. Through the grimy strip of net shirred into the glass panels of the front door, they encountered the familiar brownstone houses lined up on the opposite side of West Sixty-ninth Street. From the dining-room came the familiar symphony of knives and forks and sleepy monosyllables led by the baton of Mrs. Jepsom's voice. It reached out to him now: "You better come eat your breakfast, Mr. Wyatt. You can read that billey-doo on the subway."

Mrs. Jepsom prided herself on the home atmosphere of her "refined boarding-house," and what could be homier than a display of motherly interest in her "big boys."

Dudley went in to his breakfast, gulped his coffee and shoved back his chair. Her voice trailed him into the hall: "How you expect to sell automobiles on one cup of coffee—" But he was halfway down the front steps and headed for Broadway.

New York was still putting its beds to air and yawning in the face of a new day, when William Judd, co-partner in the law firm of Judd and Maxwell, stepped out of a crowded elevator and made for his office. He saw a tornado in the person of a wild-eyed young man plunging up and down the corridor before his office door. He grinned. "Well, if it isn't old Dud doing his daily dozen!"

Dudley brought up short before him. "I'd begun to think you were going to take the day off. I've been here an hour."

"I haven't started to sleep in the office yet," Mr. Judd explained, and opened the door. "Of course if I'd known you were going to murder your landlady and need my services—"

"Shut up! And read this!" Dudley thrust the letter at him and dropped, panting, into a chair. "Read it quick!"

"What is it, your alibi? Um, London. Weeks and Weeks. They're all right."

Then he dropped into silence and Dudley sat watching him, worrying his carefully plastered dark hair into startled spikes.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" Mr. Judd said softly at last, and looked at his friend and erstwhile roommate. "Well, I'll be dittoed! Didn't you know you were related to

the English nobility?" he asked, genuine awe in his tone.

"Never gave it a thought. I knew there was a title in the family—eighteenth baron or something—it went to my grandfather's oldest brother. He—my grandfather—came over here with his bride and never went back. The title was supposed to go to his brother's heirs."

"Which it did," Bill said, and tapped the letter. "But Perceval died without issue. Is this Thornycroft the old homestead?"

Dudley nodded and mopped his face. "Regular ancestral hall. We used to have an old woodcut of it in the family album. How the devil do you suppose they knew about me?"

"They probably didn't until old Percy passed on. Then they had to dig around for someone who'd fit the coronet and you're the best they could do."

"It's bona fide, then. I get the title, property, all the rest?"

"You've got it. You know you're the rightful heir. All you need to do is write and tell 'em so. I'll do it, if you—"

"Write!" roared Dudley. "You'll cable! Tell 'em I'm coming on the next boat. Think I'm going to put up with Mrs. Jepsom's home atmosphere after this? Think an eighteenth—no, nineteenth—baron's going to prance around peddling tin jitneys? Man, a couple of weeks from now I'll be getting acquainted with the old family retainers in my ancestral castle! Can't you see 'em all lined up on the front steps like the Follies chorus, waiting to greet the new master?" The nineteenth baron looked suddenly sobered. "By the way, Bill, I don't believe I've got more than enough for my fare. I suppose they'd advance it, but I don't want 'em to think I'm a pauper."

"I'll dig it up," Bill said, "at six per cent."

"Make it ten! And while you're waiting for it, picture me inspecting the stables, exercising the hounds—I'm a lord, man!"

"An English lord!" echoed Bill. "Born in Detroit!"

"So was the Ford," roared Dudley and grabbed his hat. "Come on, step on it, boy. There's work to do!" And with that he was off.

THE offices of Weeks and Weeks, celebrated London solicitors, would have been scorned by any self-respecting American lawyer. A musty, mildewy pair of rooms in a musty, mildewy old house fronting a lane no wider than a tall man's reach. In one of them Mr. Francis Weeks, a spare, tidy little old fellow, the junior member of the firm, was brewing his afternoon tea over a rosy paunch of coals, when a tall young man blocked his doorway, a very pillar of a young man, broad of shoulder and narrow of hip, with a helmet of shining dark hair and the level gaze of confident youth. He came briskly into the room.

"I'm Dudley Wyatt," he announced.

Mr. Weeks set down the teakettle and offered his hand. "Why, of—of course—Lord Perceval's nephew. Sit down, my lord. We didn't look for you quite so soon. You must have sailed almost directly."

"I took the first boat I could get," Dudley confessed and sat down. His eyes darted with amused interest from the spread tea table to the moldy law books lining the walls; to the worn furniture and the cosily singing kettle. "Well, well," he said, "this isn't much like an American business office."

"I fancy not." The little man was making tea with unhurried, skillful hands. "Our firm has occupied these offices for—let me see—about one hundred and twenty years. You'll join me in a cup of tea? Sugar?" He passed the cup and drew his own chair closer to the fire while Dudley hitched away from it. He took alternate bites of watercress and buttered bread and Dudley moved his feet restlessly. "Is this your first visit to London?"

Dudley said that it was and set down his cup. "Of course I don't know how far it is down to Sussex or Durham or wherever it is, but I'd sort of hoped I could get down there tonight if we could settle things up in time. You see, I'm crazy to see the place, so—"

Mr. Weeks seemed a little startled. He blinked over his cup. "You are not remaining in town long?"

"No longer than I have to." He dived into his pocket. "I've got all the dope here—birth certificate—my father's too. And my aunt had treasured up a lot of family stuff so I brought it along." He produced it and grinned. "I certainly was surprised to get your letter."

"I daresay," Mr. Weeks said. "Lord Perceval was a fine man." He sighed.

"I never saw him, but I'll have to look up his grave when I get down to the Hall. His place in Sussex—Thornycroft Hall, isn't it?"

"Eh? Ah, yes, I believe it is. But his lordship is buried in London. You see, he had lived here all his life. He had very comfortable chambers close to the Park. He was a lonely widower the last twenty years of his life."

"I suppose," Dudley offered, "he would have rattled around in the Hall. It's a whale of a place, judging by the picture—an old woodcut my grandfather used to have. Here it is."

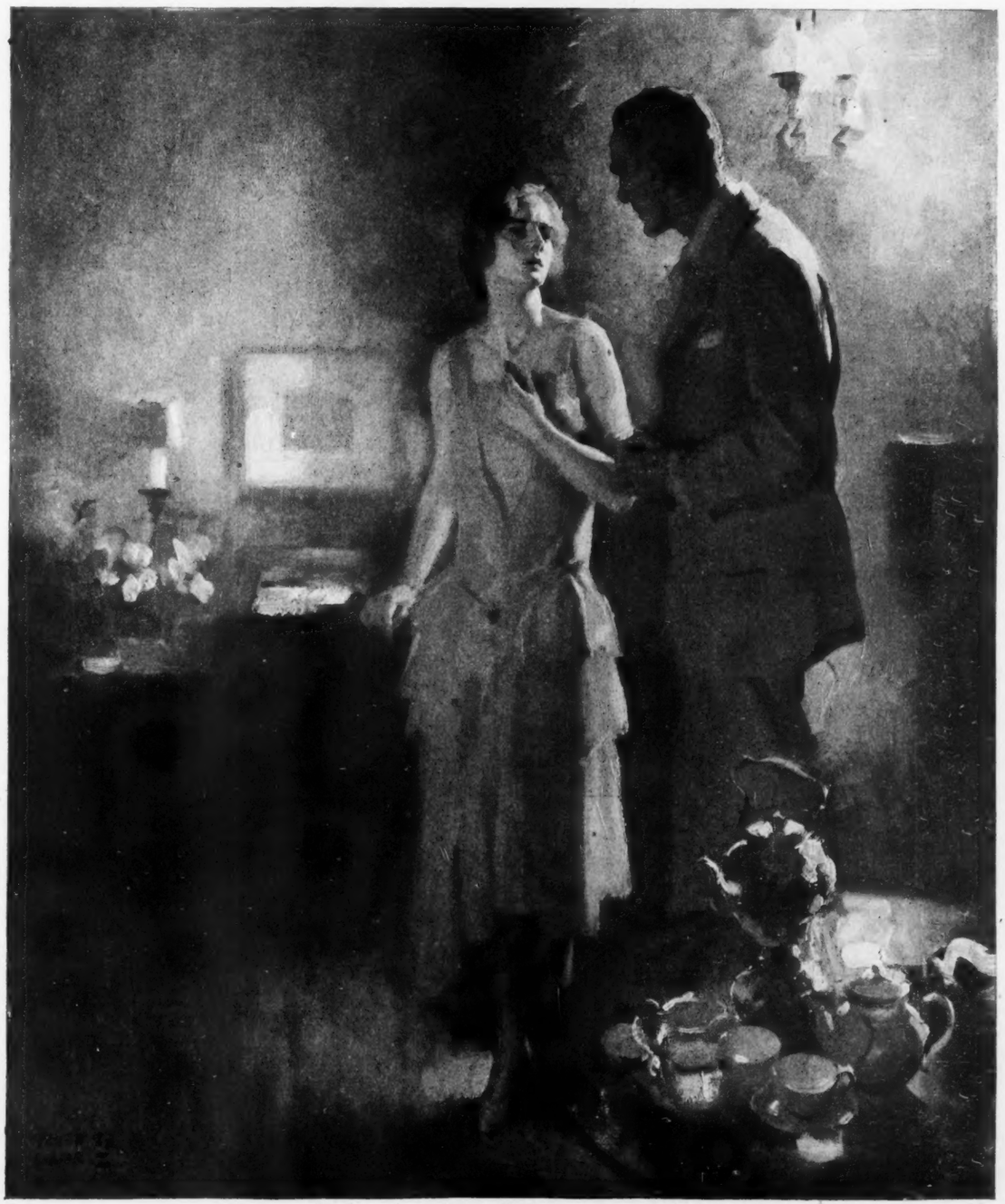
MR. Weeks looked at the woodcut and nodded. "I've heard Lord Perceval speak of it very tenderly. I've no doubt, if he could have afforded it, he would have enjoyed living down there for the hunting season at any rate. He was a noted sportsman in his youth."

He lifted his eyes from the picture to find Lord Perceval's heir staring at him. "You mean he was—poor?"

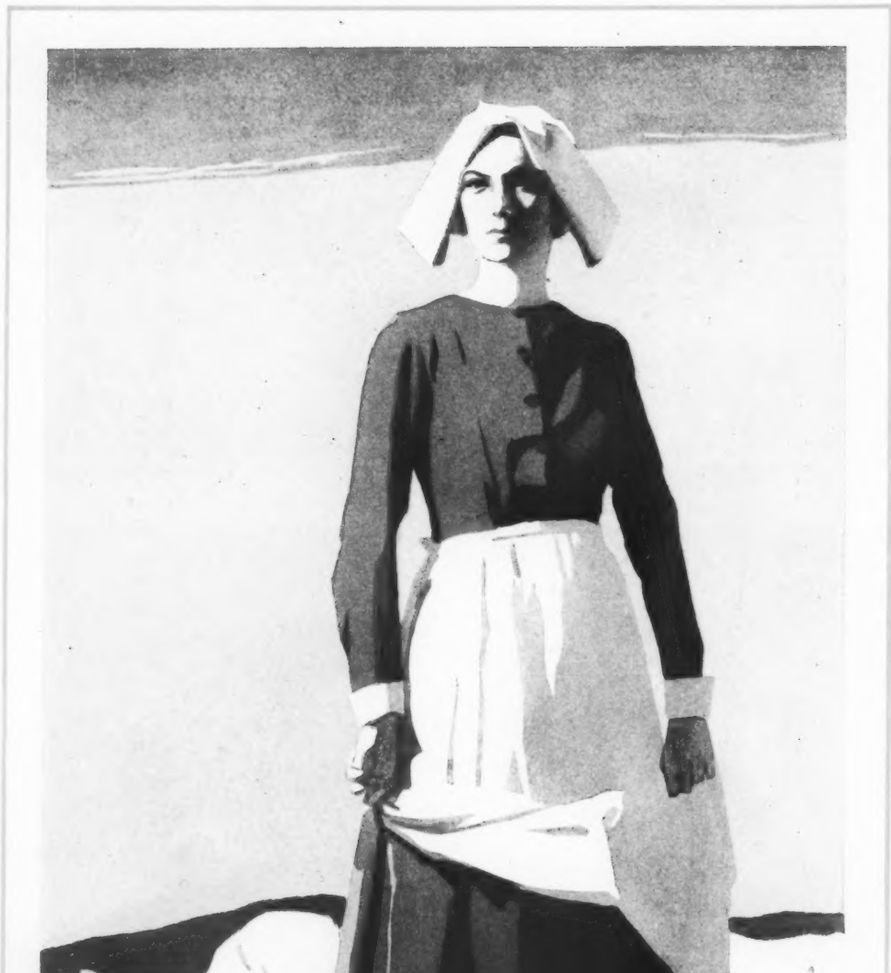
"Poor?" Mr. Weeks shrugged delicate distaste of the word. "Why, not precisely that. He bought an annuity after the war with what remained of his fortune. It enabled him to live very comfortably indeed." Something in the fixed stare of his young client made him ask, "Were you under the impression that your uncle was a wealthy man?"

"Well, I—it seemed to me that a lord—and anyone who could afford to keep up a place like that would—"

"But there it is," Mr. Weeks said [*Turn to page 92*]



She was fixed against the wall like some exquisite bas-relief



That Pedestal Myth

An American woman with the fascinating social background of two continents deftly discloses a new relationship of men and women.

NOT long ago there sat at dinner in an Eastern city a Frenchman, an Italian and two American women. Both of the foreigners had been in this country a greater length of time than the usual visitor who writes or lectures glibly about our national life. The Italian, however, had limited his association almost entirely to the Palm Beach and Newport groups. The Frenchman had traveled quite extensively and had known and made friends among a diversity of classes.

When the inevitable subject of the position of women in the United States arose, the Italian observed: "There are no women in the world so well-treated and so spoiled as the American women!"

He leaned back as if he had uttered a profound and original truth.

Then, as if aware that his discovery had not elicited the approval it deserved, he added, "Here they put women on pedestals!"

At this the Americans laughed, and to their surprise the Frenchman joined them. The Italian looked first at one and then at another in bewilderment.

"But I know!" he declared. "Look at their jewels, their clothes, their motor cars, their homes. And what do they give in return? Nothing!"

He ignored the fact, if he knew of it, that both his companions were without jewels or motor cars and that their clothes had been paid for by their own labors, although both of them had been married to men whose incomes were large.

The silence was broken by the Frenchman. He spoke almost apologetically. "If you will pardon me, I do not agree. When one first comes here—no, before that, when one sees American women traveling in Europe, always in the most *de luxe* way—one feels that what you have just said is true. But after several years of close observation in different parts of the country I have concluded that it is the opposite." He smiled. "I hope no one will quote me. It would ruin me with my lecture audiences for we foreigners are always supposed to say what you, Monsieur, have said. It has become a tradition, like Lafayette and Columbus and hands-across-the-sea. But it is far from the truth."

He pushed away his coffee cup. "The actual position of women in America is much lower than in England or in France."

He appeared to be afraid of extravagant commitments about a subject to which he had apparently given much thought. "Our Italian friend says they are spoiled because they are given luxuries. But who, among the class of which he speaks, does not enjoy those same luxuries? Even the servants in rich households share in them. To be sure, the wife of a wealthy man has a limousine. But has not her husband his own car also? The children, too, have theirs; and when they are living in the country, the housekeeper has a runabout and the butler has one too. Naturally the wife has jewels and beautiful clothes, but so have the harem wives of an Oriental man of wealth. Yet no one says they are put on pedestals.

"Contrast the dinner table conversation in Paris or London with that of New York or Washington. In Europe, at least in the two capitals I've mentioned, the opinion, the advice of women known to be well-informed, is sought with eagerness. In the United States no man wants to sit next a woman who discusses politics—unless she is pretty and is content to listen while he tells her about them. I have been greatly struck by the change that goes on here after the women have left the table and the men are alone. 'Now,' they seem to say as they settle back with their cigars, 'we can get down to really serious things.' Not that they always do it, but at least they talk to each other as equals, whereas they have talked down to the women beside them."

The hostess, who was keenly interested in national politics, agreed with this observation. "If we, as women, had had real political ambition," she said, "we could have formed, after equal suffrage became a law, the most powerful party ever heard of. By withholding our

By
Maude Parker

Illustrated by
GEORGE HOWE

allegiance to both established parties, we could have put through every reform bill we desired—child-labor legislation, uniform divorce laws, prison reform—all the things we said we wanted when we were trying to get the vote. But what happened? The canny men in the two parties roped us in. They got us as individuals to ally ourselves with them. So all our force was dissipated. Now our vote is negligible, just as the opponents of suffrage said it would be. No, I've seen too many conventions and heard too many men talk about their shrewdness in hobbling us before we realized what the game was about, to listen to anyone say that in this country women are a great political force."

They all laughed and by common consent began to talk of something else.

WHEN the evening was over the hostess congratulated herself that neither she nor the other woman had argued from her own personal experiences. She had no desire to indulge in a morbid review of her own matrimonial disaster, but her Italian acquaintance's belief in the exalted position women held in America caused her to generalize somewhat from it.

She had been subjected to humiliations and to definite cruelties not only mental but physical. Having no money of her own until at last, against her husband's desire, she had taken a position in a bond house, she had been unable to engage a first-class lawyer to take her case. Even when she had made this financially possible, the laws of New York State made divorce difficult to obtain. Whether or not her husband had been guilty of infidelity which was the only ground on which she could sue him there seemed to her unimportant compared to the open disloyalty and havoc which he created continuously in the family circle. Their only child, a boy of twelve, ardently begged to go away to boarding school to avoid the scenes caused by his father's uncontrollable temper. She foresaw greater calamities ahead unless the matter could be settled quickly by legal means.

When interviewed by her lawyer, her husband said that he would agree to a divorce under some other jurisdiction, preferably Reno, where desertion or non-support could be alleged.

"But no alimony!" he declared. "I'll support the boy but I won't pay her a cent. She's earning enough for herself and if she wants to be free, all right."

His wife had accepted this ultimatum and had entered the bond business.

The marital experiences of the other woman had resulted in making her almost a nervous wreck before her husband had finally consented to a divorce. The nerve specialist who had cared for her during several years' illness had learned that her husband had always treated her with brutality and was known among his associates as a man who habitually drank too much and was possessed at times by almost diabolical cunning. This, however, could not aid her in getting a divorce in New York State. She obtained a legal separation and finally agreed to go to Nevada and become free. As she had no children she said she did not want to be supported by a man to whom she was no longer married. She secured a position in a dress shop and with hard work and intelligence had managed after several years to become a partner there.

Neither of the women felt bitterly about her lot; in fact they knew they were fortunate in many respects, but it was inevitable that they should smile when they heard, as they did often, that all American women were pampered and spoiled. In business they came in contact with many women—widows, divorcees and women who were still married, but felt the need to earn money of their own. They received confidences of a startlingly personal kind, sometimes from comparative strangers. These stories—and they gradually learned to account exaggerations and vindictiveness—completed their conviction that the generalization about American women as a whole being put on pedestals had no more foundation in fact than the Santa Claus myth. But no matter what this belief gained by listening to women, it was increased two-fold when they talked to men.

THE woman who was in the bond business possessed the invaluable trait of being impersonal with the men with whom she worked. As she was physically attractive, sympathetic, but not flirtatious, she found time after time that men would talk to her, tell her, as each one usually said, "things I wouldn't dream of telling my wife."

Often these things, after the first preliminaries had to do not so much with business as with the wives themselves, or with the extra-matrimonial complications of which these wives were a part. Of course a majority of them were "misunderstood." They would start out declaring that they wouldn't be disloyal for anything and their wives were wonderful, but——— And after the "but" they would describe the inadequacies, emotional or mental, of the women they had just declared wonderful.

"My wife won't let me so much as mention business at home," one of them said. "She's a fine woman and all that but she has no more idea of what I'm trying to do than the man in the moon. If I take a business associate of mine home to dinner and happen to say, 'I see such-and-such stock went up ten points today,' she scolds me about it afterward and says it's vulgar to talk that way outside of office hours. She thinks I should discuss poetry and art and what-not." After a pause he added. "Oh, well, I suppose she can't help it. She's just like a child."

The best-natured of them usually concluded by saying their wives were just like children. Those less chivalrous made definite complaints. They accused their wives of extravagance, of hypochondria, of lack of cooperation in family questions.

There was no suggestion in any of these conversations that they regarded women as superior beings.

Yet happening to meet socially one [*Turn to page 115*]

THE HEART OF DON JUAN

Some of life's sternest instants may hide behind flippant chiffon

By Vivien R. Bretherton

FROM the moment Simone Ravel looked up into his face and murmured in that sweet, stumbling voice of hers, "Ah, Don Juan," the vast circle of Henry Roger Pennington's friends chuckled to themselves and wondered why they had previously called him simply "Penny." Don Juan! Like a flash of inspiration, they saw the appropriateness of it. For even before little Simone Ravel had come into his life, to tear it up by the roots and to drive the youth from his heart, life had made of Henry Roger a veritable Don Juan.

Magnetic—buoyant—reckless—lovable, his was a personality that took from life with both eager hands. Tall, lean, with gray eyes and sleek, golden hair, he was in appearance so striking that even without that inner quality that drew all people to him, Henry Roger Pennington must have stood out from any surroundings and in any situation. Younger fellows, his contemporaries, ragged him for his astounding young beauty and affectionately dubbed him a "ladies' man." But his infatuations—they were never more—died out almost as quickly as they flared up, and because the hearts of youth can know a far greater pain than the hearts that life has disciplined, he left much grief in his passing.

Don Juan! Ah, little Simone, how truly you named him, and how cruelly!

IT was late afternoon and in the quiet of what was, by day, one of the busiest bond houses in Colton, sat Henry Roger Pennington, mulling over a contract that somehow did not please him. The telephone at his elbow gave a sharp, jangling ring. Penny concentrated his thoughts on the paper before him, ignoring the call. Another ring. He put out his hand and grasped the base of the phone, but turned back again to a phrase in the last paragraph that had caught his eye. Wailingly, as if in outraged anger, the bell interrupted his thoughts—insistently. Impatiently, for it was well after six o'clock and he felt the inconsistency of any call coming into the office at that hour, Penny took down the receiver.

"Hello? Hello? Yes?"

A faint gasp came to him over the wire. He waited a moment, then shook the phone vigorously. "Hello? Who is it? This is Sunset 3141. Hello—hello!"

Still silence. Then, as he was on the point of hanging up the receiver, over the wires to Penny drifted a voice—plaintive, almost timid.

"If you please, I mus' spik to Mr. Ravel."

He noted the delicate lift to the voice—the foreign slurring of the words—and courteously he made reply: "There is no one here by that name. I'm afraid the operator has given you the wrong number."

"But, please," came the voice, less timid now, "you don' understan'. I mus' see him."

In spite of the slight interest the strange voice had aroused in him, Penny frowned. "But you've the wrong number, I think. If we both hang up, you can get the operator again and give her the right one."

"But that is imposs'ble," wailed the voice. "Please, won't you hol' to the line whil' I think."

Penny eyed the phone in perplexity, and in spite of himself felt stirring within him a zest for the new adventure that this charming little voice seemed to hold out to him. Then grinning rather shamefacedly at his own romantic nonsense, he returned, "But you see, as long as I am on the line you cannot hope to get your number, madame."

"But I am not madame," came the voice in an impetuous rush. "I am that greatly to be pitied person, Simone Ravel. And one gets only one operator with one five cent piece. And if you get off the line, monsieur, I shall be lef' sitting upon a mountain side with night coming on. Nor am I dress' for such a catastrophe!"

Penny marveled at the lightness of her

All thoughts of the contract before him faded from Penny's mind before she had spoken ten words and he was now in a panic lest this remarkable person who had come so suddenly into his life should quite as suddenly choose to slip out of it.

Penny pondered for a moment. Then, "If you'd only explain a little more. I don't believe I understand the situation, Miss—Miss—"

"Simone Ravel," she replied carefully. "An' it's a ver' funny situation. Me—I don't know ver' much about this city of yours. I came from France because my brother, Antoine, is here. An' I am not much here yet. But it was so nice a day, I tol' Antoine—I said, 'I shall take a lil' electric car and go up to the carnival place on the high hill where I have heard they hav' a mos' glorious merry-go-about!' "

Penny nodded. "You mean up to Ted's Crest, I believe. There's an amusement park on top of Colton Heights by that name."

"That is the spot. So I go. But I mus' have mistaken the wrong car, monsieur, for when nothing comes but trees and hills and pieces of the river, the car man asks me for my monies. I give him a five cent piece. He says, 'Where you going?' I say, 'To the carnival place.' He says, 'This is the O & I Electric Line—next stop Riverside—fifty cents!' I say, 'Pardon, I mus' be wrong.' He takes my fifty cents—here I am!"

PENNY tried to make his voice sound understanding. "You are stranded at Riverside?"

"Nor is there anything here but trees and river—no single house—an' so I come into this so small depot where nothing sits but a telephone where one five cent piece gets one operator. I have, you perceive, but one five cent piece and I remember my brother, Antoine—are you tired listening, monsieur?"

Tired? Do the Don Juans of this world tire when adventure beckons? Quickly, eagerly, Penny made haste to reply. "Oh, no. If I can advise you, I really must know all the circumstances. You were saying—"

"That Antoine said to me, 'If you spend all your monies at the carnival you can ring me an' I will go after you with my car.' An' then he say he will play a lil' game with some frien's at Sunset 3141 and with my only five cent piece I call Sunset 3141. And the placard before me says—trains to city 9:45—and now I get you! Nor do I like it here!"

Penny did not hesitate. To be sure, the thought flashed through his mind that perhaps this was a joke planned by some of the fellows who knew his unquenchable thirst for adventure. But even so, it would take less than thirty minutes to run out to Riverside. He knew the spot, a little way station on the O & I Electric line—a lonely spot. The drive for that matter would be pleasant. Impulsively he spoke: "As I see it, even I could not get in touch with your brother now, Miss Ravel. For you have only a wrong telephone number to trace him by. And naturally, you are nervous about waiting for the 9:45 Electric. If you will permit me—I'm a stranger, of course, and to say that I am Henry Pennington doesn't mean much—I shall run out there in my own car and gladly bring you back into the city."

There was frank relief in the voice, and if the thought occurred to Simone Ravel that she was placing a great deal of confidence in a stranger, she gave no trace of it in her acceptance.

"Of a certainty, monsieur," she said. "My brother will be mos' please' that you have aid me and I—I am more than grateful. I shall await you with alacrity."

Penny chuckled. Then after the strictest injunction to the unknown voice that she sit in the "so small depot" and not budge until he could reach her, and after a hasty description of his car and a warning not to let anyone else pick her up, he hung up the telephone, cleared his desk with one sweep of his arm and—his young head uplifted, his nose pointed toward this new encounter—clattered out of the office and down to his low-swung, powerful little car.

Out along the winding boulevards that follow the Merriman river drove Penny, and as he went he conjured up many and various descriptions of "Simone Ravel, not madame." And because he knew all too well the manner of romantic young chap that he was, he ridiculed himself for the high expectancy of his hopes.

Illustrated by
RAYMOND SISLEY

"He is Sunset 3141. Ma foi, such possibilities and then this!"

He could see the solitary red depot now and as he drew nearer and rounded a curve, a white clad figure in the doorway. Then with a final flourish, he whirled his car about and brought it to a stop not a yard from the tiny feet of the person whom he took to be Simone Ravel.

Simone looked at Penny and she smiled, a smile that crumpled up his susceptible young heart and drove from it the last vestige of interest in a certain curly headed society girl who had, for the past month or so, looked upon Penny with a proprietary air. And standing there, the last rays of the setting sun lighting the gleam of his golden head, Penny smiled back at Simone Ravel.

Simone Ravel dopped her pansy-colored eyes, then raised them again to the man standing before her. "You," she murmured, "are the voice with which I hav' talk? You are—"

"Sunset 3141," he returned gravely. "Henry Pennington. And you—you are Simone Ravel, not madame."

A little chuckle stirred her lips. Simone looked at him frankly. "Ah, yes. You are greatly to be trusted. Me—I am glad that it is you who are Sunset 3141. But I see no door to your car. How does one ascent it, monsieur?"

Penny flushed boyishly. "You—you hop over," he said meekly.

"Hop?" The narrow, curved brows lifted.

Quickly Penny stepped to her side and as quickly, before she could remonstrate, he had lifted her in his arms. A second in which he marveled at the lightness of her, and he had gently deposited her in the low seat of his car. As he swung in beside her, Simone, her cheeks cool and unflushed, looked up at Penny meditatively. "So? One hop thusly is a ver' nice way, don' you think?"

And Penny, audacity in his eyes, grinned down at her. "Very nice," he agreed promptly. "Now, where to?"

Their destination settled, Penny turned his attention to the vivid little thing beside him with such success that he had learned a great deal about Simone Ravel before he swung his car to a stop before the big white house where she lived with her brother and the gentle old aunt.

HE listened, rather quietly for him, absorbed in the argent charm of that pointed, whimsical face; listened while Simone talked on in her stumbling, foreign manner, of the old home in France, to reach which one drove out through the beautiful Beivre Valley, on past the quaint little village of Arcueil, following a winding road that opened suddenly upon the Villa Ravel.

He learned how Simone's "so ver' brave" father had given three gallant sons that his beloved France might know the honor of victory; learned from her trembling lips how the brave old heart, bereft of all save Antoine, the youngest of his sons, had found his home an empty place, and so quietly, even gladly, had lain down one night to dream of other days and had never awakened from that sleep. Penny heard, too, much of Antoine; Antoine who had come back to Simone with the war's end and, later, had come to this [*Turn to page 100*]

"Charles Trowbridge believes you are his niece's abductor"

TEARS of NIOBE

Sinister and inevitable as fate the Scorpion spins his web of pearls

By Belden Duff

Illustrated by W. E. HEITLAND

EVENTS leading up to what New York papers called "The Central Park Murder Case" originated as a practical joke. Virginia Trowbridge had hoped to give William Petty a thrill when she put in his path a ticket to the opening of a new musical comedy and arranged to have beautiful Brunhilde Clemment sit by his side. William's life as bookkeeper in the firm of Trowbridge & Trowbridge, coffee brokers, was too uneventful, she feared. As though at some mysterious signal, everything happens: Brunhilde is murdered and her string of pearls disappears; Adrien Pitt-Martin, Virginia's fiancé, is implicated along with Charles Trowbridge; and William Petty is sought by the police. Captain Dan O'Connor, private detective, trails the jewels to the oriental shop of Louis Minnikin.

Part III

ELSIE SCULLY'S heart misgave her as she climbed the steps of the Trowbridge mansion at eleven o'clock that night. It misgave her still further when the door opened and she saw Banks sternly regarding her. In the Trowbridge drawing-room her first feeling was disappointment. She was in the midst of a disparaging appraisal of a painting when a voice at her elbow startled her. "Don't you like it? It's supposed to be good."

Elsie turned. Another disappointment! Here at last was the wonderful Miss Trowbridge and she had on a dress that was actually nothing but two pieces of velvet joined at the shoulders by dull silver clasps.

"Yes," she murmured, unaware that her thoughts had escaped her in words. "Yes, you are beautiful."

Virginia Trowbridge did not appear astonished. Instead she inclined her head in acknowledgment and said, "Let's sit down. You're Miss Scully, Banks tells me. Of course you want to talk of this terrible thing that's happened. Shall we begin?"

Elsie would have liked to gossip a bit, to feel her way. Instead she said, "Yes, I guess we'd better, before—before we're interrupted." A pause and then, "You knew O'Connor was out of it?"

Virginia nodded. "They telephoned my father from headquarters, I believe. We weren't home. What happened to him?" she placed her hand on Elsie's arm.

"Shot—one of the gang that got Mrs. Clemment. He was getting too wise, see? Oh, Miss Trowbridge, Miss Virginia, don't be foolish, don't act like you felt strong enough to buck the world. It can't be done. Before O'Connor was hurt, he'd found out something. There is a fresh clue that leads here to you and your—"

The hand was snatched away. "Don't say the name. don't!" And then, "You're right. I must do everything to keep these detectives quiet."

Elsie's voice was eager. "I expected you to see it the right way—to stick by him." With a sigh, "Us women'll do a lot to save the man we love." And receiving no answer, "That's why I'm here, see, to save the man I love. Oh, don't you see?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't see."

Elsie Scully laughed, or rather, she made a sound that was a dreary imitation of a laugh. "Don't you know, didn't they tell you—he lived with us?"

Virginia listened more attentively. "Who?" she asked. "Who is it you're talking about?"

The two girls rose and faced each other. "William," the visitor announced. "William Petty—your father's bookkeeper."

With something of an effort Virginia spoke, "I remember now. Mr. O'Connor did say that you were —er—friends—good friends. But I had no idea—" With a lift of her eyebrows, "I—er—suppose you are to be congratulated?"

Sensing sarcasm, Elsie Scully stiffened. "William's not to blame," she cried hotly, forgetting that it was her own thoughts against which she defended him.

"To blame?"

In a storm of protest against the fate which deals its favors so unfairly, the child of the boarding-house forgot courtesy, caution, everything but the jealousy which was gnawing her heart. "What's the use of keeping up the farce when we're alone?" she cried. "You know just as well as I do that William Petty killed Brunhilde Clemment, and you know what made him do it."

"Oh, how can you—" the cry was agonized. "How can you say in one breath that you love a man and in the next that you believe him guilty of so hideous, so loathsome a crime?"

Just what reply Elsie would have made to this is in doubt, for at that moment a hand parted the heavy tapestry hangings and Mr. Austin Trowbridge entered the room. He still wore his evening clothes and he carried himself with all the Trowbridgian dignity. He did not even see Elsie. For him the only person who existed in the room at that moment was his daughter, Virginia. He addressed himself to her with his customary single-track directness:

"A man calling himself Badgerly has just telephoned. He wants to find your uncle Charles. Do you know what became of Charles?"

UNCONSCIOUSLY Virginia's hand sought her heart. "What—what does Mr. Badgerly want with Chink?"

Mr. Austin frowned. "Have you, or have you not, any idea where your Uncle Charles is?"

"Not the faintest idea. At one of the supper clubs, I suppose."

Again Mr. Austin frowned. "I can't recall seeing Charles after we reached the theater."

Virginia started. "Now that you speak of it, I don't recall seeing him either. I thought of course he was with you."

"Charles must have left with Victor," the senior Trowbridge finally said. "You remember when Mr. Marceau was sent for so mysteriously at the end of the second act? Yes, that accounts for it, Charles must have—" he muttered to himself as he left the room. As the tapestries fell into place, Virginia Trowbridge faced her visitor. There was a change in her manner, a sort of quiet desperation that made the other girl's heart leap.

"I must find my Uncle Charles," she cried. "It may take hours and it's almost twelve o'clock now. Could you, would you be willing to go with me? There's no one else I can ask."

Elsie put out both hands. "Sure I'll go with you," she said heartily. "I'll go with you if it takes all night —even," with a little grimace, "if it takes all year."

The rain was falling heavily and a wind had sprung up. Besides, it was after twelve o'clock, so there was no one to see the two girls as they ran for a taxi. "Hurry," urged Miss Trowbridge as she directed him to the street on which Charles Trowbridge lived. And to Elsie, "We'll try there first."

"Chink has the top floor," Virginia said as they entered the house. "I wonder why he doesn't see to it that they keep lights burning in this hall. Isn't it dark!"

Creeping with soft, cautious steps, the girls felt for the second landing. The stairway was broad and thickly carpeted. Their feet made no sound.

"There—there's someone following us," Elsie suddenly whispered, catching her companion by the skirt. And they both stood still.

"I think you're mistaken," Virginia answered. "Let's go on up."

The landing on the third floor had a nasty turn. Elsie bumped into the wall and lost herself. With a panicky sense of isolation came the consciousness that Virginia was no longer at her side. She clawed about, felt every direction and after a moment caught hold of the banister. Anchored at last to something tangible, she had opened her mouth to call, when from out the darkness came a hand. Its touch was cool and firm, with a grip of steel. Elsie felt the bones of her waist snap. A disc of white light was flashed into her eyes, blinding her—an electric torch. She heard a curse, presumably of disappointment. Her wrist was released and the light sprayed the hall ahead, catching Virginia Trowbridge and throwing her into high relief against the wall, like a figure on a bronze tablet.

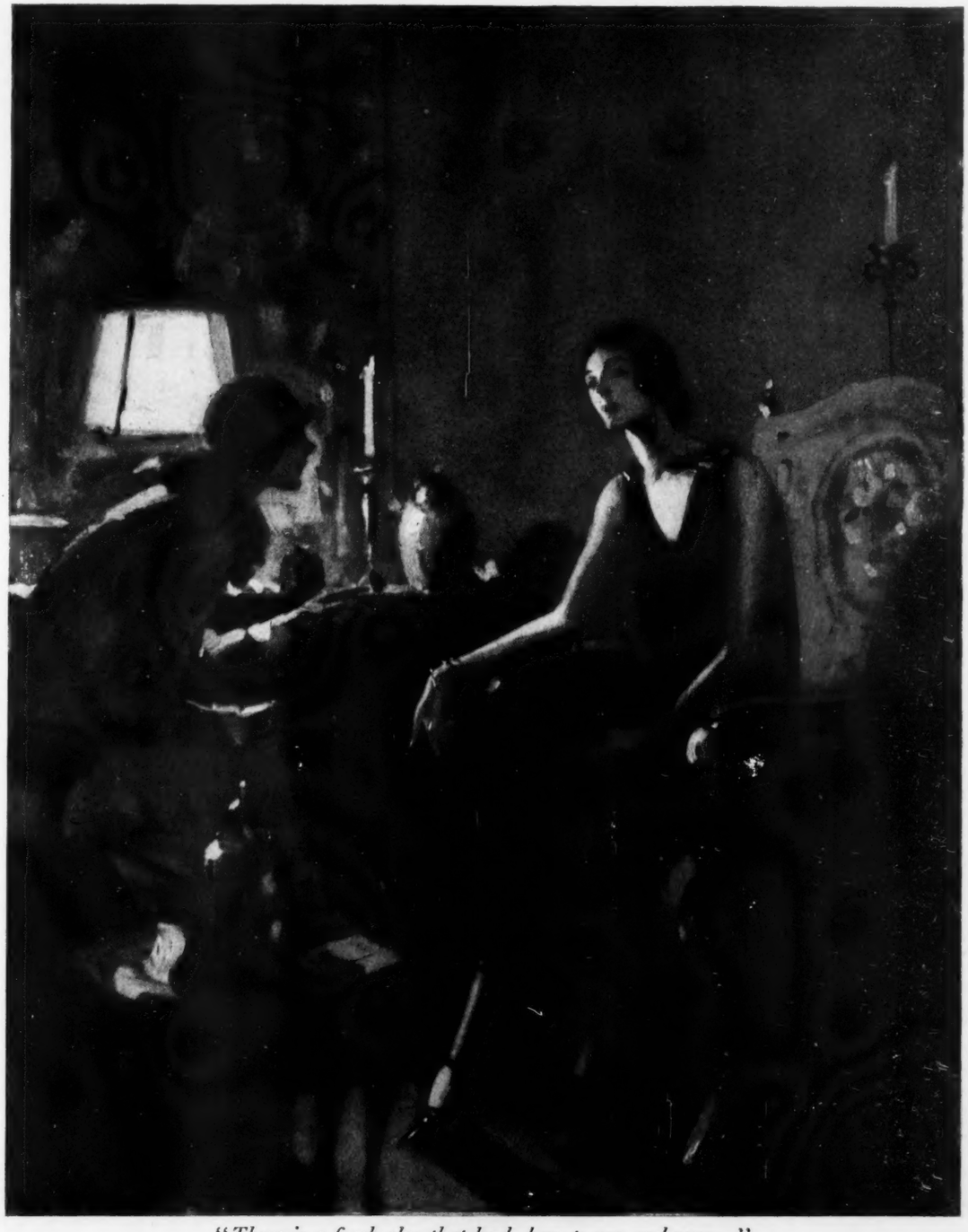
Elsie couldn't see the owner of the torch clearly, but she knew it was a man, that he was of medium height and wore a long coat of some dark material and that a mask covered part of his face. She tried to reach Virginia, to warn her, but at the turn fell sprawling full length, all power gone.

As she lay panting, there came a rush of feet—the sound of a quick, savage impact in the hall above and a faint, startled cry. Then, the torch opening up a way, the man staggered past her, carrying something large and shapeless across his shoulder, something that hung limp and furry like a dead animal.

Elsie grabbed at the man's coat and caught the tails, but they slipped through her fingers. Fear-paralyzed, she started pursuit. Again the darkness, again the unfamiliar turns and twists of the staircase. When she reached the sidewalk, all she saw was a gray cab speeding toward the Avenue.

AFTER an hysterical, profitless interlude, Elsie walked back to Charles Trowbridge's house.

Feeling her way, she reached the top floor without further molestation. A thread of light showed where to knock, and after a moment she found herself looking up at a tall man with eyes strangely like those of Virginia. "Are you—are you Mr. Trowbridge?" she asked.



"There is a fresh clue that leads here to you and your—"

"Yes, what's happened?" He held her as she swayed.

Elsie Scully clutched at his arm. "Didn't you hear us? Didn't any sound reach you? We—we were coming here to your apartment and on the stairs—Oh," a little whimper of horror escaped her, "she wouldn't listen. I told her there was someone following us and she wouldn't listen."

"Here," Charles Trowbridge drew her into the studio and shut the door. "Don't let's have the neighbors in on this. Now, try to pull yourself together. Who are you talking about?"

"He crept behind us. Don't you understand—a man with his face masked." Elsie made a valiant effort to obey orders and pull herself together. "Your niece—Miss Virginia—she was bringing you something—a—necklace—she said you wanted pearls. That you had to have them for some reason. Because you'd lost the Tears of Niobe you'd broken into Mr. Marceau's shop and taken his. Oh, I'm so afraid that man has killed her! She was hanging on his shoulder———"

"What?" There was another man in the studio; Elsie hadn't noticed him before. But now he jumped forward as though the mention of danger to Miss Trowbridge had touched a spring. "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* Why do you hesitate? Speak, tell us what happened."

With little dry sobs she blurted out the story. Before it was more than half started, the one called Adrien had darted out to search the stairs, returning breathless. "It's true," he groaned. "This is the scarf I gave Virginia for her birthday. See—" he pointed to a dark smear, "there's blood on it."

CHARLES TROWBRIDGE said nothing; his lower jaw protruding in an ominous set, he crossed the studio to the bathroom and unlocked the door. Gripping the slobbering brown muzzle that struggled to widen the opening, he snatched the scarf from Adrien's hand and held it close to the dog's nose. To the dog he spoke—words in a foreign tongue. Lupe, understanding, pricked up his ears and strained to be free.

The other man said, "Where to, Trowbridge?"

And Lupe's owner answered, "To find her, of course—to find Virginia." He was already putting on his coat.

The one called Adrien put out his hand as though to stay his companion. "You suspect?"

"Suspect?" Charles Trowbridge slid his handkerchief through the ring in the dog's collar. "You heard the description. You heard that it's Virginia who has the Tears of Niobe. Is there any doubt in your mind as to what's happened to her? There's just one person who may be able to give me a line on William Petty. One person—and I'm going to him now." He departed, leaving Elsie behind.

A fusillade of knocks on the street door of Tug Barton's place brought the four men at the table to their feet.

"What did I tell you?" Tug wriggled his toes about under the table in an effort to find his carpet slippers.

"Must be that new cop. Thought he smacked his lips when I passed him this evening. Here," McTeague had found the slippers, "better let him in, Tug. Sounds like he's sore."

The man who followed Tug Barton into the gymnasium was not a policeman. Tall and strikingly handsome, he carried himself with a jerky recklessness, a certain indifference to consequences that caught the attention of every man present; by his side, walking stiff-legged, a German police dog, held by the simple expedient of a handkerchief slipped through his collar.

"Barton," said the man without any preamble, "where can I find William Petty?"

Tug put on his blandest expression of innocence. "Oh, now, Mr. Trowbridge, what a question to ask me. How should I know where William Petty is?"

"They said you did."

"Acting a bit rough, ain't you, Mr. Trowbridge?" Tug reached absently for a chocolate cream.

INSTANTLY the wrist with the watch shifted. "Barton, keep away from that table drawer. There'll be no gun play in this if you please."

The professor shook his head sorrowfully. "There's no gun in that drawer, Mr. Trowbridge. I swear there ain't. Gosh," with a sigh, "I never thought all those years I was giving you lessons in the gentle art of self-defense that one day you'd barge in here. The most reasonable pupils I ever had—you and Miss Virginia."

At the mention of his niece a change swept over Charles Trowbridge. A grayish pallor spread from chin to brow, his lip quivered, the muscles which held his head erect seemed to relax. Heedless of Lupe's anxious whine, he dropped into the nearest chair and flinging his arms across the table, let his shoulders drop.

Stupefied by such an unexpected form of reversal, the poker players could only stare. Then, one by one, under the spur of Tug's directing thumb, Jimmy, McTeague and the Kid tiptoed cautiously from the room.

Tug's silence was more eloquent than a thousand questions. Bit by bit, it brought out the story Charles Trowbridge had to tell. In conclusion: "The Scully girl was with her. They were coming to see me; that's the terrible part of it, that it should have happened so close—right within call and I never heard a thing. Tug," catching the pugilist by the sleeve, "Tug, you know Virginia, you remember how high-strung, how sensitive she is. Do something, say something, help me."

Tug Barton was thinking harder and faster than he was willing to let his companion believe. "Well, suppose the Scully girl's telling the truth, all the more reason for us to play the hand deep. Yelling won't help matters now. The less noise we make, the easier it'll be for all of us."

"How should I know where William Petty is?"

Charles Trowbridge nodded his head understandingly. "That's all right, Tug, but on the other hand, we can't lose any time. Petty was infatuated with Virginia. I've known it for some time."

The ex-pugilist stepped carefully around the big dog stretched at his master's feet. "If it was anybody in the world but Miss Virginia, I wouldn't do this, but ——" He drew a key ring from his pocket. "How things stand it's probably the only way I can help." One of the keys fitted and with a protesting creak the door swung back. "I'm going to let you into a little secret. At ten after eleven, Petty blew in here. He's here now, in my office, asleep on the leather davenport. I didn't want any of the boys to see him—so I just took the key with me."

After a fumbling search, the lamp was found and the room flooded with light. The couch was empty. A square window just under the ceiling, open, mutely told the route which the late occupant had taken.

"Here's something!" The junior Trowbridge pointed to a bit of paper, conspicuously held to the desk by a penknife stabbed through it.

Snatching it, Tug read aloud: "Sorry to leave so unceremoniously but I happened to recall a pressing engagement elsewhere."

THERE was no signature, nothing to indicate the time at which it had been written.

"I told you so." Charles Trowbridge ground his teeth. "It's only a matter of five blocks from here to my studio. Petty could have done it in ten minutes, three if he had a car."

"He had no car when he came here."

"What did he say to you?" Impatiently, "How did he act?"

"He was hurt bad. There'd been a fight and——"

"Yes, yes, I know all about that—he and Pitt-Martin—go on!"

"Acted nervous like and excited. Walked the floor, saying the time was up and he'd failed, that five years had been wasted, all gone for nothing."

The reply seemed to increase the questioner's perplexity. "Barton, who is Petty? What is he? If you know, tell me. Don't hold anything back now!"

As though torn by conflicting desires, Tug writhed and grimaced. "Mr. Trowbridge, don't ask me, sir, don't. All I can tell you is that Petty's all right. He's a gentleman. I believe in him and you don't, but at least we can agree on one point—nothing must happen to Miss Virginia. She comes first with all of us. There's only one thing to do, call for help. We gotta call for help."

"The police?" he asked, ignoring Lupe who, at the question, had leaped to his feet and was nuzzling about excitedly. "You mean we're to go to the police?"

Tug let his eyes crinkle at the corners. "I wasn't going to suggest the police, or rather, not the police as a whole. O'Connor was the one man I had in mind."

"O'Connor!" Charles Trowbridge brightened. "Now, we're getting somewhere. O'Connor thinks Petty committed this murder, and when ——"

"Well," Tug scratched his chin. "Maybe he does and maybe he doesn't. All I can say is, he knows more about William Petty at the present moment than William Petty knows himself."

"Quick, then, get him." And as the owner of the gymnasium dropped into the chair before the desk phone, "Why in thunder didn't you suggest O'Connor right away? Well," as the receiver was put back on the hook, "was that headquarters? What do they say?"

"They say," Tug swung about in his swivel chair, "that O'Connor's in the hospital. He was shot at six o'clock this afternoon by an unidentified man who escaped in a gray taxicab."

MEANWHILE Adrien Pitt-Martin, having taken Elsie home and secured the family's permission to search the house, completed his climb to the third story. The room in which he stood was dark and rather stuffy, almost as though the window had not been recently opened. Crossing the floor cautiously, he encountered what seemed to be a bed. Someone sat on the edge of it. While he debated the wisdom of beating a retreat, that someone spoke.

"I have you covered. What do you want?"

Adrien laughed. "My good sir, I perceive that I have just climbed from the fire into the frying pan. *C'est à rire.*"

There was a moment's silence and the man on the bed spoke, "Pitt-Martin, you're a bear for punishment. After what I gave you up at Trowbridge's place, I thought you'd be satisfied for at least twenty-four hours."

In the darkness, Adrien cocked his head at a questioning angle. "Petty, *Mon Dieu!*" [*Turn to page 108*]

It was lovely to wait for them at tea time after a swift, busy day

WHEN MOTHER WAS MARY

Only mother knows—for better or for worse

By Violet Quirk

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT

MOTHER never wrote in her diary now. She had put it away and tried to forget it. It spoke too clearly of her daughters' childhood and of the happy time when they had been wholly hers. Now they all had their separate interests.

Nerissa had her husband, clever Jerome Stafford, and her two pretty babies. Jane had just married Howard Owen and was as keen as he in the huge business he owned and controlled. Henrietta had her airman husband, the audacious Sir Harry Smith and, as yet, no hope of the baby she longed for. Alison had her career. She was now sub-editor of a famous literary weekly and she found her new life completely absorbing.

Of course they still loved their mother. They wrote to her regularly and were always anxious about her welfare. But they needed her no more. That was the fact of the matter.

In their babyhood Mother had been perpetually, gloriously busy.

There were always little troubles to see to; there were little ailments to cure, sore knees to bandage, fears to smooth away.

Mother had never had a nurse for her children; she put them to bed every night, cooked their breakfast in the morning; she made their clothes, washed for them, darned for them, mended for them.

She lived for them. She let an unskilled maid do the rough housework, but she would have no unskilled person experimenting with her children. So, as she couldn't afford a skilled one, she took entire charge of them herself.

When they went to school she didn't lose them a bit. They had fewer physical hurts, but more private sorrows. They confided in her, telling her of their friendships and quarrels and of all the little happenings of the day. It was lovely to wait for them at tea time after a swift busy day, with a nice frock on and a piece of easy sewing. They always came home with a great rush, full of news.

When they left school they had shown all the sweet and interesting signs of feminine adolescence. They began to watch the fashions, they became discontented with their looks, they brushed their hair with solemn regularity, they surreptitiously used cream and powder, they pretended a great contempt of men and devoured every love story they could find. It had been so charming to live with them.

Then they had fallen in love and out again, and three of them had married. The whole atmosphere had been one of young romance and betrothals, trousseaus and wedding rings. Life had been so rich when they were home.

Now they needed her no longer. And she lived on their need of her.

MILLICENT came in with tea. "You want a smaller tea pot, ma'am," she said with her genial grin.

"I do not," said Mother sharply. Then she added, seeing the girl's surprised flush, "Of course I do, Millicent, but I won't change this one."

"No'm," said Millicent vaguely and went out.

"I'm used to tea pots this size," thought Mother with a queer little shake of agitation.

She looked at the chairs standing stiffly by the wall. They seemed to be waiting to be dragged to the tea-table by four eager, chattering girls. [*Turn to page 105*]

The Lost Fifty Minutes

A tale of two who lost time but found themselves

By Margaret Sangster

Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

The man turned away sharply on his heel

THEIR divorce must be accomplished with the utmost stealth! Not only, said her manager because their marriage, five years ago, had received such radiant publicity. Not only, his publisher told him, because they had allowed themselves to be so widely quoted upon the subject of love matches and compatibility. It was because her new play was to be the only drama on Broadway dealing with the happiness of marriage. It was because his new novel, even then on the press, contained the whole philosophy of marital success.

"The book would be a joke!" argued his publisher. "The critics—you ought to know yourself how they can razz the fellow who stubs his toe."

"Your public—it don't want scandal tied up with your name!" her manager moaned.

And so instead of the open hostility of a city court, they were sailing for France, where it was averred, a divorce could be gained quickly and with a polite semblance of secrecy. They were sailing on the same boat and their cabins had a narrow connecting door. Only her maid and his valet knew that the connecting door was locked.

They came aboard together, and posed together, with smiling protests, for the camera men. She wore orchids pinned against the collar of her sable coat and he carried a brief-case full of manuscript and proof. And just as the last "All ashore" sounded, her manager and his publisher appeared.

"Remember it's only about six days long, this voyage," his publisher warned. "And be pleasant! You don't want to wreck your book with the kind of carelessness that turns into gossip."

And her manager added, "Be good children! And remember, this play, if it goes," he spoke directly to his star, "will be your biggest chance."

Then the whistles sounded and the confusion of kisses and shouts waxed chaotic. Suddenly the gang-plank was up and the ship was drifting—like a great white island—ever so slightly away from the dock. The woman snuggled down into the collar of her luxurious wrap, although it wasn't actually cold. And the man turned away sharply, on his heel.

You see, just five years before, they had sailed to France on another sort of trip. She hadn't worn orchids then, although he had tried to buy them over her laughing protest. She hadn't worn sable, either, and he hadn't carried a brief-case. And they had stood close to the rail and his arm had been about her, tight, as the ship put out to sea.

MANY of their boxes and baskets, letters and telegrams were mutual. It was almost laughable, thought the woman, as she neatly stacked the ones that were to go to his cabin.

Why was it that everyone thought their marriage an eternal thing? Other marriages, she told herself bitterly, had gone on the rocks. Why should they be penalized because they were, in a way, public property? Why should they be shackled to a false bliss?

"You will take these to Monsieur," she advised her maid, a trifle sharply. "And suggest to him that he look through them. But tell him that I will attend to the acknowledgments myself. I've kept the names."

The maid raised serious brows as she gathered up the letters and boxes. She started toward the outside door of the cabin and she reached it in time to open to the knock of a white-coated steward. From him she received a thin, pink envelope.

"But it's a radio, Madame," she told her mistress.

With fingers that were casual, the woman took the pink envelope. Meditatively she slit it open.

"Another bon voyage," she murmured and her tone was ever so slightly bored. "Another—" And then, all at once, her hysterical laughter rang across the stateroom.

"Ask Monsieur to come to me," she told her maid abruptly. "Ask him to come here at once!"

The maid's eyebrows were raised. She knew so well the purpose of this voyage.

"Oui, Madame," she said simply.

Holding her bundle of mail she went out of the stateroom. It was only the matter of a moment before she returned. Only the matter of another moment before the woman's husband stood upon the threshold. There was a strange look on his face.

"You wanted me?" he questioned. A trifle harshly he accented the "me."

But the woman was speaking and did not notice the accent.

"Jimmy," she said, "a silly thing has happened. Bland—you know his stuff—is on the boat. My manager has just wired—he didn't know about Bland until we were well out in midstream. Oh, Jimmy," the woman's voice was weary, "Bland is the meanest, the

most cynical of them all! If he finds out why we're going to France, he'll have a column a day about us for the next month. And his paper will print it!"

The man's face was a white mask. His voice, when he spoke, had a curious, rasping sound.

"Millicent," he said, "it's beginning to get me—all this! I'd rather throw my book in the ocean and your play after it than be compelled to keep on with such a rotten farce—shamming at happiness, at love."

But the woman interrupted. "Jimmy," she said, "be a good sport! It's the last thing," her tone was strangely keyed, "that I'll ever ask of you! Let's, oh, let's play it out! We're both troupers. We don't have to crowd our luck. Once a day only we'll be seen together publicly. And we'll do the thing up right. We'll be everything, officially, to each other. Once a day we'll go back five years—"

She hesitated.

But the man had turned on his heel and stared out a port-hole. And his voice came from what might have been a great distance.

"You're the one," he said gruffly, "you're the one, I suppose, to decide. You always were the one to decide. At what time and place—" all at once his tone was mocking—"are we to be thrown to the lions?"

For just one heart-beat the woman, surveying the back of his head had a swift impulse to speak certain impetuous words. There was something so—so little boyish in the way the man's hair grew at the nape of his neck. She had noticed it first at the moment when, years before, she had fallen in love with him.

"We'll meet in the lounge upstairs," she told the man, "at midnight. No, at eleven! And we'll spend an hour together. We'll do it every night. People on shipboard are too tired by midnight to be critical, too bored to be very close observers."

"I'll stop by for you," corrected the man, "and we'll go up together. It will be better if we handle it that way!"

SHE was beautiful in a gown of daffodil yellow that first evening. She came into the lounge on the man's arm, like something fresh and young and unspoiled by life. More than one person, feeling the initial unsteadiness of sea legs, turned to stare after her. And Bland, the critic, rushed forward with outflung, super-friendly hands.

"Miss Allyne!" he greeted effusively, and then, turning to the silent person who walked beside the vision. "I can never think of her, dear fellow, as Mrs. Trent. You know she belongs to us. To the world!"

Dryly the man interrupted, "So I have discovered."

The woman spoke. Her hand, lying upon the man's arm, made a little movement that looked like a caress and was, in truth, a pinch.

"Not on this trip!" she said with a gaiety that didn't seem in the least forced, "not on this trip, Mr. Bland! Miss Allyne is at home waiting to open a new show. Mrs. James Trent is traveling abroad with her husband!"

Bland, the critic, was smiling.

"Turtle-doves still!" he said. "After five years! It is five years, isn't it? You make me feel positively *de trop!*"

James Trent, his arm tingling from a certain pinch, answered the critic.

"And so you are!" he replied. "Oh, you're a swell columnist, Bland, but you'd better get a wife of your own to talk with. And leave mine to me!"

Bland waved a finger at the man and woman.

"I go!" he told them dramatically. And vanished in the direction of the ship's busiest room.

The woman, sighing, dropped into a chair. The man seated himself beside her.

"He's a little pest!" she said suddenly, "and what's worse, he makes me feel a criminal. Why doesn't he get seasick? Then we wouldn't have to see him again!"

"I've traveled with him before," the man told her wearily, "and he's never sick. Never!"

Silence—while in the corner a clock ticked its way around the hour. Silence broken by the sound of a word or two from across the room, by a thread of laughter. Silence while two people, who had been very close to each other, tried to cross an invisible, cruel barrier. Tried and could not.

Silence—and the man nervously glanced down at the watch on his wrist and then up at the corner clock. Then rather foolishly he laughed.

"It always startles me, Millicent," he said, "when I glance up and see the clock whirling around. I forget, always, that one must turn one's watch ahead on the way to Europe."

The woman also was glancing at the clock. True, its hands were making a sudden, crazy circuit.

"I saw the sign posted in the corridor," she said idly, "fifty minutes, isn't it, that we must go ahead every night? Until the time of landing."

The man was busy resetting his watch. Rather oddly he spoke. "Yes, it works out that way! Each night between eleven and twelve we must set our watches forward. You see, the difference in time between the United States and France amounts to exactly five hours. And so for each one of six nights on a fast boat we must lose fifty minutes. We must lose fifty minutes out of life! Fifty minutes that we never [*Turn to page 136*]

"Turtle-doves still," he said. "After five years!"

Illustrated by
C. D. MITCHELL

"It's part of the game to tell the last man that there has never been another"

BURNING BEAUTY

The gay life of today told in terms of the glamorous past

By Temple Bailey

FLEEING from Tony Bleecker's kisses at the Christmas party, Virginia Oliphant came upon Tony, Senior, who begged her to marry his son and become mistress of Derekdale, the vast Bleecker estate. "But I'm not in love with him," she protested, thinking of Michael McMillan. How it would help her if she could confide in Michael, she thought. But before she could find him, she overheard her brother Rickey say to the man she loved, "Just because I owe you a thousand dollars is no reason why you should force your attentions on my sister!" Afterward, alone with Rickey, she learned that Michael had advanced the boy this sum on his novel after Rickey had gambled away the money that was to be his and Virginia's capital. Carried away by his own confidence Rickey selfishly insisted on joining the Van Duyne yachting party, leaving his sister in New York to fight her battles alone. All Michael had from Virginia after her hasty departure from the house-party was a short, cryptic note. She rented her cozy suite, took cheap rooms in the attic and went to work to pay back Rickey's debt by rewriting his story. She let no one know where she was, though it broke her heart to be away from the man she loved.

Part V

THE next day Virginia and Mary Lee dined with Rickey at the place he had appointed. It was very smart and very expensive and Rickey said as he ordered, "We are going to eat, drink and be merry, Jinny, so don't preach economy."

His expertness in planning the menu drew from Mary Lee the query: "Where have you been learning such epicurean technique, or have you always had it?"

"I've been coming to town with Marty Van Duyne and she's been giving me lessons."

Mary Lee's nose was in the air. "You and your Marty!"

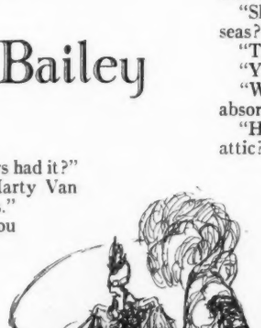
"She isn't mine—yet."

She stared at him in amazement. "You don't think for a moment she will ever be yours?"

"Why not?"

"But Rickey, the nerve of you, asking her to share your attic!"

"It isn't my attic, it's Jinny's. And you needn't think you can irritate me by saying things like that. I'm too sure of Marty. It's the first time any man has dared fling a challenge at her." Rickey paused, then went on fervently: "I'm trying to show her that money doesn't make a world."



Mary Lee was scornful. "Money does make a world, Rickey, and you know it. You wouldn't look at Marty Van Duyne if she didn't have everything to set off her beauty."

"You're right, in a way," he admitted after a moment, "but what I am telling her is that she needs some things that money can't buy. And I can give them to her—and Tony Bleecker can't."

"Shall you write when you are on the high seas?"

"There won't be any high seas."

"You haven't answered my question."

"Well, I shall work a bit. But I expected to absorb ideas and get atmosphere."

"Has Virginia told you about moving to the attic?" Mary Lee asked.

"Yes." His tone was sulky.

"And you are willing?"

"My dear girl, what else can I be? Jinny has a mind of her own."

Mary Lee gave him a long look. "I'd hate to tell you what I think of you."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing pleasant, I fancy, from the way you say it."

"You're a selfish pig!"

"Genius is always selfish."

"Genius!" She threw up her hands. "Oh, I thought that once, but I'm learning a lot. And one thing I've learned is that there's a difference between talent and genius. I thought I had a voice. But what I have is just a little pipe."

This was a tragic Mary Lee—the maiden of the Chinese song. Instinctively Virginia and Rickey were silent. They knew that Mary Lee, without stressing it, was admitting a desperate disappointment.

"Life," Mary Lee went on with utter bravery, "is just one darned thing after another. Well, we'll drink to your success, Rickey. And as for Jinny and me, we'll try to make the best of it when the sunlight of your presence is withdrawn."

At the very last, when Rickey was putting his sister into a taxi, he said to her, "Tony Bleecker keeps after me for your address. I told him you had gone away. You'd better see him, Jinny. Don't be such a crab."

"My dear, let's not argue it." She was silent for a moment, then she said, "Rickey, did Michael McMillan—say anything about me?"

"McMillan? No. Why should he?" He gazed at his sister in surprise.

"Oh, I thought he might." She left it there and went on, "Rickey, darling, you love me?"

"Of course," he leaned down and kissed her. "No hard feelings, Jinny?"

She clung to him for a moment, "Oh, never, never, Rickey. I'll love you always—to the end of the world."

JANUARY passed and February. Letters from Rickey came flaming across the dreariness of Virginia's days; letters from her mother—things not so well with Daddy. Letters from Tony demanding that she reveal her hiding place. He had been to the house, but the new tenants had known nothing about her. "But I shall find you, my dear, some day," he wrote confidently.

Letters, too, from Mary Lee, who had been called to Memphis by the illness of her mother. "I can't get back before the middle of March and in the meantime give me all the news of Rickey," she wrote. But not a word from Michael!

Virginia worked on doggedly, wondering some days how she did it, wondering, too, about what she had written. Would it seem as good to others as it did to herself? For it did seem good. As she read and reread it, she knew she was bringing Rickey's work up from mediocrity. The wooden creatures he had created she filled with flame and fire. They swept through the pages in a glorious procession. She would not be ashamed to show the manuscript to Michael, and she must show it, must let him have it to publish, to redeem her brother, Rickey's debt.

As for herself, she would ask nothing. If he had really loved her he would have let her have word from him. It was a man's right to dominate a situation. Michael should have broken down all barriers, overleaped all obstacles. Yet—why should she blame him? By her own act she had separated herself from him; she must take the consequences.

Then one stormy morning in March came a line from Rickey: "I must have more money. Can you lend me a bit, Jinny?"

She drew what he wanted and sent it immediately. Her heart almost stopped beating at the thought of her brother's extravagances. What would they do when their balance was gone; with Daddy and Mother drawing heavily on their resources for additional nurses and expensive specialists? Yet what good would it do to warn Rickey? He would not listen.

As for herself, she practised the closest economy. She stopped going out for her meals and cooked dainty and delicious dishes on the round stove. Now and then she and Mrs. Barlow pooled their assets, bought enough for three and dined together. On Saturdays she and little Roger went to market, and it was on a certain Saturday morning that Tony found her.

She was unaware of his nearness. "We will buy soup greens, Roger, and tomatoes for salad, and oranges are cheap," she was saying to the little boy.

Then she heard Tony's voice: "We will buy everything in the market. Strawberries are up from Florida, and new peas. Here, Virginia, let me fill your basket."

She whirled around on him. "Tony!" she cried.

He laughed excitedly: "You might have known I would find you. I have felt you might be in this neighborhood, so I have hung around, hoping."

"Well, now that you have found me, what then?"

"Let me come and see you."

She stood looking up at him, lips parted, eyes bright with welcome. For she was glad to see him. He knew she was glad. And how charming she was with her bright hair showing beneath her close brown hat. He held her hand in an eager clasp: "You'll let me come?"

"Tony, I can't."

"Why not?"

"I haven't a place to receive callers. I am living in two little rooms on the top floor."

"On the top floor? Why?"

There was a touch of coldness in her voice: "Because I thought it best. That's all I can tell you."

Little Roger, intent on the matter in hand, complained, "Why don't we buy things, Virginia?"

It was Tony who answered him: "We are going to buy things—what shall we buy first, Roger?"

"Little cakes," said Roger hopefully, "and a jar of honey and a fat hen."

"Why a fat hen?" Tony demanded.

"Because it goes farther when you cook it," Roger explained, "there's the gravy 'n'everything."

Tony bought the hen, he bought the honey and he bought the little cakes. He bought, too, other things for Roger's delight and carried everything home in a taxi—the first the child had ever ridden in.

And while the taxi driver, with Roger in the lead, went up the stairs, Tony stood in the hall and had it out with Virginia.

"You needn't think I am going away without a talk with you."

[*Turn to page 116*]

"We could be married in a minute," Tony was urging

Photo by Underwood & Underwood Studios

Ruth Nichols, who is promoting aviation country clubs throughout America

WOMEN OFFICIALS IN AVIATION

How American women are becoming air-minded from the ground up

By Helen Buckler

A YOUNG woman breezed into Wichita not long ago, selling aircraft instruments. When I say breezed, I mean breezed—she had come from Brooklyn by air. Her appearance rather startled the executives of four of the six airplane manufacturing companies on whom she called there, for though they had been buying instruments from her for years, they had assumed that the "B. Davis" who wrote them over the title of secretary and assistant general manager of the instrument company was a man. Only two of the six aircraft factories of which Wichita boasts took her visit as matter-of-factly as she did. These two companies were represented by young women still under thirty like herself.

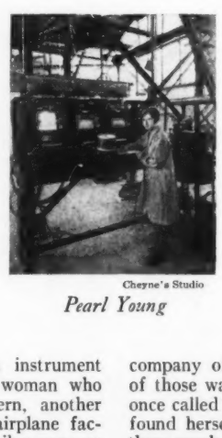
Court Commercial Photo

Bessie Davis

There was nothing spectacular about this epoch-marking first coast-to-coast business flight made by a woman. No newspaper reporters or camera men were present to see Miss Davis take off. She wore none of the tricky flying togs that are being shown by enterprising sports wear shops. She simply tucked her curly black hair—which, by the way, has never been cropped—under a modish beige felt hat and in a suit she might have worn had she been going by train instead of plane, stepped into her comfortable five-passenger sedan, skimmed down the runway at Mineola, circled in a wide, climbing sweep over the flying field and disappeared, unheralded and unsung, into the early morning mist to the west. Ten days later, after a leisurely trip unflurried by arbitrary train schedules, she landed in Los Angeles. Altogether she had made twenty-nine stops, some of them for such things as gas, twenty-one of them calls on customers to whom she had sold a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars worth of goods. In a single day she had called on firms in St. Louis, Kansas City and Wichita.

From the moment Bessie Davis turned her back on the Atlantic and stepped into the navigator's seat beside her pilot, until she stepped out of her "flying showcase" facing the Pacific, she had her hands full—full of the same instruments she was selling, altimeters, air speed indicators, drift and flight and turn indicators and the now famous earth-inductor compass which guided Lindbergh to Paris and Kingsford-Smith to Brisbane, Australia. She set the plane's course, she held to that course, she checked the maps, checked the instruments hourly, made ground observations, kept the log. In the brief moments when she was not busy navigating, she wrote up her orders and carried on the necessary correspondence of her job. There seemed nothing incongruous to her about filling in order blanks ten and more thousand feet above the earth. "It's easier to write in a plane than on a train," was her only comment.

While the public has been enjoying its thrills over the daring women who have taken to flying, both as pilots and as passengers, other women, all unnoticed, have been quietly working away at this newest and most fascinating of industries. For airplanes, though not many people stop to consider it, must be designed and built and sold and distributed before they can be flown. And that women should be taking their part in this, as well as in most other industries today, seems not to have been considered. But the women have been doing it just the same.



Cheyne's Studio

Pearl Young

With a few inquiries and nothing at all like a meticulous survey, it was possible to discover in addition to the woman secretary of the largest aircraft instrument corporation in the world, another young woman who is purchasing agent for this same concern, another who is assistant general manager of an airplane factory, one who is office manager of a similar concern two draftswomen of airplane parts, several saleswomen of airplanes, a woman physicist engaged in the highly technical field of aerodynamics, three women editors in aviation, a woman business manager of an aeronautical journal, a woman president of a flying school, a woman executive in aerial survey work, a woman director of an airport corporation and a woman promoter of flying clubs. It has been said of women that they are imaginative. The statement, of course, was meant to be derogatory. But imagination, let it be added, is a quality all pioneers have had.

IF Miss Davis can think of her unusual position as a commonplace while the rest of the world is just waking up and rubbing its eyes to find her once-thought-timid sex already intrenched in the latest thing in industries, it is because, even as a high school girl, she knew just what she wanted to do in life. The intentness and perspicuity with which she worked out her experiments in the physics laboratory at Erasmus Hall high school did not escape the notice of her instructor, who had been the instructor also of the late Lawrence Sperry, inventor and aviator. Influenced by her teacher she worked summers and permanently when her high school work was finished, in the factory of a gyroscope company. "No college could teach me what I wanted to know," she realized.

But what even this forward-looking young woman did not realize was that the war would come along and that over night aviation and its associated industries would enjoy an unthought-of boom. From twenty employees, her employer's aircraft instrument department suddenly expanded to six hundred and fifty employees and eventually became a separate concern, the instrument company of which Miss Davis is now secretary. Half of those wartime workers were members of what were once called the weaker sex. And at eighteen Bessie Davis found herself supervisor of all these women, some of them much more than twice her own [*Turn to page 135*]

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

GOING TO PIECES

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

The Front Page

AFTER serving since 1914, as a reviewer of plays for one or another ravenous newspaper in New York—after attending in that capacity something more than two thousand first-nights in New York, London, Paris and Berlin, trudging to the theater in fair and foul weather, in sickness and in health and, when each final curtain fell, trampling over women and children in my rush to the nearest typewriter—I sent in my resignation last spring and arose one day in May a free man.

Ahead of me for the first time there stretched in endless and luxurious succession, evenings that I could call my own. What to do with them? What to do above all, with the first one? Something that would permit me to savor this new freedom; something preferably that I had never done before. My friends were lavish with advice. One of them was so tactless as to remind me that I had always sighed for a chance at a quiet evening at home among my books. Another helpfully pointed out that among the things I had never done was to slip quietly down to the Battery and drown myself. After listening restlessly to such confusing counsel, I decided after all that it would be best to do what I most enjoy doing. So I went to the theater.

To my annoyance, no new play was scheduled for performance in New York that evening, so I took a train to Atlantic City where there was one. It turned out to be a roaring and hearty and delightful comedy of newspaper life in darkest Chicago and the name of it was *The Front Page*. This rich and rowdy entertainment reached New York one sweltering night in August and since those big dreamers, the ticket speculators, immediately bought up all the orchestra seats for the first thirty weeks, it will probably still be playing to their impoverished clients when these words are read. Then, just before Thanksgiving, it was reported that a second company, stealthily assembled for the same play, was heading apprehensively for Chicago.

As a recent recruit to that mysterious aggregation known as the public, I find myself vaguely heartened whenever what seems to me the best play in town is also the most popular, suggesting, as such a phenomenon does, that the public, despite a dispiriting accumulation of evidence to the contrary, is not such a fool as it looks. For *The Front Page* seems to me about as good a play as has yet been written in America. It is of the stature of its most obvious forerunner, the superb war play called *What Price Glory*. But for analogies to its robust and hearty spirit, you have to go back to an elder and simpler day, back through Mark Twain and Bret Harte—who would both have loved *The Front Page* and been afraid to write it—back even to Rabelais and the bawdy Falstaff scenes of *Henry IV*, back to the rich rascalities of Master François Villon, back to the laughter that sounded through Sherwood Forest, when—to the deep delight of all outlaw hearts then and now and forevermore—the sheriff of Nottingham got his immemorial come-uppance.

Indeed, in its merciless plaguing of the sheriff of Chicago and in its complete disrespect for all authority that vaunteth itself and is puffed up, *The Front Page* has the gleeful outlawry of the Robin Hood ballads. And despite its profanity, its bar-room idiom and its rustic jocosity, it has the innocence of those ballads, an innocence which, in these smirking days, one had begun to think the world had lost. It is the most thoroughly mischievous play which ever kicked up its heels on an American stage, but its mischief is the hilarious, pebble-shying mischief of Hallowe'en. The fabulous sheriff, the monstrous mayor, the preposterous corruption, the very gibbet that throws its Villonesque shadow athwart the comedy—these all have the hobgoblin grins of candle-lit Hallowe'en pumpkins. There is a mighty clatter and confusion in the market-place, a tremendous upsetting of the better apple-carts, while all the high dignitaries of our land and time trip and go

[*Turn to page 111*]

Lee Tracy, Frances Fuller and Osgood Perkins

Walter Damrosch

THE BOOK CORNER

Tomorrow's Novelists

By ISABEL PATERSON

THE last two decades have been extraordinarily rich in new talent among American writers. One group has come to full flower in that period. Willa Cather, Ellen Glasgow, James Branch Cabell, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, Joseph Hergesheimer, Ring Lardner, Elinor Wylie and Mary Austin are among them. They have proved themselves. In a new book by any of these, one looks for evidence of broader experience, deeper reflection and a finer artistry, but no radical departures from their chosen paths. But who will stand up beside them ten years hence?

My own list of tomorrow's notable names would include Thornton Wilder,

Doris Ulmann

Glenway Wescott

Louis Bromfield

Edna Bryner, Matilde Eiker, Isa Glenn, Emily Clark, Glenway Wescott, T. S. Stribling, Ernest Hemingway and Louis Bromfield. All essentially American, they are distinguished not by any resemblance, but by their differences, their originality.

The appearance of a new talent arouses a natural curiosity about the personality behind the product. A writer must be like his work, but not in any obvious, superficial way. Literature is a crystallization of temperament and experience. It may be an immediate expression or a reaction. The elements must be drawn from the writer's native soil, but they may be vastly altered by an imaginative sublimation or suffer a "sea change" through foreign travel.

There is no visible evidence in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* that Thornton Wilder comes of New England stock and spent part of his boyhood in Wisconsin, with an interlude in China. It is more to the point that he graduated with honors from Harvard, taking the Prix de Rome, which gave him a year of study in the Eternal City. Speaking four or five languages, he is most at home in Eighteenth century France, the age of the great memoirists. Believing that a creative writer should have some other profession in order to avoid writing for money, he has taught French literature in various colleges. A summary of his erudition suggests an aged pedant. In fact, he is just turned thirty, a shy, eager and highly sensitized person, with a fine conversational gift held in check by an exquisite deference for the opinions of others. He is slight and dark; his eyeglasses seem to belong to his character; one suspects that his trim mustache is in the nature of a convention, like the tiny half-masks which Venetian ladies used to wear, not for actual disguise, but as a formal incognito. It gives him courage for the social contacts he enjoys, but which he allows himself sparingly, realizing the need of retirement and reflection for his work.

His unique quality is that he possesses the classical temper. The places and dates he uses [*Turn to page 111*]

Musical Education by Radio

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

By DEEMS TAYLOR

AT exactly eleven o'clock, Eastern Standard time, of a certain Friday morning last October, the third and fourth grade children in one hundred and twenty-five of the public schools of New York City dropped their other tasks in order to take a music lesson. So did thousands of others throughout the East. At precisely the same hour—although their clocks would have indicated one or two hours earlier—the school children of Chicago and Denver did the same. What made this particular morning notable was the fact that all these children were taking the same lesson, that the voice that said, "Good morning, dear children," in New York was heard by some 2,000,000 youngsters scattered through every state east of the Rocky Mountains. October 26, 1928, marked the first of Walter Damrosch's radio concerts for young people.

This series, broadcast by the Radio Corporation of America, is the first attempt to conduct a systematic course in musical appreciation by radio. It is a logical extension of the Young People's Concerts that Mr. Damrosch inaugurated as conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, which were a notable feature of that organization's activities for nearly two decades and which he still conducts with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Working in collaboration with a committee of educators and music supervisors from the East and Middle West he has prepared a series of lecture-concerts for grammar and high school pupils, designed not only to give them an opportunity to hear, first hand, the more familiar works in the orchestral repertoire, but also to familiarize them with the tone-color [*Turn to page 112*]

Rabbi Enelow

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

A Jewish View of Jesus

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

BY RABBI H. G. ENELOW, D. D.
REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, LITT. D.

RABBI ENELOW is one of the most brilliant preachers of the Jewish Church in America, known and honored far beyond the bounds of his own communion. Since 1912 he has been associated with Temple Emanu-El, New York City, where, as preacher, scholar and leader in social welfare, he has had a distinguished ministry. During the World War he served as general field secretary of the Jewish Welfare Board and after the Armistice, in the Army Educational Corps. In the sermon here reviewed, and in a little book of the same title, he asks and answers a profoundly interesting question.

"Jesus was a Jew," Rabbi Enelow reminds us, "and no sensible Jew can be indifferent to the fact that a Jew should have had such a tremendous part in the religious education and direction of the human race. Historical considerations apart, there is the practical question, What do modern Jews think of Jesus? The query is important and cannot be put aside; we cannot shut ourselves up in the silence of past centuries. Just because for many years there has been misunderstanding and estrangement, the attitude of the modern Jew to Jesus is of absorbing interest.

"One of the glories of our age lies in bringing people of different races and faiths closer together. The old barriers have been lowered, if not removed, and men have come to feel that the chief glory and beauty of life lies not in polemics, but in appreciation; not in enmity, but in sympathy. This new realization has gone hand in hand with the comparative study of religions, which has led to a larger measure of understanding among the followers of various faiths. This spirit of enlightenment and sympathy has brought about a new era in the relation of the Jews to Jesus.

"Of course, there is no official attitude of modern Jews to Jesus," the Rabbi adds. "Neither the Jewish people, nor any considerable part of it, has made any declaration on the subject. Yet Jesus has an increasingly large place in Jewish thought and literature. That Jews do not acknowledge the deity of Jesus, is known to all. Only in so far as all humanity is divine, formed in the divine image and with divine possibilities, can the Jew associate divinity with Jesus. But do the Jews of today, or any part of them, accept Jesus as the Messiah? The answer is that they do not find it possible to do so.

"And for the reason," Dr. Enelow explains, "that the ideas associated in the Jewish mind with the Messiah not only were left unrealized by Jesus, but have remained unfulfilled to this day. Among all its variations in the Jewish mind, one idea of the Messiah has remained supreme, namely, that the messianic age would be an age of human perfection, of human happiness, of justice and peace, as described by the Prophets; and, alas, that age has not yet dawned. It is still the great hope of the Jew, the acme of all his ideals, and he still wonders when and how it will come. Yet, these things apart," Rabbi Enelow concludes "what does the modern Jew think of Jesus? A prophet? Yes, crowning a great tradition, and who can compute all that Jesus has meant to humanity? The love he has inspired, the solace he has given, the good he has engendered, the hope and joy he has kindled—all that is unequaled in human history. Among the great and good that the human race has produced, none has even approached Jesus in universality of appeal and sway. He is the greatest personality in history.

"The modern Jew deplores the tragic death of Jesus. Yet Jesus died as the true idealist is ever ready to die, with his ideals untouched, uncomprehended, uncowed, and with a faith in that Spirit of which he ever felt himself a child and a part. Who knows whether it was not by this very death that Jesus gained his immortality, that he won his ascendency over human hearts and an imperishable place in the affections of mankind. Jesus has fascinated humanity. In him is combined what is best and most mysterious and most enchanting in Israel—the eternal people whose child he was. The Jew cannot help glorying in what Jesus thus has meant to the world; nor can he help hoping that Jesus may yet serve as a bond of union between Jew and Christian, once his teaching is better known and misunderstanding at last is removed from his words and his ideal."

Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool"

The Singing Fool

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

DIRECTED BY LLOYD BACON
REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

WHEN Al Jolson contracted to appear in the first Vitaphone picture, *The Jazz Singer,* he all unwittingly signed the death warrant of the silent drama. That one stroke of his pen inaugurated a change that has been radical, complete and of incalculable significance. For *The Jazz Singer,* though released at a time when there were very few theaters equipped to show it, managed to be the supreme financial success of the year. Wherever it was shown it attracted enormous crowds of people who, for some time past, had indicated that they were becoming entirely fed up with the brand of entertainment presented on the screen.

There are those who say—and have a right to say—that the talking pictures, coming when they did, saved the movie industry from disastrous collapse, that something desperate had to be done to fill the rapidly emptying theaters and that the Vitaphone did it. Unquestionably, it is Al Jolson more than any other individual, who has been responsible for the immense popularity of the talking pictures.

The Singing Fool, sponsored by the Warner Brothers, is Mr. Jolson's second Vitaphone production. It is considerably better than *The Jazz Singer* because it contains more and better dialogue, because it gives Mr. Jolson an opportunity to sing more songs and, particularly, because the Vitaphone recording apparatus has been immeasurably improved.

As in *The Jazz Singer* the story is the least important element in the entertainment as a whole. Mr. Jolson appears first as a singing waiter in a cheap cabaret; he loves a blonde and unreliable chorister who performs in the same establishment and he, in turn, is loved by a humble, modest cigarette girl.

The cabaret is visited, one evening, by a big manager from Broadway—these big managers always arrive at the most opportune moment—and through him the hero's fortune is made. He becomes a famous song writer and his blonde sweetheart becomes a great musical star. They are married, they have a luxurious apartment, a handsome son and a night club of their own. The old cabaret and the little cigarette girl are forgotten.

But material wealth, it seems, is not everything. The blonde and unreliable wife eventually [*Turn to page 139*]

WITH THE MEAL OR AS
A MEAL SOUP BELONGS
IN THE DAILY DIET

Why deprive your family of Vegetable Soup•• *because you "haven't time to make it"!*

No wonder vegetable soup is so seldom made at home! It's a bother to make, if ever there was one. Yet it's a soup the whole family enjoys so much and it is so good for them. So why deprive them of it when Campbell's famous French chefs do the work for you? Remember that they are at your service every day, helping you with your meals.

♥ ♥ ♥

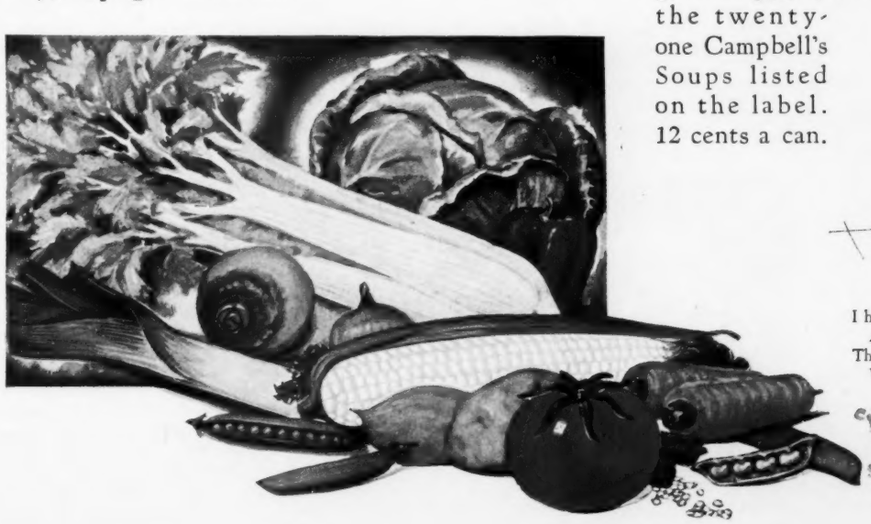
Campbell's is the finest Vegetable Soup that can be made! And it's so easy for you. Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. And then serve!

Fifteen different vegetables in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Even the best home-made vegetable soup does not contain anything like that number. So hearty and substantial that it is served as a meal in itself by millions of women. They consider it one of the most useful and attractive foods in the house.

Here's an ideal luncheon or supper—so tempting and convenient for those "in-between" meals. This soup is wonderfully healthful for the children, too. And how they like it!

♥ ♥ ♥

For variety in your menus, let your grocer supply you with selections from the twenty-one Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.



I have within the will to win
And food for real ambition—
The soup that thrills, the soup that fills
With Campbell's rich nutrition!

SHE KNOWS

the quickest way to do dishes

NO longer is dishwashing the slow, tedious task it used to be! A remarkable new soap, Super Suds, speeds up washing and ends dish-wiping altogether!

Super Suds is soap in an entirely new form, amazing little *beads*, so delicate, so tissue-thin, that they dissolve instantly and completely when water hits them. No other form of soap can do this.

Many cake soaps, chips, flakes, have good soap in them. But their form keeps them from dissolving instantly. The thinner soap is made, the better it works. Super Suds is four times thinner than chips, which means four times thinner than any kind of soap ever made before.

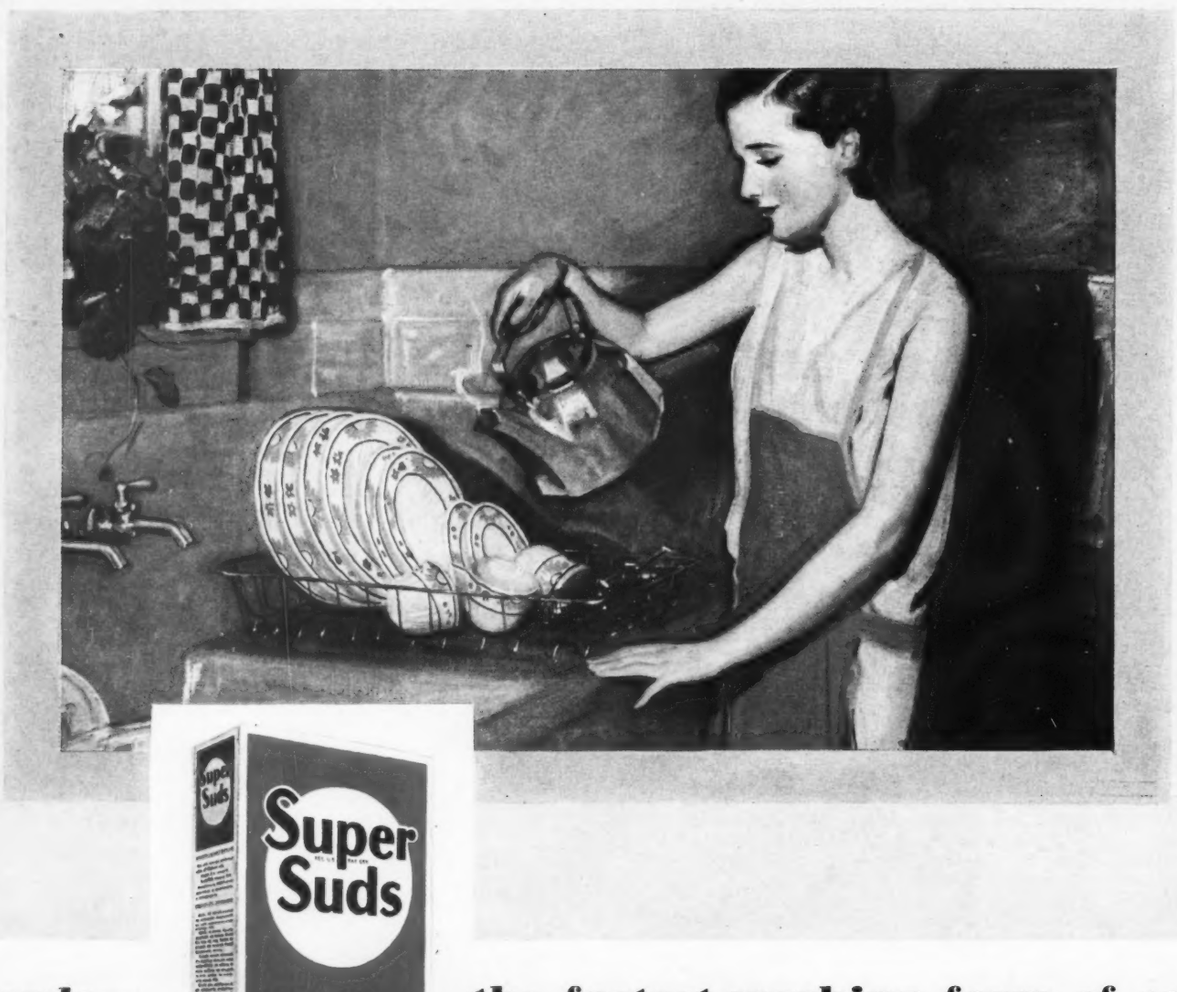
How you can get through dishes quicker

Pour Super Suds in your pan. Turn on the hot water. Remember, Super Suds does not need *boiling* water to dissolve or wash clean. Instantly all the bead soap dissolves. Full, creamy suds on top. And down below, active *underwater suds* that quickly loosen grease and food particles, leaving dishes shining clear.

Then—a quick hot rinse, and let dishes drain. Every trace of soap flows away. No need to wipe when plates never feel sticky or show streaks. For things that need polishing—silver and glassware—a touch of the towel brings out all of the gleam that every housewife loves to see.

Bead soap a speedy laundry worker too

In tub or washing machine you'll find Super Suds the same quick, efficient worker as it is in the kitchen. Because bead soap all goes into suds, it rinses out more easily. Colors come out sharp and clear. White things are whiter than ever before. Clothes last much longer. Try Super Suds today! At all grocers', 10¢.



Beads— the fastest-working form of soap

Photo by OKI SEIZO

Jessie Bonstelle

The Star Lady

Jessie Bonstelle's advice to amateurs, as told to Helen Christine Bennett

IT seems futile and somewhat impertinent to attempt to tell in a limited space how to establish a Little Theater and what plays to produce. But every day someone writes me and asks for help. The Little Theaters and the amateur dramatic groups are a response to the great love of acting that is in all of us.

"How can we organize an amateur group and do something worth while?" I am asked.

The best advice I can give in reply to that question is to recommend that the writer read the following books: *How to Produce Amateur Plays*, by Barrett H. Clark, *Producing in Little Theaters* by Clarence Stratton, *Making the Little Theater Pay* by Oliver Hinsdell, *Play Making* by William Archer, *Problems of the Actor* by Louis Calvert and a very valuable book for the understanding of plays, *The Science of Playwriting* by M. L. Malevinsky. There are also published books on every phase of amateur production from a book on make-up to a book on making scenery.

The work attempted by an amateur group will depend somewhat upon the previous training and experience of the members. But any group is wise to begin slowly. The best results in amateur work are usually achieved by groups of people who have been working together for some time. During the first year one act plays and scenes from plays should be attempted rather than three act plays. After several years of working together the group may find itself experienced enough to attempt what I might call an ideal layout for a year. This would include: One good American comedy, one good English play or bill of one act plays, one good play from some country other than an English speaking one, one good American drama and one old play significant as a classic.

Necessary Staff

YOU need a professional director. He will charge you from $75.00 to $150.00 a week for full time services but if he is also directing plays for other companies he will arrange a flat sum for production. If you cannot afford a professional director, select a member of your group as director and make him your authority.

In addition to a director your managerial staff will need a stage manager, a master of properties—sometimes the stage managership includes this property work—an assistant stage manager who may also act as prompter and assist with properties. Usually the program, publicity and ticket selling are attended to by committees appointed for these purposes.

A vital need for every group is a play reading committee, composed of live and interested folks who will read carefully many plays in order to select those which best fit the particular need of the audience in that place at that time. Nearly every public library has a list of the best published plays and the classics are always available.

Call rehearsals every night. My ear is cupped for the storm of protest! Many amateur companies rehearse for six months twice a week, and I know of nothing more deadly in its results. Rehearsals every night for four weeks will give a live and going performance. Strict discipline must be maintained if the group intends to accomplish anything. Let rehearsals be rehearsals and playtime come either before or after. All orders should come through one head, the director.

With amateur groups it is advisable to have hand props ready and in use a week in advance of the performance of the play, for many amateurs completely lose their heads when they have a complicated piece of business to go through, such as the serving of tea.

It is far easier to acquire a knowledge of make-up, for any intelligent person can buy a small book upon make-up, study his own face and make a fair attempt. There are many common errors committed by persons unfamiliar with the stage. A good book on the subject will be very helpful on that score.

The stage lighting and the make-up must be considered together. The effect of make-up depends entirely upon the lights.

Footlights are of the utmost importance in lighting. All overhead lighting will make the youngest face take on shadows. If there are no footlights available, much can be done to eliminate such shadows by placing a tower of baby spots in the front of the stage at both sides so that these will throw their light directly upon the faces of the actors. A clever electrician can rig up a portable switchboard for manipulating the lights to better advantage so that they can be put on full force or dimmed. In the absence of footlights a spot light from a balcony is often used, but this is too obvious unless it can be concealed successfully. Some front light is essential to avoid hideous hollows in the faces of the actors.

Pointers on Scenery

FOR your backgrounds use good curtains rather than poor scenery. Gray or taupe curtains give best results. If scenery is needed and you cannot afford it, a fair substitute is made by covering screen frames with wall paper. At present, curtains are almost universally used by amateur companies in place of scenery which means a chance lost for someone. For just as surely as there are in your town or neighborhood a number of people who want to act, so surely there is someone who would just love to paint scenery, if he had a chance.

I am afraid I am going to be discouraging when I say that your first year's productions as an amateur group will not be remarkable. But none of us are very remarkable when we start.

When George Arliss visited the Bonstelle Playhouse a few years ago I asked him to suggest a motto to place over the fireplace in the green room and I told him that I was considering:

"The keynote to success is simplicity, sincerity, and unselfishness."

He looked at the sentence thoughtfully as I tried to explain my interpretation of its meaning.

"Simplicity, in your method of acting and in your method of living. Sincerity which means that you believe in your work in the theater as a channel for good or evil and yourself as a part of that channel and a means through which the good may flow. Unselfishness in realizing that the play is the thing; that you as an actor are only part of the mosaic that makes the perfect picture, which means a subordination of self to your author, manager and your audience."

His reply was, "You are right. The keynote of success *is* simplicity and sincerity and unselfishness."

Photos By
MARTIN BRUEHL

Does the Custard Family ever play its mean tricks on you?

"I'd Like To Know—"

The answers to seven leading cookery questions our readers ask

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT

DIRECTOR, McCALL'S DEPARTMENT OF COOKERY AND HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT

THIS month let's play our own little "Ask Me Another" game and find the right answers to several questions which crop up again and again in our letters from readers. And if you expert housewives should say as you read on, "Why, I knew *that* years ago," I shall remind you that *all* of us stubbed our toes over these very stones in our early housekeeping days and that we should help the beginners who are just struggling along. As you read on you will see that wherever it was possible, I have given the reasons for doing or not doing certain things—rules are always easier to remember if we know "the reason why."

CUSTARDS—How to *bake* a custard which will not be watery and how to cook a soft custard which will not curdle are problems many women have written about.

The Solution: Use a standard recipe which allows *at least* four eggs to a quart of milk. Less will not make a solid custard. Pour the mixture into individual custard cups or into a large baking dish, preferably of heavy glass or earthenware. Set these in a shallow pan containing water about 1 inch deep and bake in a *slow* oven (300° F.). Surrounded by water, custards are less likely to be overheated. The water in the pan should *not* boil; if it does your oven is too hot. In that case, add at once a little cold water to the pan, and reduce the heat of the oven. Too hot an oven will overcook the milk-and-egg mixture and cause custard to become watery when cool. There is no remedy for this once the custard is baked, so prevent it by the careful regulation of your oven.

Soft custards, sometimes called "boiled" custards, act in much the same way as baked ones; that is, they separate if cooked too fast. The term "boiled," however, is misleading because soft custards should *never* boil. They are cooked in a double boiler, or in a small saucepan placed in a larger one containing hot water. Let the water boil *slowly* and stir the custard in the upper part of the boiler constantly while cooking. Cook until the custard forms a film or coating on the spoon as it is lifted up. If the custard *should* curdle or "separate," it must have cooked too fast. Remove it from the fire, and beat it with an egg beater; this will "bring it back" or make it smooth again.

MEALY POTATOES—In most households potatoes are served more often than any other vegetable, and it must be for this reason we receive so many inquiries about them. How to cook both baked and boiled potatoes to be mealy—not soggy—seems one of the most common difficulties.

The Solution: The mealiness of a baked potato depends in the first place upon the potato itself. That is, the more starch the potato contains the better it is for baking. As new potatoes contain less starch than those gathered later in the season, do not try to bake them; older potatoes—but not so old that their skins have shrivelled—are best for the purpose. Because potatoes are mainly starch they need intense heat (a hot oven about 400° F.) to cook them properly. This intense heat changes the water in potatoes to steam, and unless some of this steam is allowed to escape before serving, the potato is apt to be soggy. Therefore when the potatoes are about done, pinch them so as to crack the skins slightly or prick them with a fork, then leave them in the oven a few minutes longer to dry out.

Boiled potatoes work on the same principle — when done the steam should be permitted to escape. That is why, after draining off the water the saucepan containing the

[*Turn to page 38*]

CHART FOR WHITE SAUCE

Kind of Sauce	Fat	Flour	Liquid	Seasonings	Method of Preparation	Uses
Thin	1 tablespoon	1 tablespoon	1 cup milk or milk and cream	¼ tsp. salt Few grains pepper Paprika, if desired	Melt fat, add the flour and seasonings. Cook until thick and smooth—about 1 minute. Do not allow flour to brown. Add liquid *slowly* while stirring constantly and bring to boiling point. Boil for 2 or 3 minutes to thoroughly cook the starch, then place over hot water until ready to serve.	For Cream Soups made with thick purees such as split pea and bean; To cream starchy vegetables; For milk toast.
Medium	2 tablespoons	2 tablespoons	1 cup	¼ tsp. salt Few grains pepper Paprika, if desired		For Cream Soups made with thin stock, such as tomato, celery, mushroom; For creamed fish, meat and vegetables.
Thick	2 tablespoons	4 tablespoons	1 cup	¼ tsp. salt Few grains pepper Paprika, if desired		For scalloped dishes, croquettes and souffles.

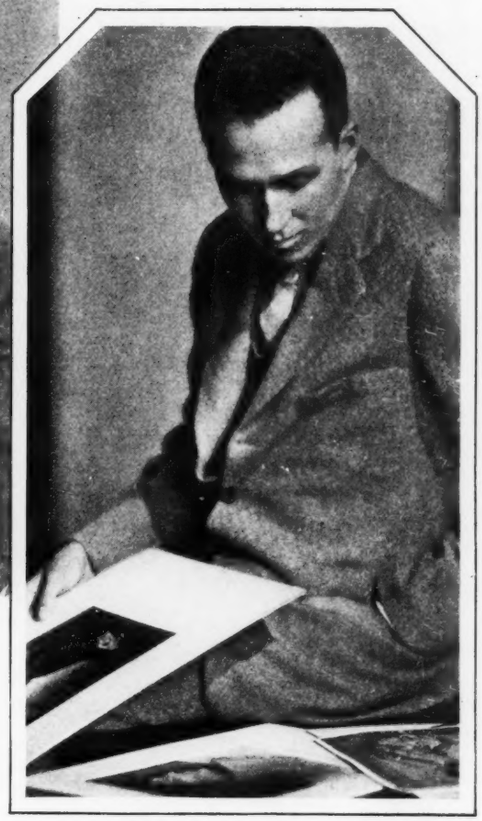
JOHN BARRYMORE

•

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

•

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD



JOHN BARRYMORE

—because, being a member of the most distinguished theatrical family in America, he has been associated with the most beautiful women in the arts. Because in his choice of motion picture heroines he has set a new—and different—standard of feminine loveliness. Because he is himself the most romantic figure on the stage today.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

—because, he is the fourth Cornelius Vanderbilt in one of America's oldest and most distinguished families. Because he has struck out for himself and achieved an independent career, and as a journalist is familiar with people everywhere. Because he has driven across America twenty-three times and his hobby is remote places and interesting types.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

—because, as the most brilliant of America's younger novelists, he was the first to discover and portray an enchanting new type of American girl. Because, at the age of 23, he woke up to find himself famous as the author of *"This Side of Paradise."* Because no other man of his time writes so sympathetically, skilfully, and fascinatingly about women.

Three distinguished Judges choose the

TWELVE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

using Woodbury's Facial Soap

WHO are the *real* Woodbury beauties?

Hundreds of women have written us every year that they owe the fine, clear beauty of their skin to faithful use of this famous complexion soap. But we longed to meet them face to face!

At last we did it! We called on them—in big cities, in little villages, in the country—we called on Woodbury beauties in each of the forty-eight states.

Even we were amazed, astonished at the hundreds of lovely, attractive faces we saw. We asked for their photographs that their loveliness might be judged and published to the world!

But when we came to choose from literally heaps of the charming portraits they gave us we were bewildered. It was impossible to select the loveliest high school girl, the fairest sub-deb. And equally difficult to choose the most beautiful mother, the most fascinating wife.

So we asked three distinguished American men, known for their deep appreciation and knowledge of beauty, to choose for us. We asked Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., John Barrymore, and F. Scott Fitzgerald to select from among all these Woodbury beauties the loveliest of each type.

The judges are choosing. The twelve most beautiful Woodbury users will be published in a series—the loveliest debutante, the most radiant out-of-doors girl, the loveliest mother, the youngest grandmother—all will appear in these pages.

And all these beautiful women are keeping the fresh, clear texture of their skin by constant use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Watch for them each month. Who will be the first Woodbury beauty? She will be shown in March.

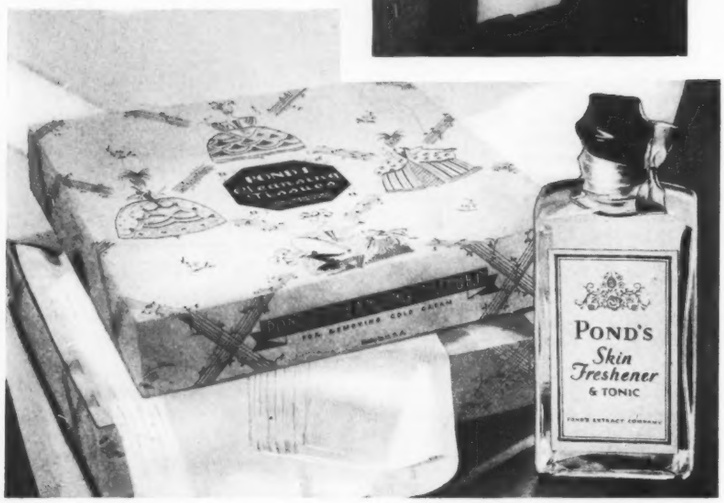
The Andrew Jergens Company

Copyright 1929, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

has added Pond's "delicious" Freshener and "exquisite" Tissues to her daily régime

MRS. ISELIN *is one of the smartest women in New York society. She says, "To be perfectly groomed is all important. A lovely skin is essential to chic." Her own beautiful complexion she keeps as smooth and white as ivory by following Pond's Method every day.*



Pond's Freshener closes the pores and tones and firms the skin . . . Pond's Cleansing Tissues are silky soft, exquisite to remove cold cream . . . These delightful new products with the famous Two Creams enable you to have your daily beauty treatment wherever you live.

CHIC WOMEN like lovely Mrs. Iselin gave Pond's the idea for their two delicious new products.

These women agree that lovely, clear smooth skin is essential to chic—that to keep the skin fit a complete daily treatment is a necessity.

So they asked us to add Tissues and Freshener to our famous Two Creams. We did—with what amazing success you'll understand when you try them!

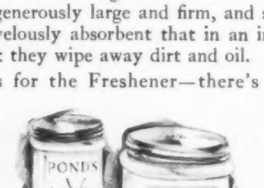
The exquisite Cleansing Tissues are silky soft. Modern science prescribes them for removing cold cream. They are generously large and firm, and so marvelously absorbent that in an instant they wipe away dirt and oil.

As for the Freshener—there's a blessing for your skin! It is a tonic and mild astringent safe to use as often as you need. It closes the pores and tones and firms your skin—brings lovely glowing youth to your cheeks.

HERE'S how these two new beauty aids should complete your daily treatment:

One, lavishly apply Pond's Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing. *Two*, remove with Tissues. *Three*, pat face and neck briskly with the rejuvenating Freshener. *Four*, just a whisk of Vanishing Cream for satin finish and to make your powder cling.

Try this delightful method! See how it helps you! Send for a week's supply of all four preparations.



THE FAMOUS TWO CREAMS

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. P
111F Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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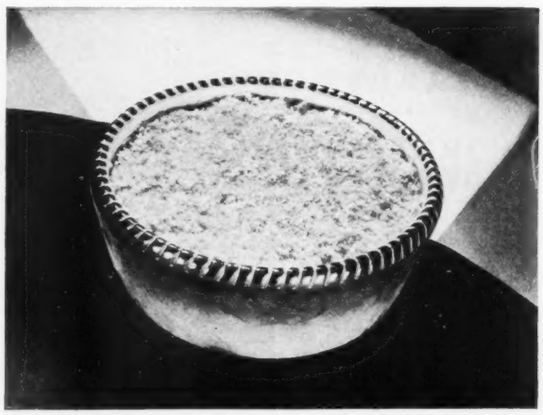
"I'D LIKE TO KNOW—"

[*Continued from page 36*]



Here "au gratin" means a tender, thick blanket of cheese

potatoes should *not* be tightly covered. Leave the lid "ajar" and keep in a warm place, or shake gently over the fire until potatoes appear white and mealy. New potatoes are particularly popular for boiling, but they will always be more solid than older ones.

SMOOTH CREAM SAUCE—American housewives have been accused of using Cream Sauce, or White Sauce as we sometimes call it, to the exclusion of all other sauces. Yet some of the results are nothing to be proud of, as many of my correspondents confess.

The Solution: To make a perfect white sauce requires a little time and careful attention. The proportions given in the recipe chart on Page 36 are standard for the three thicknesses of white sauce most frequently used, but a sauce of any thickness desired may be worked out very easily from this chart by adding more or less flour. The two important things to remember are (1) that the flour must be thoroughly cooked because, like potatoes, it is mostly starch and extreme heat is necessary to cook starch so it will not *taste* starchy; (2) that the sauce must be stirred constantly while cooking in order to have it smooth and velvety.

Besides the method given in the chart, which can't go wrong, there are two other ways of making white sauce. Both call for scalding the milk first. But in my opinion both these methods are slower and not nearly as sure.

MEAT GRAVIES—To make gravies that will not be greasy, lumpy, nor too thick, seems to trouble many.

The Solution: Make gravies just as carefully as you make a cream sauce. Thick, pasty gravies are usually the result of "dumping" flour into an uncertain amount of pan-fat, and pouring boiling water from the kettle over it until it "seems about right." It may appear about right while cooking, but by the time it reaches the table and has cooled slightly the excess flour thickens it to a pasty consistency.

Measure the fat left in your roasting pan instead of guessing at it, otherwise you are apt to have too much, and thus get a gravy in which the grease will rise to the top. After you have measured the fat accurately a few times, you will be able to judge the amount. The correct method is:

To four tablespoons of pan fat, add four tablespoons of flour and stir with a long handled spoon until the flour is *brown*, but not burned. Too hot a fire will scorch the flour and spoil your gravy. Two cups of boiling water are then added gradually, stirring constantly. Bring to boiling point, boil three to five minutes. Strain and serve.

BAKING AU GRATIN—"How can I prevent the grated cheese on top of casserole dishes from getting hard and stringy?" I am often asked.

The Solution: Cheese should be cooked at a *low* temperature, and usually the oven used to bake casserole dishes is too hot for it. One suggestion I make is to bake the food, minus its "topping," until almost done. This is a practical method for dishes like baked macaroni, and vegetables au gratin, for they can be baked with a cover until the last 15 or 20 minutes. They are then sprinkled with grated cheese and left in the oven until the cheese melts and browns.

Another method is to sprinkle over the top equal quantities of grated cheese and soft fine bread crumbs, mixed. The crumbs separate the cheese particles and prevent them from forming a solid mass when melted. This may be put on when the dish is first put in the oven, if it is not too hot.

COOKED CEREALS—The wide variety of cereals on the market, and the many methods given for cooking them, often brings up the question from our readers what method to follow.

The Solution: A few years ago, I should have said, "Cook your cereals at least an hour." But, since then, manufacturers have devised methods whereby they can partially cook their cereals at the factory, thus making it possible for the housewife to cut down her cooking time. This is not the case with *all* cereals of course, so read the directions on your package carefully.

When cooking fine-grained cereals have your water boiling rapidly, and sprinkle the cereal into it so slowly that boiling is not stopped. Keep stirring constantly while you add the cereals, and until it becomes thick. If it is then placed over hot water to finish cooking, it need only be stirred occasionally.

MEAT AND POULTRY STUFFING—Damp, soggy stuffing is a common tribulation.

The Solution: There is a certain trick which insures loose, light stuffing every time. Here it is. First the butter, or other fat, is melted in a frying pan and then the bread crumbs and seasonings added. These are mixed well and heated until the bread has absorbed the fat and become dry and fluffy. One or two tablespoons liquid may then be added—but no more. It is the heating of the bread which does the trick.

"Oh, it's a Parsee coat I picked up at Malta," Mrs. Iselin says of this becoming frock, gorgeously embroidered in the hues that best set off her beauty. She designed it herself, like the debonair caped "highwayman's" coat worn with the chic Reboux tricorne of the larger portrait.

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II *is the wife of the internationally distinguished yachtsman. Her chic, her charm, her Titian beauty, her generous heart, her merry wit, and her many brilliant talents make her one of the smartest and one of the best-loved women in New York.*

"Women are loveliest in evening dress," says Mrs. Iselin. "There is charm in smooth white skin!" This dramatic Lanvin model of antique green brocade and silver lace reveals the ivory beauty of Mrs. Iselin's neck and arms. A magenta girdle and slippers with magenta heels are worn.

"A lovely skin is essential to Chic," says

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

MRS. ISELIN'S BEAUTY recalls the gorgeous Renaissance. She has burnished copper hair and wonderful green eyes like precious jewels. Her perfect skin is white and smooth as ivory. Tall, smartly slender, graceful in every gesture, Mrs. Iselin is famous for her chic.

Color is her hobby. Color can make or mar a woman's beauty. For her own auburn type she chooses tawny browns and tans, yellows and greens. Her home is a magnificence of color. Every tint but pink is in the great living room—red lead floor, lemon yellow walls, sapphire and magenta, flame, emerald, purple.

"Nowadays to be perfectly groomed is all-important," says Mrs. Iselin. "Fastidious women follow a daily régime.

"Pond's complete Method makes this daily treatment simple and practical.

"The Cold Cream has always been my standby. Now the Tissues are exquisite for removing cold cream. The Freshener keeps your skin firm and young. The Vanishing Cream gives a delightful powder base. I've used it on my hands for years."

Mrs. Iselin's dressing table with special green glass gift jars made by Pond's to hold her Two Creams and Freshener.

In their familiar containers—Pond's four famous products, Two Creams, Freshener and Tissues, which lovely women prize.

Thousands of chic and beautiful women are keeping their skin lovely by Pond's Method. Follow it thus:

AMPLY APPLY the light, pure Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, night and always after exposure. Use firm, upward strokes, letting the penetrating oils sink deep into the pores.

Wipe away the cream with the Cleansing Tissues—ample, soft and absorbent.

For a bracing effect—the tonic Freshener closes the pores, tones, invigorates.

The finishing touch—a suggestion of Vanishing Cream for satin smoothness and to make your powder cling.

Try Pond's Method! Send for a week's supply of all four products.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 delicious preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. P
111 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company)

Wash Wounds
with soap and water

When an accident happens, the cut whether shallow or deep should be washed clean as quickly as possible. Put enough soap into boiling water to make the water sudsy. When the water cools sufficiently wash out the wound with a sterilized gauze-pad or cloth. Cover with sterilized gauze.

NO wound is so slight that it may not become infected and cause death.

If a wound which breaks the skin is not promptly and correctly treated, there may be immediate infection from germs that are found anywhere and everywhere—streptococcus, staphylococcus and saprophytes.

It should be assumed that all accidental wounds may be infected.

During the World War medical science discovered that by using pure soap and boiled water, fresh wounds, big and little, could be thoroughly cleansed, thereby reducing to a minimum the danger of infection. In other words, the germs were literally washed out of wounds.

Small wounds, immediately cleansed and properly covered with sterilized gauze will, as a rule, heal very promptly without further treatment.

But if germs are covered over and bound into wounds, or are sealed in by drawing the skin together, infection is almost certain and serious complications may result.

In applying soapy water to a new wound, it is best to use a pad of sterilized gauze. Any pure soap will do—liquid, soft or hard—but a liquid soap as free from alkali as may be obtained is best. Otherwise the wound may sting or smart. But the slight temporary discomfort caused by a liberal application of soap and water is of little consequence when compared with the protection afforded by a thorough cleansing.

Common sense must determine how long a fresh wound should be washed. But remember always, the washing must be *thorough* so that the soap bubbles may do their part and lift the germs away from the flesh. The water carries the germs away. The wound must be clean before healing begins.

Warm water that has been sterilized by boiling is safest and the utmost care should be taken to keep the fingers from coming in contact with the surface of the wound.

Wash big or little wounds with soap and water at once—as First Aid before the doctor comes.

According to the latest available United States Census figures, septicemia (blood poisoning) was the direct cause of 1,178 deaths in the year 1925; and a contributing cause in more than seven times as many deaths.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail to each family one copy of its booklet, "First Aid in the Home". It tells how to sterilize cotton or linen cloth when sterilized gauze is not available and gives many other valuable First Aid directions. Ask for Booklet No. 29-M. It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

AT "THE PARROT"

By AGNES R. MACKENZIE

IN the very center of Bologna, down a narrow street leading to the Fish Market, in the heart of the marketing district, is one of the most unusual and best restaurants in Italy. Cabinet Ministers, poets, writers and workmen sit side by side attracted by the wonderful fare. Sor Giovanni is the proprietor, head cook and boss of this restricted kingdom, the Restaurant of the Parrot. His coat of arms consists of a parrot and a cat and with these two he feels he is safe from bad luck. His staff consists of his own family who cooperate with him in the cooking and serving of his specialties.

Sor Giovanni had searched for suitable quarters and finally found the ancient wineshop, The Parrot. This small place which has room for only forty people was whitewashed and the tables put in place. Then the new owner looked about for a corner where he could install his kitchen. He decided that it should be in full view of the clients waiting for their ordered dishes. A small coal range now lies close to the wall on one side of the room. In front is the counter on which Sor Giovanni with a flourish places the finished dishes and calls out the name of the person for whom it is destined.

The specialties of The Parrot are three:—"Lasagne Verde (noodles) a la Bolognese," "Fillet of Turkey a la Hollandaise" and "Torta bein Plein."

LASAGNE VERDE A LA BOLOGNESE:—Spinach must be in season when the green noodles are made as it is from this vegetable that the color is obtained. But it is also possible to make white *Lasagne* when this is not the case. Take a pound of flour which has been sifted carefully, place in a mound on the bread board. "We Italians," said Sor Giovanni, "call this a fountain as the liquid is placed in a space on the top. Put into this hole a pinch of salt, seven tablespoons of boiled spinach which has been passed through a sieve and add two eggs. With a fork work this liquid carefully into the flour and add the rest of the flour slowly until a dough has been formed. If this liquid is not sufficient add a little water. When the dough is smooth roll into a ball and leave for a few minutes. Then roll it out until a fairly thin sheet is formed. For convenience the dough can be divided into two balls and one rolled after the other has been rolled and cut. It should not be so thin that when it is cooked it will break into pieces. About the thickness of a cardboard would be just right. Take a sharp knife and cut into squares not larger than three-quarters of an inch each way. Place these on a thick cloth or thick white paper. Roll out the rest of the paste and cut out again.

"Put a deep saucepan on the fire and almost fill with water. If possible this boiler should be wider than it is deep. Add a handful of salt. When the water boils throw in the *Lasagne*. When they are cooked they will come up on the top, then they should be ladled out onto a clean wet cloth. They must not be thrown in altogether.

"The sauce should be prepared in the following way: Take four ounces of lean beef, chop it very fine, add to it two ounces of fatty bacon and chop again. Put into a pan two ounces of butter and a minced onion, a yellow carrot and a piece of celery, all these chopped very fine, then add the meat and bacon and allow all to cook together on a slow fire until all the ingredients are a dark brown, then add gradually a cup of milk, with a little salt in it or broth if a less rich sauce is required. Add last of all a teaspoon of tomato conserve. Cover the pan and allow the sauce to simmer for half an hour. Then take some chicken livers which have been cleaned and chopped into small pieces and add them to the sauce, also some thin slices of white truffles or mushrooms. When these are cooked the sauce is ready. Place the cooked *Lasagne* in a large bowl or dish and mix with them gently, without breaking them, into the prepared sauce.

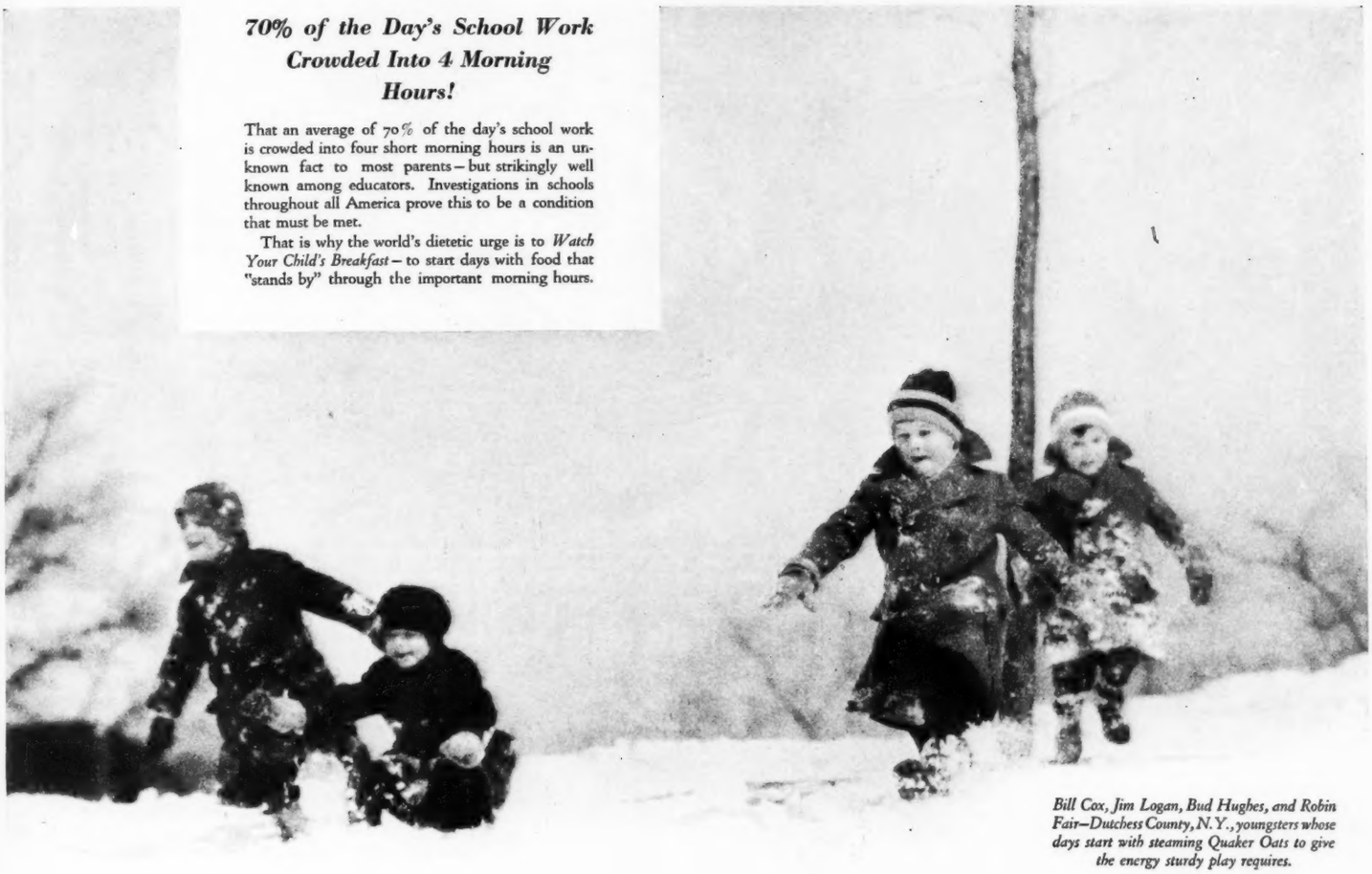
"In a broad casserole place a layer of *Lasagne* and a very generous layer

[*Continued on page 66*]

70% of the Day's School Work Crowded Into 4 Morning Hours!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to *Watch Your Child's Breakfast*—to start days with food that "stands by" through the important morning hours.



Bill Cox, Jim Logan, Bud Hughes, and Robin Fair—Dutchess County, N.Y., youngsters whose days start with steaming Quaker Oats to give the energy sturdy play requires.

The Story of 5 Successful Mothers

in Pictures of Sturdy Children

How they began at infancy to build their children to meet the demands of later life. How 70% of schoolwork comes before lunch time, pointing the importance of proper, *balanced* breakfasts.

IT isn't WHAT you eat, but *what is in your food* that counts, these successful mothers realize.

For many children are under-nourished while seemingly getting sufficient *quantities* of food. Yet protein-starvation exists all around us, dieticians say.

Especially in children's diet is it vital that the building elements be given them in balanced proportions. Today 70% of their schoolwork is timed for the four morning hours of the day. Hence children must be equipped—by the food they eat—for this heavy morning work.

The importance of protein in your child's daily diet

Today Quaker Oats is the dietetic urge of the world. For it combines, in almost perfect balance, the growth and replacement elements of food.

Protein, vitally important "stamina element," builds sturdy young muscle. It re-supplies the body with tissue lost in exercise and play. It, according to authorities, largely influences the mental activity of both children and adults.

Quaker Oats contains 16% protein. That's more than wheat—more than flour—twice as much as rice or cornmeal. Think what this means!

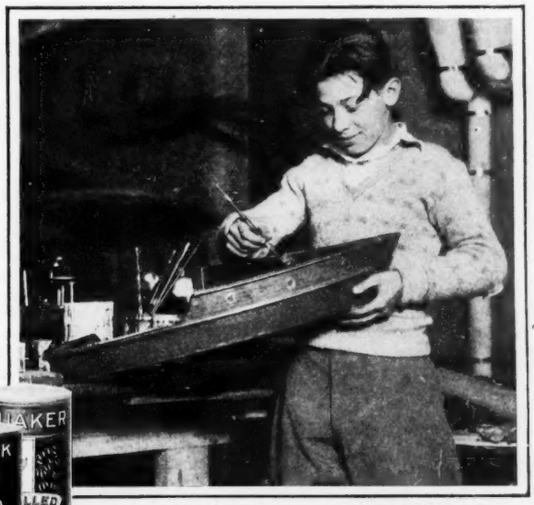
Quaker Oats is rich in minerals, and abundant in Vitamin B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage to lessen need for laxatives.

Food that "stands by" them

Thus, in proper proportion, Quaker Oats supplies the elements so often gravely lacking in other cereals. Served regularly at breakfast from the age of two, it is the greatest insurance a mother can give her child of proper food values in cereal.

From six months on to two years, Quaker Oats as strained gruel is given, to supply the needed protein and other elements. Sturdy bodies, quick, alert minds—the warding off of ill-effects that follow when the diet lacks protein—result.

For food that "stands by" your children—that prepares them for life's battles—Quaker Oats, mother! Hot and savory, children love its rich flavor, thrive on the health habits that it forms.



Robert Pierce, of Seattle—a sea-minded youth whose parents know the value of hot breakfasts for growing boys.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats. Quaker Oats as you have always known them and *Quick Quaker,* which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Photo by
MARTIN BRUEHL

Martha Washington Pie for February parties

A PARTY GRAB BAG

Menus for February holiday entertaining

BY DOROTHY KIRK

FEBRUARY offers so many opportunities for entertaining that new ideas for party dishes are always needed by the enterprising hostess. So here is a grab bag of suggestions. Put in your hand and pull out the one you particularly need. Depend on your favors and decorations— a tiny American flag in a mold of ice cream, beet hearts as a garnishing for your salad and other decorative and seasonable details to convey the holiday spirit.

Honey Drops

1 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 cup strained honey
1 egg
1 cup chopped nuts
1½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add honey and beaten egg. Add nuts and flour mixed and sifted with baking-powder. Mix thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Keep some of these cookies on hand to serve when friends drop in for tea. Everyone will like them for any party.

Coconut Crisps

1½ cup shortening
1 cup confectioner's sugar
1 cup shredded coconut, chopped
1 egg, well beaten
1 teaspoon baking-powder
1 cup flour, sifted

Cream shortening and sugar together thoroughly. Add coconut and egg. Sift flour and baking-powder together and add to first mixture. If dough is not stiff enough to roll out easily, add more flour. Roll out very thin. Cut with heart-shaped cookie cutter. Place on a buttered baking-sheet, and bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for 10 minutes or until a light brown.

Mushroom Timbales

1 cup chopped fresh mushrooms
1 cup mushroom stock or milk
2 eggs
½ cup soft bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
Few grains cayenne
1 tablespoon melted butter

Peel mushroom caps and chop fine. Cover the stems and peelings with cold water and simmer for 20 or 25 minutes. Strain and reserve stock (there should be at least 1 cup). Beat eggs until light. Add bread crumbs, salt, paprika, cayenne and butter. Add mushrooms and stock or milk to the egg mixture. Pour into buttered timbale molds or custard cups, set in shallow pan of water and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until firm. Serve with Béchamel sauce. This is a luxurious and delicious dish for the bridge luncheon. (Makes 8 timbale molds.)

Béchamel Sauce

2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup thick cream
½ cup mushroom stock
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup chicken stock or chicken soup

Melt butter; add flour, salt and pepper and blend well together. Add mushroom and chicken stock gradually, stirring constantly to avoid lumping. Cook until thick and smooth. Place over hot water and just before serving add cream.

Supper Sandwich

Cut bread in ¼ inch slices. Remove crusts and toast to a light brown color. Allow 3 slices for each sandwich. Spread the first piece of toast with mayonnaise dressing or a sandwich spread. On it place a leaf of crisp lettuce and a slice of American or Swiss cheese. Cover with the second piece of toast buttered, and on it lay a thin slice of grilled ham—(Boiled ham which has been fried until the edges curl slightly.) Spread with mustard or pickle relish and cover with the third piece of toast. Cut in half diagonally. Garnish with slices of sweet pickles. Serve a thick slice or section of tomato on a lettuce leaf and a few ripe or stuffed olives on the same plate. Men like these sandwiches and nothing could be simpler to make.

Crab Meat a la King

2 tablespoons shortening
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
1½ cups milk
1 cup crab meat
½ cup sauted mushrooms
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
1 egg

Melt shortening, add flour, salt, pepper and paprika. Add milk slowly and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly to avoid lumping. Place over hot water, add crab meat, mushrooms and pimiento. (To prepare fresh mushrooms, peel ½ pound and cook slowly for 15 minutes in hot frying pan containing small amount butter.) Just before removing from fire, add one egg slightly beaten. Serve on crisp toast or in flaky pastry shells. If you are doing all your own preparation for supper, you will like this recipe because it can be prepared in advance. Just before serving, reheat and add the egg. A delicious dish for buffet supper or luncheon. It is excellent for the chafing dish; prepare in advance, finish in the chafing dish at the table and serve right from the dish.

Swiss Omelet

5 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
⅛ teaspoon paprika
5 tablespoons milk or water
¼ pound Swiss cheese
Tart currant jelly

Beat yolks of eggs until thick. Add salt, pepper, paprika and milk or water. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into hot, greased frying pan, cover and cook *very slowly*. When well puffed and a delicate brown underneath sprinkle with cheese which has been cut into small pieces, and dot over the top of this with jelly. Place in moderate oven (350° F.) for 5 or 10 minutes or until cheese melts slightly. Fold omelet and serve at once. This is an easily prepared dish for the late evening party.

Martha Washington Pie

1/3 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup chopped nuts, walnuts or pecans
½ pint cream
Citron
Candied cherries

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add eggs beaten until light. Sift flour, baking-powder and salt together and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Beat thoroughly and add vanilla and nuts. Bake in two layer cake pans in a hot oven (375° to 400° F.). When cool put whipped cream, sweetened and flavored between layers and on top. Decorate with candied cherries and citron cut in thin strips if desired. Whipped cream desserts are always popular with the young people. Serve this at the Washington's Birthday party.

In Chicago's smartest suburb, her dinners are *outstanding events..*

Cecilia Benner, famous *"professional"* cook to the fashionables of Lake Forest, *gives her recipe for a favorite entrée*

Cecilia Benner, celebrated "professional" cook of Lake Forest, Illinois. Among her many distinguished patrons are:

Mrs. J. T. Bowen, Jr.
Mrs. Farwell Winston
Mrs. Edward Birmingham
Mrs. Leslie Wheeler
Mrs. Charles Glore
Mrs. W. E. Clow, Jr.

Spinach Molds with Premium Bacon *are delicious as an entrée or as a main dish for dinner or luncheon. Mrs. Benner here gives her recipe (above at right) simplified for a family of six.*

Spinach Molds with Premium Bacon

Wash 4 lbs. of spinach and boil 25 minutes in ½ pint water. Put through a strainer and chop very fine. Then add 2 tbsps. butter, 2 tbsps. cream, 1 tbsp. grated onion, and salt and pepper to taste. Pack in individual molds. Place molds in a pan of water and bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven (375°F). Turn out molds on a platter and wrap each with one or two strips of broiled Premium Bacon. Garnish with parsley and deviled eggs, cut in quarters.

As an entrée for a formal dinner Mrs. Benner serves the Spinach Molds with Premium Bacon on rounds of toast and broiled tomato with thick cheese sauce. The dish is garnished with grenadine pears.

How many notable and charming dinners she has prepared in Lake Forest—this village of beautiful homes and princely estates!

For years Cecilia Benner has been the best known "professional" cook in Chicago's smartest suburb. Among her patrons are many of the noted families in the world of fashion.

On important occasions when the hosts wish to outdo themselves—for stately dinners or informal luncheons, it is Cecilia Benner who is called in. She plans the menu, decides what kind of food to buy, and cooks the main dishes herself.

One of her celebrated dishes

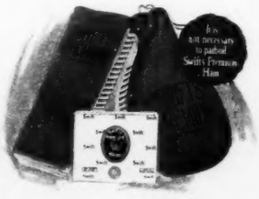
Among the many successful dishes which Mrs. Benner has served at brilliant dinners, is the entrée described on this page. Velvety green spinach molds circled with dainty, golden-brown strips of bacon. So exquisite to look at—so delicious to taste!

When telling how to prepare this entrée, Mrs. Benner says: "For the correct mingling of flavors that means the success of this dish, I always use a particular kind of bacon—Swift's Premium. Its unusual delicacy and mildness blend deliciously with other foods, and yet it is distinctive. I never could mistake any other brand for Premium. I always use it in all my cooking, whether in my own home or for entertainments."

In these words Mrs. Benner is only echoing the choice of wise house-wives the country over. They know and appreciate the rare goodness of Premium, its special, savory mildness, its uniform proportioning of fat and lean. For the daily breakfast, or to serve in tempting combination dishes for lunch and dinner, they are careful to choose Premium.

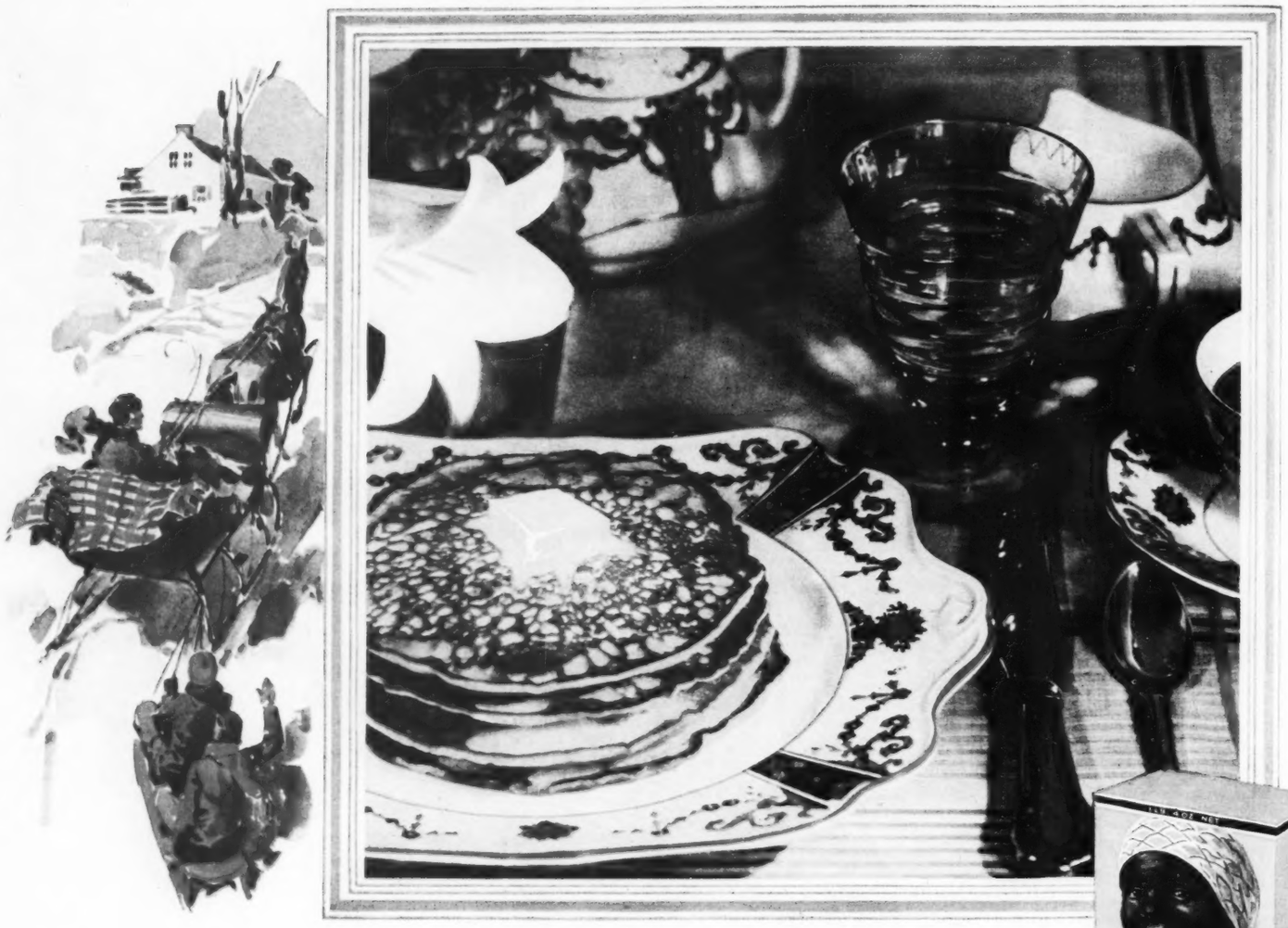
Does your family know the rich, appetizing flavor of Swift's Premium Bacon? To them, as to the distinguished patrons of this famous cook, it will mean added pleasure at the table.

Swift & Company.



Premium Bacon comes in 1 lb. and ½ lb. cartons or in the whole slab. If you buy the slab, look for the name "Swift" branded in dots down the sides.

Swift's Premium Hams *and* Bacon



Perhaps he's hankering for them now...

BUCKWHEATS *with the real old-fashioned "tang"*

SOME men say that women have forgotten the art. Old-time Buckwheats are a part of their lost boyhood, they believe—like the sound of sleigh bells on a frosty morning.

That lusty Buckwheat "tang": Does your husband remember it? Perhaps he's hankering for those savory golden-brown cakes old-timers talk about!

These winter mornings in countless homes, women are awakening smiles of youth at breakfast—giving their men folk the real Buckwheat taste they long for. For now there is an easy, certain way: Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats.

Her own ingredients with just enough choice Buckwheat flour added—her celebrated recipe, slightly changed by experienced cooks, comes *ready-mixed* in the *yellow* package: Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats. It makes those fluffy, golden-brown cakes with the true old-fashioned "kick" men can't forget. To give you the wonderful taste of Buckwheat at its best, we use the pick of the crops from certain grain-growing sections which are known to produce the finest flavor.

No trouble—now

It is easy today to make these tantalizing Buckwheat cakes. No chance to go wrong. *Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima for Buckwheat (yellow package)—and stir!*

See how your husband cheers up at breakfast when he first tastes the old-time flavor of Aunt Jemima's Buckwheats! So light, so wholesome, too! Plan now to test this famous recipe—*ready-mixed* in Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats, the *yellow* box.

Remember, too, those dainty plantation pancakes that your family enjoys so much: the kind you make with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the *red* package.

Ask your grocer for two packages: one *yellow*, Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats, one *red*, Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

We are often asked, *"Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago; Peterborough, Canada*

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Gentlemen: Send free trial package of Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats with recipe folder.

Name.....

Address.....

Photo by MARTIN BRUEHL

The convalescent's diet need not be limited to one or two foods

THE UPROAD TO HEALTH

Science discovers new facts about the convalescent's rest and diet

By E. V. McCOLLUM and NINA SIMMONDS
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

WHETHER members of the family or a professional nurse take care of a convalescent, they should always bear in mind that the patient is ill *mentally* no less than physically. Nearly always the convalescent suffers from lack of exercise, monotony, enfeebled digestion and worry over business or family affairs. Not infrequently the temperamental characteristics of those upon whom he must rely for care and companionship disturb him.

The first thing the convalescent man or woman must learn to do is to "cut out" everything which is not helpful to recovery. Rest of both mind and body are the fundamental requirements for a quick return to health. In order to gain these, one should realize the necessity of studiously avoiding introspection, or the turning inward of the attention and centering it upon what is going on in the body. More than anything else, self-pity and the dragging of one's symptoms into conversation will sap the nervous system and prevent relaxation.

Encourage Cheerfulness

EVERYTHING which the patient himself or those in attendance upon him can do to encourage cheerfulness should be done. An audit of one's blessings, thoughts about a hobby, plans for the future, reading or listening to interesting and optimistic books or magazine articles, or conversation with friends who talk of matters which will create hope and ambition, will provide the proper setting for the patient to regain his health. Even though sleep eludes him, for him to lie relaxed in darkness during long hours of the night will aid in his recovery. His thoughts should be made to wander over something he is familiar with —a song, poem, or story; or he may visualize a series of familiar scenes, always remembering to turn his thoughts away from self and symptoms, and from cares and responsibilities of every kind during these tiresome days.

One must not lose sight of the fact that there *are* limitations to what the mind can accomplish over the body. Smiling will not balance the diet; and wrong eating alone may stand in the way of the convalescent's recovery.

Convalescent people are often very difficult to feed properly. Their appetite is generally feeble and capricious, and their power to digest and assimilate food is lowered because of their inability to take exercise. Their intestinal elimination also tends to be poor.

The patient who is under-weight as a result of long illness needs to eat more than his daily requirements for energy and proteins, so that repair of tissues and recovery of lost weight may be brought about. Yet great care must be taken not to over-tax the digestive powers. In addition, the diet must be of such a character that the intestines, especially the colon, will remain in good hygienic condition.

In the past it too often happened that persons, in the early stages of recovery from a wasting illness, were brought into a state of incipient scurvy by being confined exclusively to cooked foods. Vitamin C, the antiscorbutic substance, is rapidly destroyed by ordinary cooking processes. Today it is the regular practice in hospitals to provide fruit juice, especially orange juice, to all patients for the specific purpose of introducing some raw food into the diet.

It is not sufficient to get the patient to eat toast or crackers and some kind of tea or broth. He needs substantial food, and just as much of it as his powers of assimilation will permit. Milk may well serve as the basis of the convalescent's diet. It should be supplemented with fruits, especially the citrous fruits, (oranges, grapefruit, lemons), or if other fruits are used they should be carefully peeled. Berries should be avoided. Eggs should be used more freely than meats, unless the patient strongly dislikes them. Eggs should be cooked just enough to coagulate the whites, since they are more easily digested in this state than when hard boiled, fried, or scrambled. Poaching and shirring are excellent methods of cooking eggs. An egg beaten up in milk and flavored with vanilla or nutmeg is also good.

Meats and Vegetables

MEATS should be used sparingly in the diet of the convalescent. The glandular organs (liver, kidneys, sweetbreads, etc.) should be served some of the time instead of the muscle cuts. This is especially true where anemia is involved. The custom of feeding invalids and sick people raw beef juice and raw liver finds no justification in any scientific studies up to the present time. The cooked articles are just as beneficial. Only very tender meats should be given to the convalescent. The expensive cuts have no advantage over the cheaper cuts.

There is also an important place in the diet of the convalescent for well cooked tuber and root vegetables and for the green, leafy vegetables. These are of particular value for several reasons. In the first place the green leafy vegetables have remarkable food value, notably in vitamins and mineral elements. They are unequalled for keeping the digestive tract in a good hygienic condition, for they are bulky, have water-holding capacity, and leave considerable undigested residue. Their smoothness makes them harmless even to a delicate digestive apparatus, and they do not tend to ferment and produce gas.

Dainty salads, nourishing and tasty milk drinks, cereals, creamed soups and gravies, fresh fruit juices, carefully prepared raw and cooked fruits, at times mixed with grape juice or ginger ale, often tempt the appetite and create a mental attitude toward food which is very beneficial to the patient.

Jim Hill *baked* Apples

Core Jim Hill Rome Beauties. Remove 1/3 of peel at stem end to allow for expansion during cooking. Put fruit in baking dish. Fill center of each apple with 1 tablespoon sugar and 1/2 teaspoon butter. Boil 1 cup sugar, 1 cup hot water five minutes and pour over apples. Cover dish; place in moderate oven. Covering the dish hastens cooking. When apples are tender remove cover, sprinkle with sugar and put on top grate of oven to glaze. Keep cover off. Baste frequently with syrup in dish; *this is important.* Serve apples with this syrup.

Crisp — fairly popping with juice

NOW . . . just when it's hard to get fresh fruits and vegetables . . . Jim Hill Apples are at their very best. Firm! Crisp! Almost bursting with tantalizingly flavored juice!

Buy Jim Hills by the box. Put these enticing apples in the children's lunches . . . bake them . . . make the pie you've been promising. You can be sure that any box which bears the proud Jim Hill name, is consistently good from top to bottom. At good grocers and fruit stands everywhere!

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Jim Hill
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Buy the right apple at the right time. Some Jim Hills are best in October, others in January. Some are best for cooking, others for eating raw. Send for folder telling you about them.

Wenatchee District Co-Operative Ass'n.
Dept. M., *Wenatchee, Washington*

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"Oh-h-Skippy!"

YOUNGSTERS know they've something good when they have two slices of bread with a thick layer of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter between. And they're not slow at noising it abroad.

There's double merit to this food for children. First of all, it's good for them. Wholesome, easily digested, nourishing and energy-giving. And of almost equal importance with children—they just love it. Not a bit of coaxing needed to get them to eat it—if it's Beech-Nut.

So mothers everywhere may well encourage this natural fondness for such a toothsome and healthful food. And remember—grown-ups enjoy it every bit as much as children do. It adds variety and flavor to many salads and cooked dishes.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is the well known brand. It has the advantage of an *easy-to-open top* not found with other kinds. No bother to open, and the top is readily replaced as a cover after serving. *A convenience feature worth remembering.*

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

Photo by Wide World

Kindergarten Band, Matapan, Mass., which plays for Parent-Teacher Meetings

MUSIC GAMES *for* CHILDREN

BY JOHN TASKER HOWARD
McCALL'S MUSIC EDITOR

THE ideal modern teacher of music for young children is concerned more with music itself than with the mere mechanics of playing an instrument. The pupil who works with a modern teacher learns music in a creative sense, and does not confine his studies to acquiring the ability to perform soullessly and mechanically on the piano or violin or other instrument.

With the development of modern teaching methods, have appeared devices which may be used to carry this music work into the home, to supplement the efforts of the teacher in a school. Often these take the form of music games, which are sometimes made so attractive that children enjoy them as much as games intended for entertainment alone.

The music game idea is by no means new. The first musical card game of which there is a record, was offered in Paris in 1759. Up to the present century the popularity of such games was spasmodic, although a card game invented by a Scotch woman in 1801 enjoyed considerable vogue. This was designed "to teach the elements of music and principles of thorough bass and modulation—" whatever that is!

Book of Games

IT should be remembered that the modern musical games for children are not in themselves music. For beginners, the *Music Book Game*, by Mabel Greenberg (G. Schirmer, Inc., New York: $1.00), may be highly recommended. This clever work is designed to teach the elements of music notation, which are then carried to the piano keyboard and the child taught to play simple melodies.

Music Al, a fairy story about music by Grace Perkins with illustrations by Bobby Perkins, though somewhat more elaborate in its sugar-coating of facts, is written with a similar purpose. (Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc., New York; $3.00). In the first chapter Music Al introduces both himself and his friends, and tells of some of the signs they use. In the back of the book is the game envelope, containing cards which the children are to fill in. After reading the first chapter they are invited to take the card with the names of the secret signs, and fill in the symbols that belong to the terms. On the other side, though not in the same order, are found the signs, and the children are asked to write their names.

This Game Envelope contains material for use after each chapter, and provides an impressive cover for the little duet that two of the children may play by themselves.

The Musical Cross Word Puzzle Book, by M. S. Molloy and M. A. Snyder, (Carl Fischer, Inc., New York; $1.50), provides a volume full of musically instructive puzzles; and *My Musical Rating*, by the same authors, is a musical question and answer book for adults as well as young beginners in musical study. (Augustana Book Concern, Rock Island, Ill.)

Helen Parker Ford has devised a number of musical games which are both entertaining and instructive. *Spin-Staff*, ($1.50), is a board game somewhat like Parcheesi. The players, two, three or four, each spin in turn and then move to the nearest line or space corresponding to the letter on which the pointer stopped. If a player should stop on the D. C. line he goes back to the beginning. The first player to move his men completely around the board to the center marked *fine*, wins the game.

Jig-Staff ($1.50) consists of four jigsaw puzzles, which should prove that it is as much fun to fit notes on the staff as ears on a donkey. Three of the puzzles are devoted to the musical staff, and the other to one octave of the piano keyboard.

Shuffle-Staff ($1.00) is a card game, containing thirty pairs of identical note cards, with the note letter in the center of each card, and with its symbol in the corner. Among the games that may be played are Slap-Jack, Old Maid, Rummy, etc.

Folk Dances

FOLK-SONGS and dances offer admirable opportunities for participation by children, and correlate definitely with their studies in geography and history. Elizabeth Burchenal's findings

[*Continued on page 60*]

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such widely varying types . . .

yet all screen stars alike have the vital appeal of smooth skin

9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap . . .

AN exquisite velvety skin is any girl's greatest charm, and for the screen star it is *all* important, 39 leading motion picture directors say.

"I don't know a single girl without lovely skin who has won enough of the public to become a star," says William Beaudine, director for Fox.

"Exquisite smooth skin is the all important asset of the star who must face into the glaring lights of the close-up," Joan Crawford explains.

The next time you see any of these lovely screen stars in a close-up, notice how smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. "It gives my skin that beautiful smoothness I thought only the finest French soaps gave," Renée Adorée says.

Nine out of ten screen stars are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap, and all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

You, too, will like the way this white, daintily fragrant soap lathers so generously even in hard water! It is made by the famous French method. Buy several cakes—today.

BLONDES

Marion Davies says: "I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap for deliciously smooth 'studio skin.'"

Esther Ralston, Paramount—"It is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth."

Dorothy Mackaill, First National—"Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for the skin."

Anna Q. Nilsson, F.B.O.—"It is a splendid aid in keeping the skin velvety."

BRUNETTES

Bebe Daniels, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap helps so much to keep the skin smooth and lovely."

Billie Dove, First National—"I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully pure and so very refreshing."

Lupe Velez, United Artists, says: "Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin velvety."

Louise Brooks says: "It gives the skin the satin smoothness a screen star's skin must have."

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May McAvoy—Warner Brothers
Jeanette Loff—Pathé
Gilda Gray—Independent
Lois Moran—Fox
Mae Murray—Independent
Greta Nissen—Independent
Vera Reynolds—Independent

BRUNETTES

Madge Bellamy—Fox
Olive Borden—Independent
Mary Duncan—Fox
Marie Prevost—Independent
Aileen Pringle—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Irene Rich—Independent
Dorothy Sebastian—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Virginia Valli—Independent

RED-HEADS

Mary Astor—Fox
Sally Eilers—Mack Sennett-Pathé
Merna Kennedy—United Artists
Jacqueline Logan—Pathé
Audrey Ferris—Warner Brothers
Margaret Livingston—Columbia
Myrna Loy—Warner Brothers
Blanche Mehaffey—Independent

BROWN HAIR

Evelyn Brent—Paramount
Betty Bronson—Warner Brothers
Sue Carol—Independent
Betty Compson—Independent
Doris Kenyon—Independent
Patsy Ruth Miller—Independent
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And many, many other lovely stars

RED-HEADS

Clara Bow, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap helps keep the skin in perfect condition."

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Renée Adorée, M.G.M.—"Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin such a beautiful smoothness."

Mary Brian, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for keeping one's skin in perfect condition."

Eleanor Boardman says: "It is excellent for the very smooth skin a screen star must have."

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Address_____
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My grocer is_____

Excellent, modern copies of Queen Anne chairs

Below, a comfortable, handsome chair

A HOME DECORATING PROBLEM

A HOME decorator who made herself popular and incidentally prosperous in a certain Middle Western city, established her business on the principle that every woman wants to be her own decorator. Her clientele was largely made up of housekeepers who had been married a number of years. Their furniture was perhaps expensive in its day but they realized that modern simplified living calls for easily washed scrim or net curtains, light weight cretonne, chintz or silk draperies, simple furniture of beautiful dark woods and modest fabrics, cleanable walls of washable paint or wallpaper glazed with a washable finish. Their problem most often was the problem of turning the old style rooms into a more modern home without too big an outlay of money.

One woman who came to this decorator lived in a house which was the typical small city residence of red brick and white painted porch, the style found repeatedly in every city of the Middle West: six rooms and bath, a small attic, basement, front porch, small back porch, small front lawn, a few trees, a back yard and garden. The woodwork of the house was golden oak, the living-room had an oak mantle with mirror over it, the dining-room had a built-in china cupboard with glass doors, there was an open stairway rising from the front hall, and both living-room and dining-room opened with sliding doors into this hall. The bedrooms were finished in lighter oak and the bathroom in white tile.

The Change Begins

THE owner had gradually acquired a taste for certain kinds of period furniture. The graceful Queen Anne armchairs appealed to her for the living-room and she wanted the smaller chairs of the same style for the dining-room. With the decorator's help and her local furniture store she remade the ordinary house into a charmingly appointed home. She bought a few pieces of furniture and refinished and simplified some of the old ones.

All of the woodwork and floors on the first floor were refinished in brown walnut color. The old varnish was removed, the wood sanded, then coated with dark walnut stain, then revarnished, the floors later waxed and polished until they glowed richly.

The hall was papered with a landscape wallpaper in which the predominating colors were moss green, ivory and dull brick red, a woodsy scene of trees, wide-leafed ferns and little deer. This paper was an expensive one, but as the hall was small and only a little was needed, she never regretted the seemingly high price paid for it. A small figured rug of dark browns and tan and green was laid. A rectangular mirror was hung, upright, above a table, the mirror frame refinished from oak to brown walnut color, and the table refinished in the same color. On either side of the table two new chairs stood, excellent copies of old walnut chairs of the Queen Anne period. These were "side" chairs like those in the dining-room described later. The hall table was just big enough to hold an orange-colored pottery jar for flowers. The stairs which rose from this hall were carpeted to match the hall rug and the one-time oaken stair rail was refinished like the rest of the woodwork to a brown walnut color.

From the hall, at the left, the square living-room opened. Under the decorator's guidance the wall in this room was painted a deep ivory. The rug chosen was a plain brown chenille, with border of deeper brown. The mirror was removed from the wall above the mantle and one large picture in an old walnut frame was hung there while a pair of brass candlesticks, one at either side of the picture, stood on the mantle (the candles were pale yellow tapers). The old davenport was now disguised in a new slip cover of dark blue cotton rep. An old armchair was treated to the same sort of disguise.

A new Queen Anne wing style armchair was bought, of which the figured tan, blue and brown upholstering matched the rug colors. A second upholstered chair (new) in the same material was also added to the room. An old oak library table was refinished to the brown walnut color, and two new small end tables were bought to stand at either end of the davenport. In the final arrangement of the room a pair of upholstered chairs faced each other, one on each side of the fireplace. Built-in book shelves replaced the oaken combination bookcase and desk which once stood between the two windows.

A small reading table and footstool were refinished from oak to mahogany and added to the room. The fringe-trimmed silk lampshades were replaced with plain parchment ones. Pillow covers on the blue davenport were parchment colored linen, while others were in golden brown and moss green linen. The window curtains were ivory cotton net and the draperies were tan and blue and orange cretonne, hung straight at either side of each window.

The dining-room across the hall was papered with a foliage wallpaper a leafy pattern in two shades of yellow. The floor was covered with battleship linoleum in deep blue and this was waxed and polished until it glowed like fine old wood.

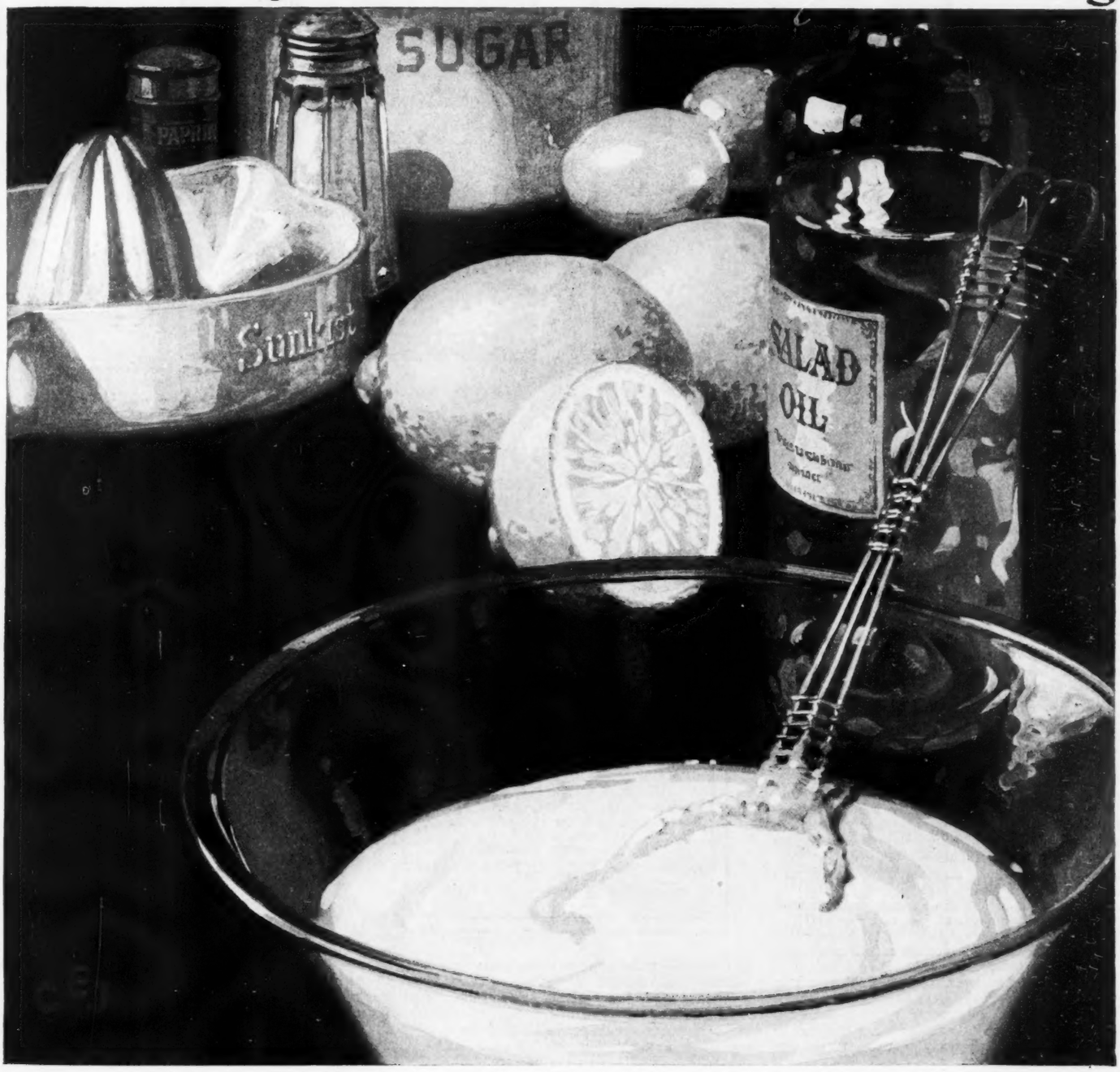
A Blue and Yellow Room

A dining-room set of Queen Anne chairs, table and buffet was newly bought, the chair seats covered in blue denim. The built-in china cupboard shelves in this room were now lined with silver paper, this lining the owner accomplished herself much to the surprise and disapproval of the paperhanger who "did" the rest of the house. The outside of these cupboard door frames was finished like the room's woodwork (in brown walnut stain), but the owner painted the inside of the door frames in blue to match the chair seats.

The same blue was selected for the window draperies, which were of sateen, lined with yellow sateen, and hung straight, no valences, at each side of the windows. The curtains were like those in the living-room, ivory cotton net. She was careful to keep out of the rooms bric-a-brac and pictures which were not in the spirit of the new furnishings; one or two favorite pictures were reframed, a great many were given away, or put away. Accessories in the dining-room limited themselves finally to glass candlesticks for the buffet and a blue glass bowl for fruit on the buffet, with a matching glass bowl for flowers on the table.

The finished rooms presented a charming and effective color scheme; ivory, golden brown and deep blue in the living-room; a gay little hall still in keeping with the living-room; a dining-room warmly yellow and smart with contrasting blue and walnut.

Do you use *fresh* Lemon Juice in salad dressing?



Add new zest to salads and offset the effects of acid-forming foods . . .

THE reason for fresh California Lemon Juice in salad dressings is twofold. It adds a new and delightful tang to salad dressing, and its use with the oils and other ingredients that go to make up popular recipes aids to offset acid-forming tendencies of many much-served foods.

Your family physician will verify the scientific fact that Lemons and Oranges, though frequently referred to as acid fruits, *have an alkaline reaction in the body!* Hence, their health value as a natural anti-acidosis measure.

Acidosis is a very general complaint caused by eating too freely of good and necessary but *acid-forming* foods such as cereals, bread, fish, eggs and meat, without sufficient *alkaline-reaction* or balancing foods like fresh fruit, fresh vegetables and milk. The diet must be balanced to keep acidity normal or an Acidosis condition is created. This is one of the most frequent causes of many of our common ills, such as colds, headaches, "biliousness," lack of vitality. If left untreated—and without attention to diet correction—Acidosis may result in dangerous complications.

Fresh fruit salads or vegetable salads are an advisable diet change made additionally effective when California Lemon Juice is used in the dressing rather than vinegar. This is the concensus of expert opinion. California Lemon Juice not only aids in counteracting Acidosis, but its mineral salts stimulate the appetite and directly assist in the digestion of other foods.

Recipes for popular salad dressings are given in the Recipe Card File offered here. We will send you *free* a copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," discussing Acidosis in detail. It includes both normal anti-acidosis and safe reducing diets and a list of acid-forming and alkaline reaction foods. Mark and mail the coupon.

Sunkist CALIFORNIA LEMONS

...buy them by the dozen

Complete neat oak Sunkist recipe card file box, (no advertisement on it); 100 blank and 23 index cards; 24 NEW Sunkist recipe cards in color, showing original ways to serve oranges and lemons. Also included without additional cost 7 balanced-diet menu cards prepared by experts. Fit standard box.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Sec. 602
Box 530, Station "C" Los Angeles, California

☐ Enclosed find 75 cents for a complete Sunkist Recipe File Box and cards.
☐ Enclosed find 10 cents for Sunkist Recipe Card set, only.
☐ *FREE*—Please send *Telling Fortunes with Foods.*

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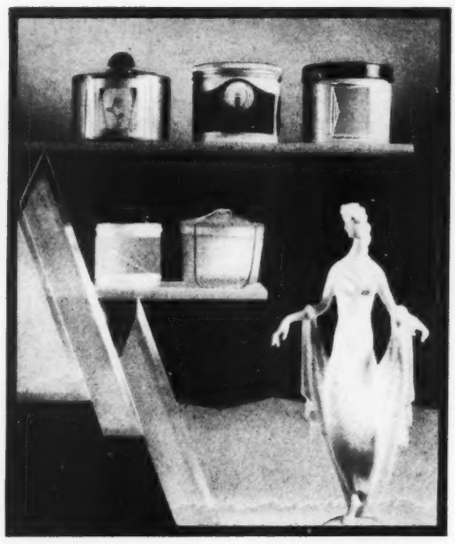
California Sunkist Lemons are juicy, tart and practically seedless © 1929 C.F.G.E.



Martin Bruehl

A CREAM *for* EVERY FACE

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

McCALL'S BEAUTY EDITOR

MY grandmother kept a "face cream" on her dresser. Sometimes it was a cold cream, sometimes a vanishing cream and sometimes it had that oilier, more penetrative character we associate with a nourishing cream. But whatever its texture, she always referred to it as "face cream" pure and simple. In her day many women used a cream nightly. They didn't quite know what that cream did, but it represented a necessary lady-like refinement. In it lay the secret of a lovely skin. Mysteriously it imparted beauty, they knew not how. How simple and easy! But then my grandmother didn't treat her skin as women of our generation treat theirs. All the "make-up" she used reposed in the corner of her dresser drawer: a cube of chalky powder with a chamois wrapped around it! And she only applied it on special occasions. Perhaps she dusted a little talcum on her face for everyday—in the delusion that she was powdering it and blissfully unaware of the fact that talcum was meant to make the skin slick and smooth, (when used on a baby's skin, clothes slip on more easily and avoid chafing).

After all, an older generation fared pretty well with its meager array of beauty care requisites; why then are there hundreds of brands of cream on the market today, and literally millions of jars sold yearly? I feel like answering, "Ask me another!" But I know a few perfectly sound reasons. As our lives became more complicated, and the big cities brought a new standard of smartness to even the tiniest towns, we changed from the chalk-wrapped-in-chamois era to one in which we try to achieve natural coloring by means of make-up. And I think it must have been the widespread use of rouge and powder which really brought creams into the limelight.

In my grandmother's day only actresses used much rouge, and they took it off after performing, with cold cream. Some of the oldest creams now in existence were first formulated on the style of such theatrical creams; they were intended chiefly to cleanse the skin of its make-up. Women soon discovered, however, that the grime of coal soot and the dust of the road when motoring came off with an application of cream, so we found that creams came to play a large part in keeping skins clean. Before that, various types of beauty creams were doubtless used for other purposes, but there is little doubt that the most universal use of cream came when we learned that these oily mixtures were good for facial cleansing and thus a real aid to skin beauty.

The Art of Cleansing

CLEANSING with a cream isn't mysterious or complex. In classical times athletic youths rubbed their bodies with oil and scraped off the accumulated skin scurf and dirt. What we do now is substantially the same thing, only we do it more gently and delicately! Apply the cream to face and neck, let it pick up the hardened skin oil, dried particles and dirt, then take it off—not, of course, with an antique "scraper"—but with a tissue that absorbs cream and dirt at the same time. The remaining cream should be washed off with soap and water or a mild soothing lotion. The manufacturers of creams suggest variations of this basic method according to the type of skin or the kind of cream in question. When in doubt, it is always a good idea to follow the maker's directions on the package.

But cleansing isn't all that a modern beauty cream can do. Just as steam heat has made it doubly imperative to dry one's skin thoroughly after washing, so it has given cream an extra job to do in the lubrication of skins that are overdry and rough. Overdry air, whether in our houses or on the Sahara Desert, is harsh and works havoc with skin texture. Creams rich in oil supply the parched oil ducts and normalize the texture. Usually they're called "tissue" creams or "nourishing" creams, but their main purpose is lubricating for dry skins.

Besides cleansing and lubricating, certain creams help to smooth away fine lines. Except in the case of deep wrinkles that come from old age, illness or too-strenuous dieting, dry skins seem to form fine lines more readily than oily skins. At the danger points where these lines form, special creams other than cleansing may be used. Nowadays a skin that's perfectly healthy otherwise need not be lined till youth is long past. Watch for the nose-to-mouth lines, fine under-eye wrinkles, crow's feet and frown lines between the brows. Learn to smooth away these lines nightly with cream. You'll see that it really does the work easily and well.

Every modern woman should know the fundamental movements of facial massage, whether she strokes, pats with her fingertips or uses some simple mechanical device to spread the cream around and to "firm" the tissues. You can't expect to be as expert as a skilled masseuse, but it's surprising what "knowing how" will accomplish. If you're not naturally quick and deft with your fingers, have a series of good facial treatments and watch the operator's hands. Note the "feel" of what she does and you should be able to pick up a workable massage routine that will keep your skin in good condition. Too often, alas, it's the younger girls with skins that do not yet need much coaxing who are most enchanted with the idea of using creams and lotions this way. The older woman, who could so easily discover her own beauty regime and follow it in a few moments a day, is apt to dismiss it as something too hard for her to learn. But she seldom hesitates to spend hours making a new hooked rug or mastering an elaborate crewel-work pattern. Fashions in skins don't change much; a good clear skin will be a precious possession when today's fad in needlework is *passé*.

THE WAY TO BEAUTY

Every woman should make the most of her assets and improve wherever there is an opportunity for improvement.

Our *Handbook of Beauty* is designed to help you find your lack and to aid you in remedying it. Send ten cents for this booklet to

McCALL'S SERVICE EDITOR
236 West 37th Street
NEW YORK CITY

Massage Methods

WHEN using cream for massage, use it generously. All movements should be in a general upward and outward direction. Patting shouldn't bruise the skin and stroking shouldn't stretch it. The cream you choose depends on the texture of your skin and to a certain extent on the other creams in your regime. Don't expect miracles to happen. The wisest skin experts I've talked to say, "It's faithful and patient application that does it!" Our skins never stop working, you know. So we can't possibly expect one jar of cream to transform the skin and leave it forever smooth and velvety. The enemies of beauty are busy all the time tearing down our constructive work. Even while we sleep, while our bodies are renewing themselves and building new energy, we may be unconsciously pressing lines into our faces, frowning, a drooping mouth, dropping the jaw. Young women have said to me, with awe in their voices, "But when you begin to use a cream you have to keep it up, don't you?" Certainly—why not? Once you begin washing your face you have to keep it up; once you begin wearing clothes to protect yourself from the cold, you have to keep it up. The gentle, sane use of any aid to beauty that will keep us in tiptop condition must be continued just as all the other protective devices of civilization must be continued unless we revert to savagery. It's only common sense, not a trick of the cream specialist to make you buy more than you need. Some skins thrive on a slight cream fare; others require a more elaborate one. It's not haphazard or a matter of whether you happen to like the scent of the cream in the jar. Basically it's "What diet in cream does my skin need?" Experiment till you find the proper combination.

Once you study the cosmetic chemist's problem you realize that it's far from simple, and to use creams carelessly and blindly is to nullify the skill and creative energy expended on them in the laboratory and factory.

Here is some common sense about toothpaste

Read what this authority says on a subject that has become confused in many minds.

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in many of the widely advertised dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"
—the health magazine of the American Medical Association.

DENTISTS and physicians recommend a dentifrice for one purpose only—*to clean teeth safely.*

That is the one thing *you* can do for your teeth. If you think your mouth needs treatment, see your dentist at once—that is *his* job. Don't rely on a dentifrice to correct conditions of teeth or gums—its function is simply to *clean.*

Teeth kept thoroughly clean are likely to be healthy teeth in a healthy mouth. And healthy teeth are apt to be pretty teeth.

This is directly in line with modern thought. Today leading authorities on the care of skin, hair, teeth advise that the most effective means of safeguarding natural beauty lies through utter cleanliness.

For that one purpose—to clean—Colgate's was designed, on a formula suggested by members of the dental profession.

Made as Dentists Advised

Before we decided upon this formula, we went to the dentists and asked the question: "What kind of dentifrice would be best for dental health and beauty?" Their answer was: "Make a toothpaste that really cleans. If a dentifrice cleans thoroughly, it does not need to do anything else. Drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives are all unnecessary and sometimes dangerous."

Upon this fundamental principle, we created a dentifrice of maximum cleansing power—yet so mild and pure that it cannot harm even the most delicate teeth.

So scientifically correct has this formula proved that more dentists now recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice. As a result of their expert advice to patients, Colgate's is today the largest selling dentifrice in the world.

Why Colgate's Cleans Better

Colgate's contains the most effective of all cleansing agents—in a special, mild, pure form . . . combined with calcium carbonate and aromatic oils.

As you brush Colgate's upon your teeth, the cleansing agent forms a bubbling, sparkling foam. This cleansing foam penetrates between the teeth, reaches inaccessible surfaces, purifies and stimulates the gums . . . the entire mouth.

And carried by this searching, foaming wave, the fine calcium carbonate powder helps to clean away mucin and food deposits . . . polishes tooth enamel to shining smoothness . . . sweetens all the mouth surfaces. The mildly antiseptic aromatic oils add refreshing action to the thorough cleansing.

Constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream!

—and Only 25c

Colgate made the original 25c tube of dentifrice. It is today the largest selling toothpaste in the world. Due to this enormous volume production, and to the resources of a hundred-million-dollar business, Colgate commands the finest materials and the widest scientific research to safeguard *quality.* And, as far as we have been able to find out, Colgate puts *more* dentifrice into the famous 25c tube than is found in any other make priced at a quarter. That's *value!*

Try it—FREE

We have a trial tube of Colgate's for you. Fill out and return the coupon and it will be mailed promptly. We will send also a copy of an interesting new booklet on care of the teeth and mouth.

Colgate, Dept. B 1690, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the booklet, "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Mothers For many years, Colgate has been permitted to help in the splendid efforts of dentists, physicians, educators and health officials to teach the children in the schools to brush teeth regularly. The results of this work—in promoting the general bodily health of children—have been outstanding.

It is natural that Colgate should cooperate in this work, because Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the ideal dentifrice for children—safe, pleasant-tasting, free from drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives.

If you are interested in helping this great health movement in your own community, write us for full information.

MORE DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE'S AND MORE AMERICANS USE COLGATE'S

PRIZE WINNERS

Now—

. . . but

what sick little twins they once were!

HERE are Dorothy Mae and Doris Marie Curtis, of 300 East Timmons St., Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Curtis has written to tell us all about the twins' big triumph in a recent health and popularity contest.

Doris was the only perfect baby out of 433—with sister Dorothy her closest competitor! Yet when these same twins were two and a half months old, they were barely alive. Two tiny, frail, sick babies who cried day and night because they were starving. Many foods had been tried, but none would agree with them.

At last Eagle Brand was suggested. Mrs. Curtis describes how despairing she felt as she prepared their first feeding of this food. But—"They went to sleep and slept eight hours! Something they had never done since they were two weeks old! I kept on increasing the milk and in a week's time they didn't look like the same babies." And *now* they're winning large silver cups in health contests!

Hundreds of babies have been saved by Eagle Brand — a food so easy to digest that mother's milk is the only food comparable to it in this respect . . . Eagle Brand is pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar supplies carbohydrates, required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue-building material and growth-promoting vitamins—the same elements that are supplied by certified Grade A milk.

Write for free booklet containing practical feeding information and suggestions for the supplementary foods that physicians now generally advise.

Eagle Brand

CONDENSED *Milk*

THE BORDEN COMPANY, *Borden Building* L—McC—2-29
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of "Baby's Welfare". My baby is.....months old.

*Name*_____

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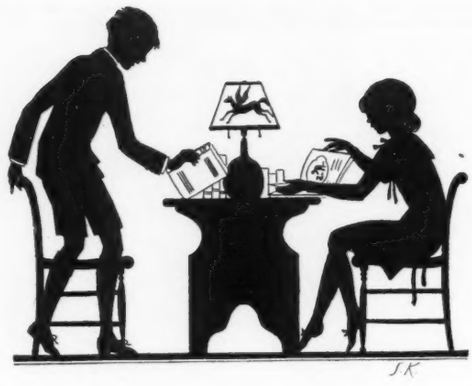


REVIEWS *of* BOOKS

For The Children

BY ELIZABETH GATES

WHAT member of the family, from grandfather to the baby, does not like to read? If there is a birthday in the family, or if you like to give your children a little gift on St. Valentine's Day, they are sure to enjoy some of the recent books.

First of all on our shelf of new books this month comes the new Pooh book, by A. A. Milne. *The House at Pooh Corner,* E. P. Dutton and Company, $2.00. This is another tale about Christopher Robin and Winnie-the-Pooh and Christopher's other friends, with some new ones besides. Ernest Shepard has illustrated it in his charming style and, as usual, the story is told in Mr. Milne's inimitable way.

There is a new series of Mother Goose books for the little children. In *Mother Goose Circus Parade,* $2.00, the very, very old parrot tells Bobby, a very, very little boy, all about the parade that Mother Goose had, which only the fairies and elves and the parrot, who knew everything, had seen. And then Bobby saw it. He saw Mother Goose, the little Pig who went to market, Humpty Dumpty, the Three Bears and the other well-known characters we all have read about. Clarence F. Pritchard and W. C. White have written this book and Stacy H. Wood has illustrated it in color with clever drawings. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.)

Clarence F. Pritchard has also compiled *Mother Goose Play Pictures,* $2.00, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Many of the old Mother Goose favorites are in this book, with delightful, new illustrations by Stacy H. Wood. And, besides that, there are six pages of cut-outs, telling the story of Tom, Tom, The Piper's Son.

Mother Goose Moving Pictures, $2.50, G. P. Putnam's Sons, is the third of this group of Mother Goose books, by the same author. By following the directions for cutting and using the pictures, a moving picture of Humpty Dumpty's fall and of Old King Cole and of Tom, Tom, The Piper's Son and many others can be seen.

The Red Horse, by Elsa Moeschlin, Coward McCann, Inc., $1.50. Trott-trott is the little red horse that Peter's mother gave him for Christmas. Peter feeds him and feeds him until finally he is big enough for Peter to ride him. And then they have many good times —Peter and the little red horse. This tale is delightful and the drawings in bright colors are fanciful and amusing. A book the youngest ones will like to look at and have read to them by their older brother or sister.

A Hat-Tub Tale, by Caroline D. Emerson, E. P. Dutton & Company, $2.25. The hat-tub, shaped like a large tin hat, in which Tuck took a bath and which Nip used as a fishing boat, took these two imaginary animals on many strange adventures. Tuck lived in a little house all by himself by the Bay of Fundy until Nip was shipwrecked on the island and came to live with Tuck. And then the fun began. They met pirates and mermaids and had other good times.

This book, illustrated with delightful drawings by Lois Lenski, is a book that all little children from the ages of six to nine, who like animals and nonsense, will enjoy. Each chapter is an adventure and each adventure makes an amusing bed-time story.

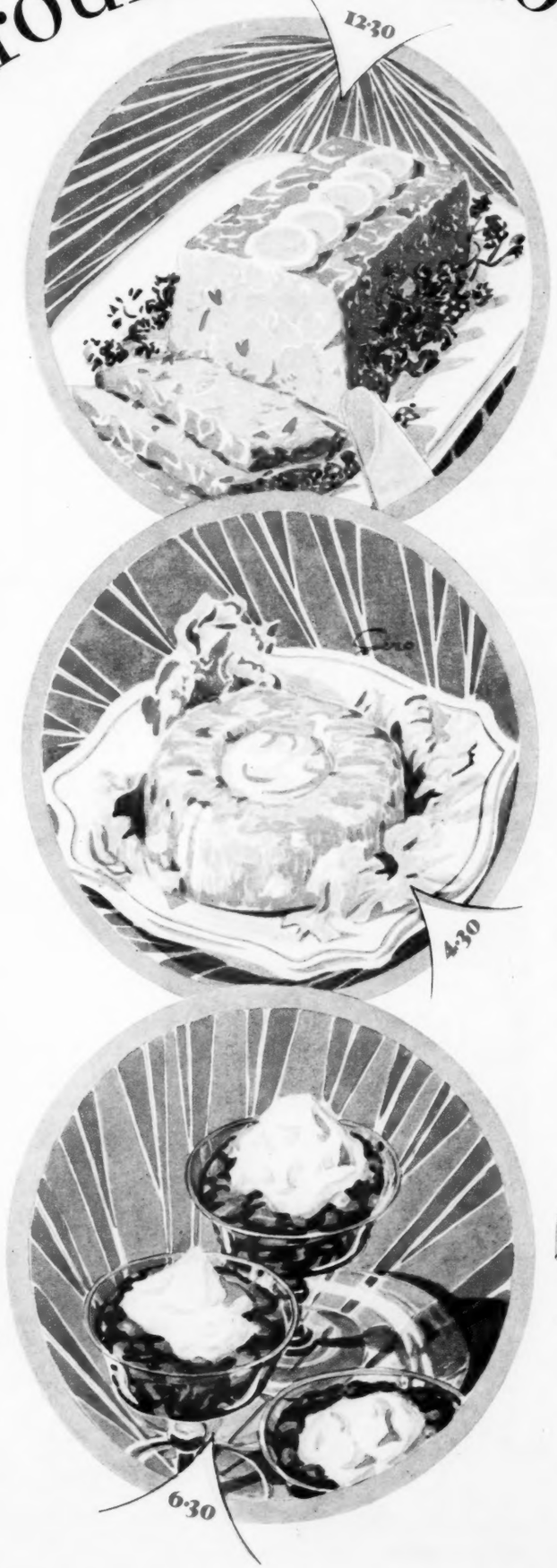
For the children of the family who like fairy tales, there is *The Fairy Shoemaker,* The Macmillan Company, $2.00. This is a collection of poems all about fairies and gnomes and elves and little children, by Walter de la Mare, Mathew Arnold and William Allingham. The drawings in black and white, by Boris Artzybasheff are fantastic and clever and will delight any child.

THE newest and most delightful books for children are briefly reviewed in our leaflet *New Books for Children.* A two-cent stamp sent to McCall's Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York, will bring you a copy.

Around the clock . . . with JELL-O

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Luncheon Tea Dinner



Ham Loaf

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1¾ cups boiling water
2 teaspoons vinegar
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon mustard
2 cups cooked ham, ground (1 pound)
2 tablespoons Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise
1 tablespoon horseradish, drained
1 pimiento, finely cut
½ teaspoon onion pulp
Dash of Cayenne, cloves, and nutmeg

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, and mustard. When slightly thickened, add remaining ingredients. Turn into loaf pan, 7 x 5 x 3 inches. Chill until firm. Unmold on platter. Garnish with parsley. Serves 8.

Golden Glow Salad

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup canned pineapple juice
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup canned pineapple, diced and drained
1 cup grated raw carrot
½ cup pecan meats, finely cut
crisp lettuce

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add pineapple juice, vinegar, and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, add pineapple, carrot, and nuts. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise. Serves 6.

Maple Walnut Jell-O

1 package Orange Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup Log Cabin Syrup
1 cup walnut meats, chopped

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add syrup. Chill. When slightly thickened, add nuts. Turn into 1 large or 6 individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 6.

All measurements are level

WHAT'S in the cupboard? Likely as not some left-over meat or fish which, combined with Jell-O and seasoning, will produce a resplendent entree for luncheon! Try the Ham Loaf. Chicken, salmon, or tuna fish, jellied with Lemon Jell-O, are mighty good, too. Use one or two tablespoons of vinegar, if you're combining Jell-O with chicken or fish.

What's in the cupboard? Practically *nothing?*—but still enough for a dazzling salad or a dessert that everyone will applaud. Witness the Golden Glow Salad. Witness the Maple Walnut Jell-O. For other charming suggestions, turn the pages of your recipe booklet, "Today—what salad—what dessert?" (The coupon brings it).

Jell-O has a genius for making everyday foods "something different." Different—and better! Its luscious fruit flavors—its glowing colors—its melting tenderness—these add the festive touch to a meal! And Jell-O is so easy to prepare—so easy to digest—so economical. Use it more often!

Your grocer has Jell-O in five pure fruit flavors. Accept no substitute—be sure the name "Jell-O" is on the package. Jell-O is always pure, always fresh—the tightly sealed package, and the enormous demand, take care of that.

If you haven't the latest recipe book, mail the coupon *right now!*

Five Flavors . . . from Fresh, Ripe Fruits

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THE JELL-O COMPANY, INC. J.—McC. 2-29
LE ROY, NEW YORK

Please send me, *free*, the new recipe booklet, "TODAY . . . what salad . . . what dessert?"

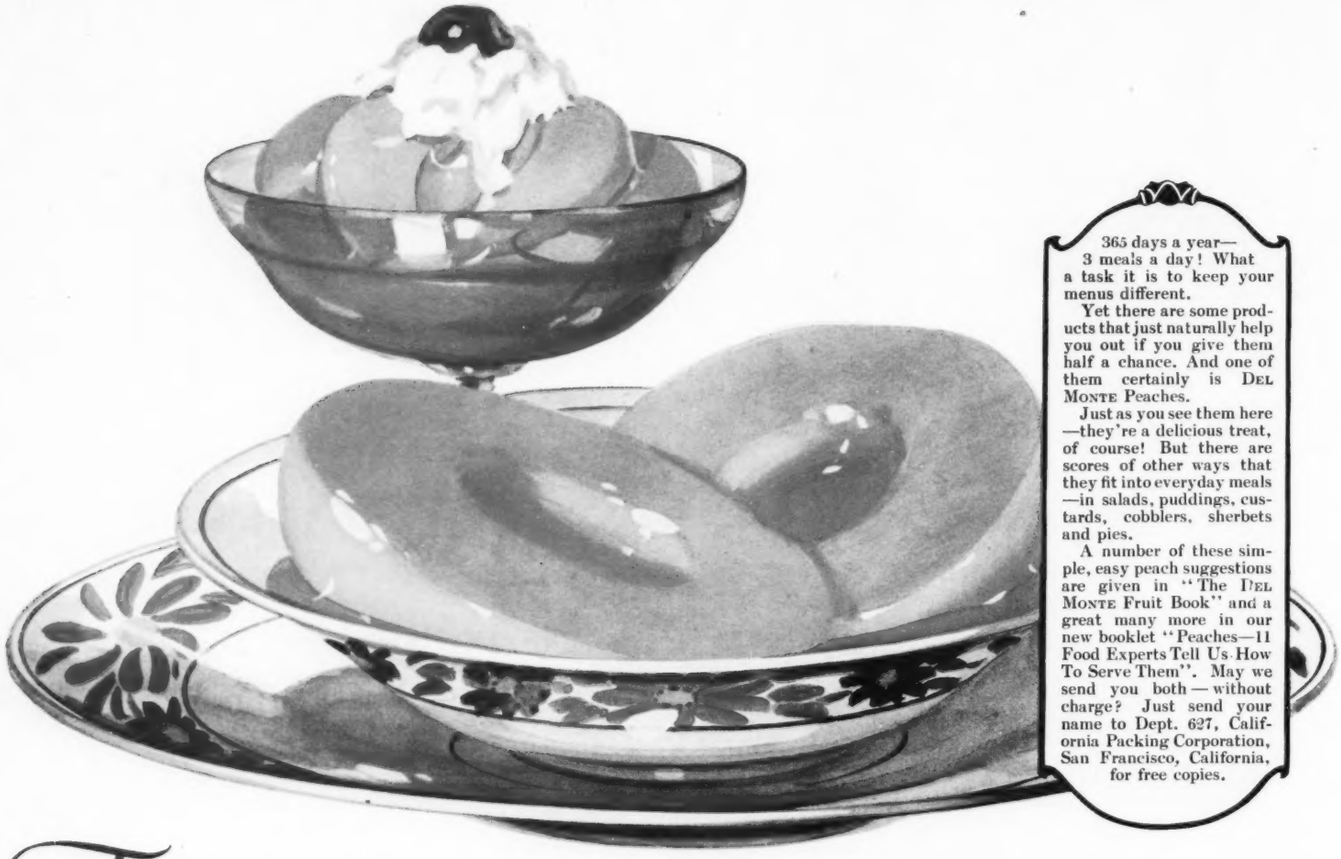
Name_____

Street _____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

In Canada, address the Jell-O Company of Canada, Ltd.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario



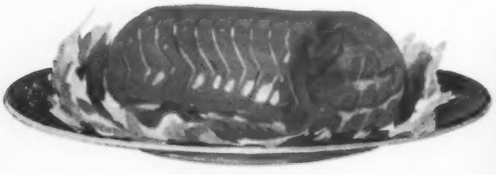
365 days a year—3 meals a day! What a task it is to keep your menus different.

Yet there are some products that just naturally help you out if you give them half a chance. And one of them certainly is DEL MONTE Peaches.

Just as you see them here—they're a delicious treat, of course! But there are scores of other ways that they fit into everyday meals—in salads, puddings, custards, cobblers, sherbets and pies.

A number of these simple, easy peach suggestions are given in "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" and a great many more in our new booklet "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How To Serve Them". May we send you both—without charge? Just send your name to Dept. 627, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California, for free copies.

To know one DEL MONTE *product is a sure guarantee of quality and flavor — to know them all, a quick, easy answer to the problems of everyday meals*

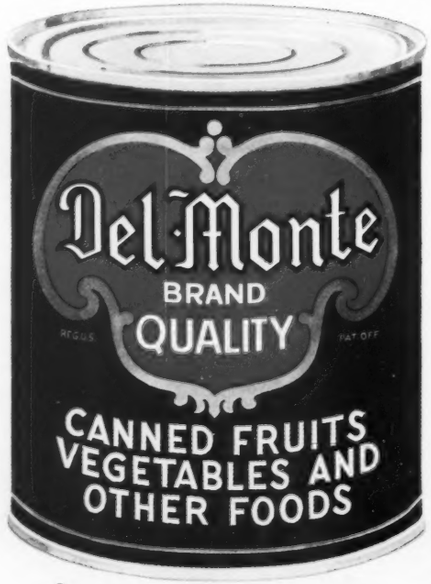


SALMON

Just as an illustration, let's start with a main course dish—something quick and easy for the next time you're a bit late in getting home. What could be better than this rich, red salmon? Or what more tasty—or more needed for a diet change? DEL MONTE brings you the best from Alaskan and Puget Sound waters—always that rich, red salmon you like so well!

APRICOTS

Or if it's a fruit you want, let's choose Apricots this time! Fully-ripened in the sun, they have a fresh, tart appeal distinctly their own. A wonderful salad—a delightful fruit dish with meat, eggs, cereals or other heavy foods. And next to picking them right from the branch, there's no treat finer than a big, juicy plate of them, just by themselves as they come from the DEL MONTE can.



Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

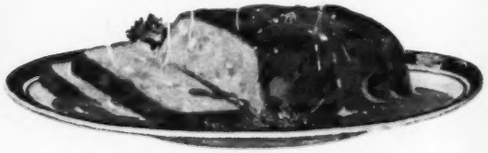
IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Del Monte FOOD PRODUCTS

MORE THAN A HUNDRED DELICIOUS VARIETIES

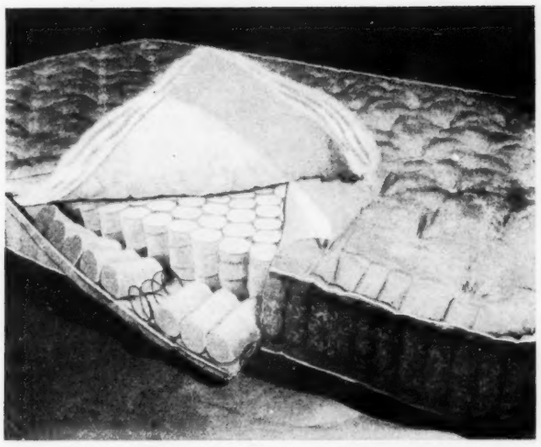
SPINACH

In vegetables, as well, DEL MONTE offers a variety and freedom of choice that every menu needs! Take Spinach, for instance. It ought to be in every normal diet—and often, too! Here's Spinach without the bother of washing, of picking over or cooking! Yet it's always delicious. And it brings to your table, in full abundance, the bulk, vitamins and tonic mineral salts for which we prize this leafy-green.



TOMATO SAUCE

Last of all, for that touch of flavor that only comes in cooking, where can you equal a sauce like this? Not a catsup, not a chili sauce, but a specially blended "creation" of red-ripe tomatoes and spices for kitchen use! Makes leftovers into new foods, adds zest to gravies, improves macaroni, stews, meats and fish. In handy small tins—just a cup to a can.



Hundreds of small resilient inner coils insure ready action and springiness in this mattress.

A COMFORTABLE BED

Choose good springs and mattresses

BY PHOEBE COLE

A GOOD bed is like a good person—some of its best qualities are hidden away down deep inside and never show to the casual observer. Only long association brings them out. And considering how long we expect to use a newly bought bed it is obvious that each bed in the house should be just as good as the family income will possibly allow. Plenty of hot water for the morning bath and shave, the best breakfast in the world, and the jolliest news in the morning paper can scarcely neutralize the bad effect of a night spent on a hard bed, a creaking set of springs, a lumpy mattress, or with an inadequate amount of bedding that has forced one to lie all night curled up in shivering coils.

Foundation Bedding

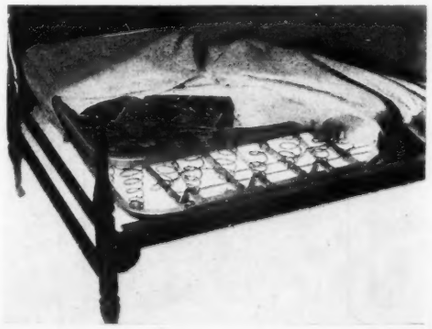
YOUNG housekeepers with a limited budget who are doing their first furnishing, would do well to shop first for springs, mattresses, pillows and such blankets and coverings as were not included in the hope chest, and then spend what is left on the beds themselves. Yet how often is the process reversed. A handsome bedroom suite is bought, a lovely rug, cosy chairs, smart draperies and bed covers, perhaps a *chaise-longue* and a pretty desk. By that time the bedroom fund is about used up, so cheap springs and a mattress are the final purchase.

Good foundation bedding, that is, springs, mattresses and pillows, are fairly expensive, yet if properly chosen they will last for many, many years.

In choosing your springs, comfort comes first; then durability and the ease of cleaning are considered. The humblest and cheapest member of the spring family is the link wire spring, which can be bought in any width for about $4. This might do very well for camp beds or children's beds but would not be a wise choice for a year-round bed spring for adults. Such springs are quite firm, are easy to keep clean and are liable to rust in damp climates. A rusty spring may badly stain a good mattress with spots, streaks or holes.

Usually the cable wire spring, which consists of slender metal ropes, or cables, strung lengthwise in a rigid frame is more comfortable and useful. These are priced about $10. They would undoubtedly tend to sag in the middle under a heavy person but would prove comfortable for others if a good mattress were used atop them. The same thing can be said of the familiar woven wire spring, which comes at about the same price; they are durable, though pretty firm under persons of ordinary weight; they are inexpensive; they are easy to keep clean; but they also will rust, as they are of unpainted metal. In damp climates a heavy sheet of unbleached muslin or other strong fabric can be stretched over the springs before the mattress is laid on, to prevent rust marks from appearing on the mattress.

Next up in the quality scale comes the coil spring; an awkward thing for a woman to struggle with at house-cleaning or moving time, but a thoroughly comfortable creation and, in the better grades, a durable article as well. The more you pay for coil springs, the better tempered will be the steel of the spirals, the more carefully will they be fastened together, and the longer will they retain their original, even surface; of course a coil that slips its moorings and humps up above its fellows is no comfort to the sleeper. If the children of the household are addicted to the playful habit of jumping up and down on their beds don't equip the beds with coil springs.



A type of the resilient open coil spring

A good firm woven wire spring is best for children. But grown-ups will find coiled springs very resilient and comfortable. Being painted, they should not rust. Cleaning them of dust and lint should be done frequently; it is not difficult if a slender paint brush and a dry dish mop kept for the purpose are used.

The real aristocrats of the spring family are the boxed springs, yet these de luxe comforts should be seriously considered even by those of modest income as they last so long and are bound to give such permanent satisfaction. Many women think the box spring is merely a covered up coil spring, but this is far from the truth. A well-made box spring is really a fine piece of upholstering. It contains metal spirals like the coil spring, but those are lashed together not with metal wire, but with stout cord, since no metal touches another piece of metal, there is not the slightest chance of a squeaking, creaking sound, even when the most confirmed insomniac is having his most restless night.

Boxed Springs

RESTLESS nights should be rare, however, on a well-built box spring, for the best ones are so comfortable that one might almost do without a mattress entirely. After the spirals have been hand tied into their wooden frame, dry box, a thick layer of best quality hair or cotton felt is put on before the fabric covering is put in place. The result is of course the very maximum in spring comfort and softness. With reasonable care and ordinary use such springs should and do last a generation. It is easy to care for them too, since merely brushing them with a whisk broom, or, better, going over them occasionally with the vacuum cleaner is all they need by way of cleaning. If a cotton-top spring has been selected, a sun bath should be given once a month if possible, since sunshine and air have a very rejuvenating effect on cotton, fluffing it up to its original resilience. One very fine type of boxed spring made to match an equally fine mattress has recently been made with new [*Turn to page 65*]

A *Triumph in* HOME COOKING

INNUMERABLE women now delight in their knowledge of the superb art of Chinese cookery. With the aid of La Choy food products and the famous La Choy booklet of tried and tested recipes, they make real Chow Mein, Chop Suey, and many other unusual and savory viands right in their own kitchens.

That you, too, may experience a real triumph, surprise your family tonight. For Chop Suey, simply combine La Choy Sauce and Sprouts (large size for four to eight people, smaller size for two) with domestic vegetables and fresh or leftover meats. Better still, serve the supreme Chinese dish, Chow Mein. It requires only the addition of La Choy Chow Mein Noodles. Such attractive and delicious foods are seldom prepared at so moderate a cost; and they are relished by everybody.

Sold by All Good Grocers

La Choy

Chinese Food Products

Imported Soy Sauce—Chow Mein Noodles—Sprouts—Bamboo Shoots—SubKum—WaterChestnuts—Brown Sauce—Kumquat

This La Choy assortment package contains a free book of Chinese Recipes and every needed ingredient for making real Chow Mein, Chop Suey, and many other dishes. At your grocers or sent you direct.

La Choy Food Products Inc., Detroit, Mich.
Please send me, as checked, the following:
☐ Free Book of Genuine Chinese Recipes.
☐ I enclose $1 ($1.25 west of the Rockies and in Canada) for the La Choy Assortment Package.

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CHAPPED HANDS *are social Outcasts*

THEY just *don't belong.* They express bad form more clearly than an ill-fitting frock. For hands *do* express you, whether they're in action or repose.

If they're red and rough, cracked and unsightly, they *hurt* in more ways than one . . . They hurt your self-esteem—hurt your rating in the eyes of others.

Frostilla is the skin's modiste. It *remodels* those wind-bitten, calloused hands, and in place of that chapped, corrugated surface, it leaves a satiny smoothness, lovely to touch and behold.

If your hands have not known the gentle guardianship of this soothing lotion, don't despair. It's not too late. Begin its use today. Pour a little of this delightfully scented balm into your cupped hands. Lightly massage it into the skin at the wrists, on the back of the hands, along the fingers.

Note how gratefully the skin responds—how swiftly the redness subsides and the parched, horny area becomes supple and white. Women who would be smart to their *very finger tips,* find Frostilla a friend indeed.

In attractive blue-labelled boudoir bottles, Frostilla is 50c and $1, at drug and department stores in the U. S. and Canada. *Or write for an attractive, useful sample sent FREE on request.* Department 538, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York City).

FROSTILLA *for* **exposed and irritated skin**

© 1928, The Frostilla Co.

Photo by BARRON CALLEN

Sunshine is the original "health lamp"—it makes bright eyes, ruddy cheeks and strong bodies

HEALTH LAMPS

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

Author of: Short Talks With Young Mothers, Etc.

HEALING with sunshine is not a modern method. That primitive man recognized and appreciated the value of sunlight is shown in his reactions to the beneficial effort upon him in calling forth his religious instincts. Nearly all the early religions comprised sun worshiping in some form. The demand for religious expression in the human from the stone age to the present time has always been so great that it may be looked upon almost as a physiological necessity. It is not at all surprising that the cave dweller selected an object for his adoration and worship which showed him the world in which he lived, an object that removed darkness, that warmed his body, that made the crops which fed him and his tribe grow and flourish.

The early Greek philosophers Plato, Lucretius, Aristotle were among the first to attempt a scientific analysis of light. Hipparchus a hundred years before Christ measured the distance of the moon and described the procession of the Equinox. Three hundred years later Ptolemy established a theory to explain the apparent motions of the sun, moon and planets.

No further progress was made in light radiation until the fifteenth century when Copernicus maintained that the earth rotated on an inclined axis and with other planets revolved around the sun. Kroland in 1648 demonstrated that the white light of the sun was composed of colored rays, and a Jesuit priest, Grimaldi, experimenting with prismatic colors, came to the correct conclusion that the colors of colored objects were in the light and not in colored objects.

Ancient Sun Cures

SIR ISAAC NEWTON in 1666 was the first to solve the secret of color in white light. He demonstrated that white light was composed of colored rays which were bent or reflected to different degrees in passing through the prism and thus were separated from each other. But it was not until early in the Nineteenth century after hundreds of years of study by the best minds of the respective periods, that the ultra-violet ray now used so generally as a therapeutic agent was discovered.

That the value of sunlight as a means of cure was practiced by the ancients is proved in its use by the ancient Greeks who named the treatment Heliosis. The Roman Solarium, a part of many dwelling houses and excavations near the temple of Aesculapius, revealed a long gallery with southern exposure adjoining a hospital ward. Herodotus in 431 B. C. made observations on sun treatments, its indications and contra-indications. Hippocrates exposed his patients to the sun. Celsus treated epilepsy and dropsy by means of sun baths. Avicenna, an Arab physician in 1000 A. D., taught that people who exposed themselves to the sun ray remained immune to illness.

Passing to modern times we find that Rosenbaum in 1835 advised sun treatments for rickets and scrofula and in 1855 Arnold Rickli founded an institution in Austria for "Sun and Air Cure." In 1899 Finsen demonstrated the value of the treatment of small-pox with red light and of lupus with the ultra-violet ray. In 1903 Rollier established a clinic for the treatment of external tuberculosis at Leysin in the Swiss Alps. This event marked the beginning of systematic scientific sun treatment in disease.

Modern Lamps

MORE recently Peter Cooper Hewitt of New York City discovered that the ultra-violet ray could be produced artificially by the mercury vapor arc and the quartz lamp now in general use was the outcome.

A vast amount of research work has been carried on by many investigators during recent years in the effects of ultra-violet radiation upon food products and on animal and man in health and disease. That ultra-violet radiation will cure rickets is established, that it produces pronounced beneficial effects in anemia and malnutrition there is no doubt. But, as with all remedial measures of proven value, much is claimed that has not been conclusively demonstrated.

In the treatment of human ailments the use of the ultra-violet ray is to be classified with electricity, the x-ray, hydro-therapy, gymnastics, massage and other external therapeutic measures. Like these methods of treatment it is essential to know that it must be used only under medical advisement.

It is quite essential that the woman in the home realize that the various lamps used for light treatment do not represent sun-light and that it is not even artificial sunlight. What the lamp supplies is one of the sun's rays, known as the ultra-violet and when artificially produced by the quartz lamp it is of greater intensity and more effective than sunlight. She must also realize that it possesses powers quite apart from sunlight which are but little understood and that much further research is necessary.

BABIES

If you have a small baby, these two booklets will be of great help to you: *The Friendly Baby,* covering the problem of the correct feeding and care of the infant and small child; *The Friendly Mother,* a little guide-book for the prenatal period, including complete layette instructions.

Send ten cents for each of these booklets.

McCALL'S SERVICE EDITOR
236 West 37th Street
New York City

"DISTINCTION in entertaining today depends less on lavish display, it seems to me, than on fastidious attention to small things. It is amazing to realize, for instance, how much the success of any social gathering depends upon good coffee. No woman can afford to offer her guests any other than the best. I find that the delicious blended flavor of Maxwell House Coffee is appreciated by men and women alike."

Janet Dodge Garfield

MRS. JOHN GARFIELD, even before her marriage to the grandson of the famous President, was an important figure in society both here and abroad. She was Miss Janet Dodge of Cleveland.

The stately Garfield homestead outside of Cleveland is full of reminders of a family closely identified with American public life; and the talk over the coffee cups today runs often on matters of importance to the nation. Rather a feature is made, in entertaining, of Sunday evening buffet suppers. At her own hospitable table Mrs. Garfield, herself, draws Maxwell House Coffee for her guests.

"Appreciated by men and women alike," says MRS. JOHN GARFIELD

MUCH TRAVEL and breadth of contact—much experience in entertaining—have led Mrs. John Garfield to favor a charming informality. But it is an informality based on the utmost care for the pleasure and well-being of her guests.

The selection of the coffee is a matter of particular importance, for, as Mrs. Garfield says, "It is amazing to realize how much the success of any social gathering depends upon good coffee."

It is a gracious custom in the Garfield home for Mrs. Garfield herself to pour the after-dinner coffee. "I find," she says, "that the delicious blended flavor of Maxwell House Coffee is appreciated by men and women alike."

Appreciation of the special blend of coffee flavors that is the glory of Maxwell House began years ago in the Old South, where men and women were bred in a tradition of good living.

A Southern gentleman, with a connoisseur's interest in flavor, determined to find the perfect *coffee* flavor. He tried and tested hundreds of coffees and decided that no single coffee—however choice—would do. So he combined and recombined them until he achieved a blend with so rich and mellow a flavor that it completely satisfied even his critical palate.

Beaux and belles who gathered at the high festivities in the famous old Maxwell House at Nashville heartily concurred in his judgment. And whoever since then has tasted this "different" flavor has wanted Maxwell House Coffee in his own home—to serve to his guests, to please himself.

Let your family enjoy Maxwell House Coffee at dinner and at breakfast and whenever friends join you in a cordial social hour. Your grocer has it, nicely sealed in tin to preserve its matchless flavor.

A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN years ago perfected this matchless blend—richer and mellower than any single coffee grown.

THURSDAY RADIO PROGRAM

Weekly radio program of delightful music by the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra is broadcast from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, KOA, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC. Tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Coffee Program.

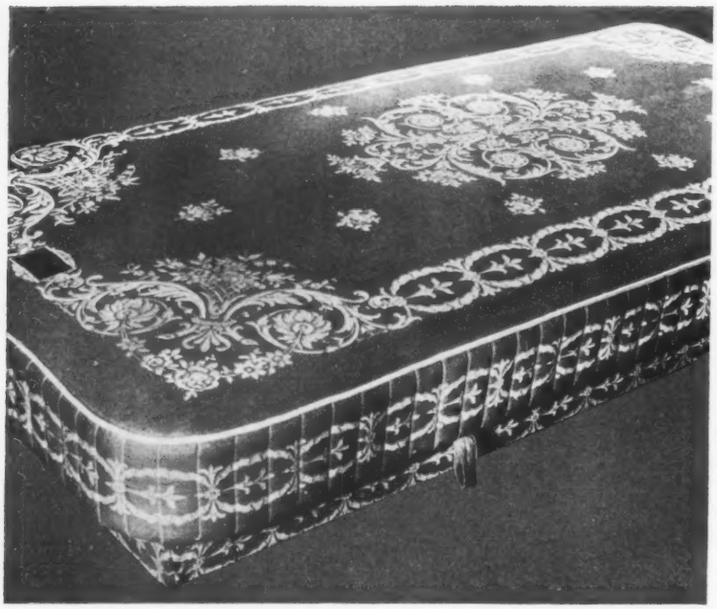
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Good to the last drop"

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

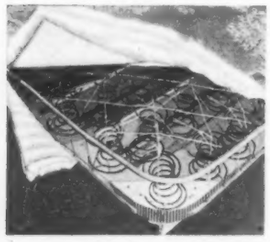
NOW—



THE ACE BOX SPRING—covered in stunning damask! The medallion pattern (as pictured) in Venetian blue, beige and sea-foam green. A delicate leaf design in rose, light blue, and lilac. With smart taped edges and stitched sides to match your Beautyrest, it completes the gorgeous ensemble!

in handsome Damask covers . . the Ace Box Spring

It matches the Beautyrest in every smart detail



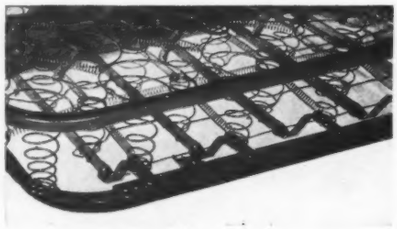
ITS MARVELOUS INNER CONSTRUCTION — the secret of its rare comfort! Frame of seasoned lumber, steel-braced. Best grade of finely tempered Premier wire coils, hand-tied with Italian flax twine. Over coils, a heavy canvas covering. Top and sides thickly upholstered with clean new cotton felt. Resilient and long wearing!

NOW Simmons announces their latest achievement, the Ace Box Spring, covered in the same beautiful damask that everyone is so enthusiastic about in the Beautyrest Mattress.

Like the Beautyrest it is supreme in every detail of construction and finish.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Ace Box Spring $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

(*Right*) ANOTHER TYPE OF SPRING — Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, light weight, unboxed—famous for sturdy construction, long wear and low price. The coils are close together to afford individual freedom of action and marvelous resiliency. A special banded border protects sheets from tearing. Slip covers may be had at slight additional cost.



SIMMONS

BEDS . SPRINGS MATTRESSES

PARTIES! —and More Parties

THE gay festivities of Christmas are over for another year, but February, the month of many parties is upon us—another excuse for entertaining our friends in our homes.

McCall's Home Service has two new party booklets ready for you. They contain the most popular of McCall's party plans, reprinted in smart little hand books to use for all party occasions, whether the parties are planned for the children or the grown-ups.

Parties for Children (ten good ones for boys and girls of all ages) sparkles in a gay orange cover. *Parties for Grown-ups* is just as smart in its amber paper cover. Each booklet sells for twenty cents. Send stamps for the booklets to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York.

McCall's Home Service Booklets and Leaflets

Birthday Parties for Tiny Tots. Ways to amuse the little ones on their birthdays (two cents).

Alice in Bookland Party. Lots of fun for boys and girls (two cents).

Parties for Young Girls. (Two cents).

Bridal Showers. Six different ways to shower the bride (two cents).

Parties for the Bride. Jolly announcement parties, more showers, a housewarming and a luncheon for the bridesmaids (two cents).

A St. Valentine's Day Party. New and unusual plans for celebrating this festive occasion (six cents).

A Stork Shower. (Four cents.)

Club Parties. Seven interesting ways to entertain your club (two cents).

Six Parties for Entertaining the Woman's Club. (Two cents).

The Etiquette of Afternoon Tea. Just what to serve and how to serve it at tea-time (two cents).

Unusual Entertaining. Bridge parties, dances and parties for other occasions (ten cents).

What to Serve at Parties. Covers the all important question, and includes special menu for a Valentine's Day Party (ten cents).

Money Making Affairs for Churches. A church supper and a carnival that are sure to make money (two cents).

Four Fairs That Make Money. Try this Overseas Sail in your church and make money (two cents).

Antiques. A charming play for church and club (ten cents).

Cookery

Time-Saving Cookery. Simple and delicious menus and recipes for emergency meals (ten cents).

Some Reasons Why in Cookery. The Why and How of cake-making, mayonnaise, ice creams, and a special chapter on successful candy making at home (ten cents).

Master Recipes. Seventeen master recipes from which you can make one hundred different foods (ten cents).

Menus for Two Weeks. Simple rules for diet and health (two cents).

Foundation Cake Recipes. How to bake cake successfully (two cents).

Recipes for Pies. (Two cents).

Interior Decoration

A Simple Course of Four Lessons. Tells you how to arrange your furniture, how to treat your floors, woodwork and walls, and how to plan your color scheme (twelve cents).

Decorating Your Home. Covers the problem of curtains and draperies, carpets and rugs and many other important questions (ten cents).

Beauty and Health

A Handbook of Beauty for Everywoman. (Ten cents).

The Friendly Mother. Advice for the mother-to-be and plans for a layette (ten cents).

The Friendly Baby. Correct care of the baby, feeding schedules, formulas, etc. (ten cents).

The Popular Hostess

Every woman who desires to acquire the art of hospitality can do so! But first of all she must learn the fundamental rules. She must be sure that her table is laid correctly, that her meals are well planned and well served. Our booklet *The New Hospitality* will give you the rules for the gracious hostess, it will tell you the correct way to set the table, how to plan the dinner and how to serve it without a maid. It will give you plans for entertaining at breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea and dinner (ten cents).

Send stamps for these booklets and leaflets to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

From Vienna

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BEAUTIFUL BEDS AND BEAUTYREST MATTRESSES ORDERED FROM AMERICA

BY THE

Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld

THE COUNTESS COLLOREDO MANNSFELD, FORMERLY NORA ISELIN—of the famous New York family, and now a member of two old and illustrious Austrian families. The Countess herself furnished her charming Viennese villa with Colloredo and Mannsfeld heirlooms—but sent to America for her superlatively comfortable Simmons Beds and Mattresses.

THE BEDROOM of the Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld furnished with precious family heirlooms in Austrian marquetry—a lovely setting for Twin Simmons Beds No. 1581 and damask covered Beautyrests in Venetian blue! The blue green beds whose graceful lines and exquisite coloring delight the Countess, are spread with hand-made filet over pink.

TWIN Simmons Beds and gorgeous damask covered Beautyrests have recently crossed the ocean to equip another home with superlative American comfort and beauty! For the Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld (née Nora Iselin of New York) has just ordered them sent abroad for her Viennese home.

Luxurious comfort, deep relaxing sleep,—and now new beauty in covers of handsome damask in two French patterns and six lovely colors!

As the Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld says, "I am especially pleased with the damask covering on the beautiful Simmons mattresses and box springs—it harmonizes so nicely with the decorative scheme of the room."

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beds $10.00 to $60.00, No. 1581 $32.75; Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

THE NEW BEAUTYREST MATTRESS—Venetian blue, sea-foam green, and beige in the medallion pattern, or lilac, rose and pale blue in the all-over design of delicate leaves to fit your favorite decorative scheme. And the Beautyrest is as unique in its inner construction as in its new beauty! Hundreds of small fine coils, each cloth encased to insure independence of action and marvelous resiliency. These coils are buried deep in this luxurious upholstery. Fluted sides, and finely taped edges add the smartest possible finish.

Already, 625,487 Beautyrests in American homes*

Every 54 seconds, one more Beautyrest in someone's home!

*These records are for the U. S. only

SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

Six weeks old...

and he gets

Bottled Sunshine

every day!

"YES, at 4 weeks, at 6 weeks your baby should be getting Bottled Sunshine every day." Why are baby specialists everywhere saying this to mothers?

It is because they know that only if one essential factor—Vitamin D—is plentifully supplied, can your baby have a well-shaped head, a fine full chest, straight legs and sound, uncrowded teeth.

Even though your baby is breast-fed, even though he looks strong and plump and rosy, he still requires special help in building his bones and teeth.

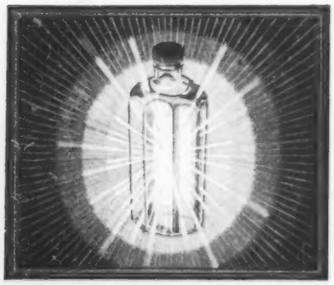
Nature offers two means to meet this essential need of Vitamin D. Sunshine and *good* cod-liver oil.

But it is hardly possible, under modern living conditions, for your baby to get enough sunshine on his bare body to protect him. Clouds, fog, smoke, and clothing shut out the rays that protect—the ultra-violet rays. Even ordinary window glass filters them out.

It is for this reason that physicians urge mothers to depend on *good* cod-liver oil—Bottled Sunshine.

In prescribing cod-liver oil, many physicians specify Squibb's.

They prefer Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil because they know they can depend on its effectiveness. Laboratory tests show it to be very rich in Vitamin D which is essential in building good bones and teeth, and in Vitamin A which promotes normal growth and increases resistance to certain infections.



'Bottled Sunshine! Your baby needs it especially during the winter months to make up for the lack of sunshine

Also helps protect the teeth of expectant mothers

Physicians are also advising expectant mothers to take Bottled Sunshine. It helps protect their teeth from the decay which is so frequent during pregnancy.

For these mothers and all adults and older children, Squibb has developed an appealing new flavor—a cool, fresh mint flavor! Even those with the most sensitive tastes find it easy to take Squibb's Mint-Flavored Cod-Liver Oil.

You can get it at all good drug stores now and also Squibb's plain Cod-Liver Oil. Be sure to ask for Squibb's.

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession Since 1858

FREE! *Helpful booklet for mothers*

E. R. Squibb & Sons
Dept. V, 80 Beekman St., New York City
Please send me a copy of your booklet—*free*, "*Why every baby needs Bottled Sunshine*"

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

E. R. S. & S. 1929

MUSIC GAMES FOR CHILDREN

[*Continued from page 46*]

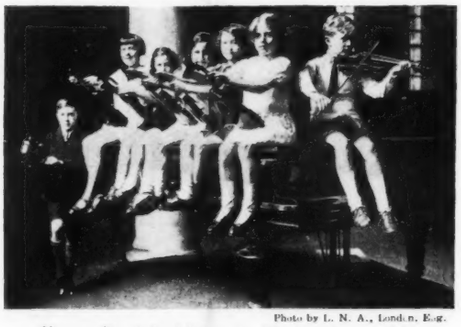


Photo by L. N. A., London, Eng.

Young English children in National competition

in the field of folk-dances are embodied in three excellent volumes published by G. Schirmer, Inc., New York. These are called: *Folk-Dances and Singing Games,* ($1.50); *Dances of the People,* ($2.00); and *Folk-Dances from Old Homelands,* ($1.50). Practically all nations are included. The books give the music for the dances, directions for performance, and numerous illustrations.

Singing games and physical education may be correlated to advantage, and A. S. Barnes & Company of New York City have specialized in publications for this purpose. Although the majority of these games are intended for school use, many of them may be played at home. Among them are two brief handbooks of *Rhythms for Children* by Mary S. Shafer, with music for muscular activity for growing children which will also give them self-expression through rhythm (50 cents each). Similar works from the same publisher are *Dramatized Rhythm Plays* by John H. Richards, ($2.40); *Clog and Character Dances,* by Helen Frost, ($2.60); and *Dramatic Games and Dances for Little Children* by Caroline Crawford, ($2.40).

Among the modern play song collections are the *Jumble Book Series* by Louise Van Wagenen. (Willis Music Co., Cincinnati: $1.00 each volume). *Book 1,* with its songs for young children, provides for the harmonization of simple melodies by the youngsters themselves; for the setting of little couplets to tunes of their own making; and for the composition of both verses and music. The songs in the book may also be used in sequence as a pageant, with costumes simple or elaborate as desired. The music is both charming and simple, and provides opportunity for little interpretative dances after the singing of the songs. Such a pageant is well adapted to use at children's parties.

Singing Games

AN English writer, Eleanor Farjeon, has provided an attractive series of singing games for children, published separately, which are not difficult of execution. In these the singing of the simple, melodious songs with their repetitions is presented in the form, of dialogue and action, and the children may act the parts of the various characters. The Old-English atmosphere is present in each of the songs. In *The Spring-Green Lady,* the characters are The Wandering Singer, The Emperor's Daughter, and Six Ladies (or as many as you please.) *Wayland, Wayland, Shoe Me My Hare!* is sung by Wayland, An Old Man, Rustics, Knights and Ladies. *The Wonder Star* is a Christmas Game, and *The Gentle Squire* the tale of a Knight Errant. (Oxford University Press, London and New York: 25 cents each.)

In collaboration with Harry Farjeon the same author has also contributed two delightful sets of rounds for from two to six voices. These are called *A Chap Book of Rounds,* Part 1 and 2. The rounds consist of simple little phrases which will provide children with much more varied material than the traditional *Three Blind Mice,* and will start them pleasantly on the road to part-singing.

All children enjoy acting, and charades at a party have always been a delight. Giving grand opera with the phonograph has proved great fun, and it allows the children to use the talking machine creatively. The children in appropriate costumes, may act the rôles through pantomine and tableaux, while the world's great artists do the singing on a record. Choruses and incidental dances by the children may also be introduced. The *National Bureau for the Advancement of Music,* 45 West 45th Street, New York City, offers free of charge a pamphlet entitled *Giving Opera with the Phonograph,* which contains detailed suggestions for staging such a production. Three favorite operas are outlined: *Martha, Carmen,* and *Aida.* For each opera the booklet contains a complete list of available records in the order in which they should be played.

Homemade Instruments

SATIS N. COLEMAN of the Lincoln School, Teachers' College, New York City, for many years has been conducting experiments in music for children, and has developed a system by which they make their own instruments and thus experience the thrill both of creating an actual instrument and of making music on it. In her book, *Creative Music for Children,* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London: $3.50), she explains her theories and their application, while in a later volume, *Creative Music in the Home,* (Lewis E. Myers & Co., Valparaiso, Ind. $5.00), she tells how this work may be carried on at home. The text and the many illustrations show how the instruments may be made, what materials should be used and where they may be procured.

Note: The writer of this article will answer questions on home music problems. Inquiries regarding suitable songs, instruction material, music games, phonograph records, or the musical education of children will be answered as fully as possible. Obviously recommendation of teachers cannot be made. Address questions to Music Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

HOLLYWOOD'S *LOVELY CLOTHES*

"The original loveliness of our beautiful fashion wardrobes is actually *Re-Newed* again and again—and they last twice as long—with Lux,"

say all the great Motion Picture Studios

HOW can you actually *know* the best way to keep lovely sheer things gloriously new—make them last much, much longer?

Now this very problem of yours has been solved! By actual tests on the fascinating million-dollar wardrobes of Hollywood.

Movie clothes *must* look new—yet they must stand the long, hard wear of "shooting" a super-film.

Testing impartially many different cleansing methods—different soaps—the movies have found that:

"Lux actually *Re-News* the original beauty of fabrics in a way that no other washing method does—keeps them like new *more than twice as long!*"

Now in the very same way that every movie studio in Hollywood does, you, too, can *Re-New* again and again the loveliness of nice things—*keep them like new so much longer* with Lux!

BEAUTIFUL FAY WRAY,

Paramount player, wears this ethereal chiffon and lace ensemble, typical of dainty clothes shown in her pictures. "Lux is a perfect miracle," she says—"the marvelous way it Re-News the beauty of even the most delicate garments."

Like the movies, women everywhere—8 out of 10 in representative homes in cities from coast to coast, investigations show—use Lux! They find Lux *Re-News!*

For the delicate Lux diamonds, made of the purest materials known, by a special costly process, have no harmful alkali, as many soaps have—whether flakes, chips, or cakes—and with the instant Lux suds there's no rubbing!

The Greatest Groups of Experts ever consulted find:

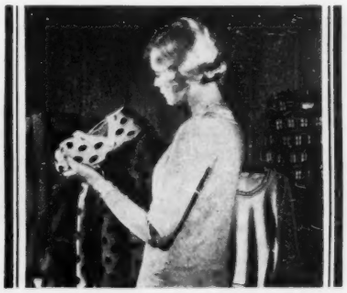
"The original beauty of fabrics can be constantly Re-Newed *by cleansing with Lux."*

Famous Dressmakers

insist on Lux for lingerie and stockings worn by mannequins in "modeling" their creations—such as Hattie Carnegie's very smart silk jacket suit (above).

Musical Shows

use Lux to *double* the life of sheer stockings worn by stars and choruses. (Above) Charming dancer from New York's great success, the romantic "Three Musketeers."



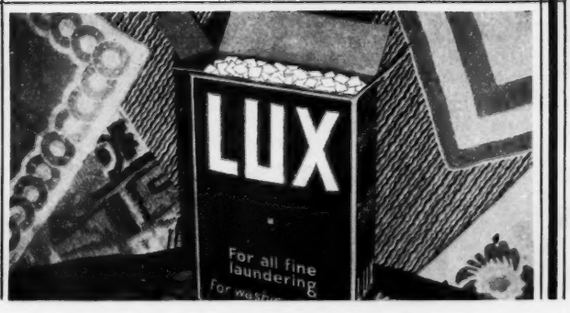
Department Buyers—

such as this clever buyer for Best and Co., Fifth Ave.—in 112 leading stores (92% of those interviewed) insist upon Lux for their *own* things!

The Million-Dollar Wardrobe Test proves Lux most economical!

Adrian, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer costume director, designed this thrilling costume of gorgeous satins and chiffons for Aileen Pringle.

Speaking of tests on Metro's million-dollar wardrobe, he says—"garments come out of Lux cleansing looking beautiful as new . . . and the materials, fragile or sturdy, wear so much longer! . . . *We can't afford* to risk using anything but Lux."



The World's Greatest Catalogue tells you how much to pay for fine merchandise

This book contains almost 40,000 articles of merchandise and assures you of the lowest possible prices. Let it be your guide in judging price and quality. Please accept it free

WITHIN millions of American homes today, there is a greater consciousness of beauty than ever before; a new demand for finer foods; for more luxurious homes; lovelier, more appropriate clothes. What economists call "a higher standard of living" is changing the lives of millions.

One factor which has helped to bring about the change is a method of buying—a method first introduced by Montgomery Ward & Co. 57 years ago and now used by some ten million American families. Keeping a pace ahead of the ever-increasing demand for finer things, this great institution has managed to carry beauty into the most out-of-the-way places. Today, it supplies millions with lovely things they otherwise could not afford.

The results of a new buying system

Look at our nation today! Look at the once barren stretches. You will see comfort, dignity, even luxury where yesterday the ruts of the pioneer's covered wagon were still visible. You will find gay chintzes at the windows, soft rugs on the floors, bright lamps on the tables, delicate china and fine linen gracing the dinner table. Clothes—even in the most obscure village and farm—will have a Parisian air about them. Yet do you think Parisian prices were paid? Indeed not.

Everything which makes for beauty in the home may be had at Ward's—for less money.

The many conveniences which add leisure and comfort to women's lives are here—at prices you can afford to pay.

The adventure of Montgomery Ward

In 1872, a wise, far-seeing merchant—Montgomery Ward—decided to try, by a different sales method, to reduce the high cost of selling goods.

"I shall sell direct to the people," he said, "saving them the many in-between profits which make the ultimate purchase so expensive." And he then sent out the first mail-order catalogue, a small paper circular! Today his vision emblazons a trail stretching from one end of America to the other. Why?

A new idea of service

Because the business house he organized has always, through 57 years, provided absolutely dependable merchandise at very substantial savings. Because every word of description in the great Montgomery Ward catalogues is true. Because every purchase is guaranteed to satisfy or all money is refunded, including postage costs. Because—now, despite a $250,000,000 annual business—orders are filled the very same day they are received.

Lovely things in the modern manner

Fashion—at Ward's—means good taste and superior quality as well as correct mode, and prices are pleasingly low.

The ten million women who have learned about this modern, convenient, reliable way to shop know, also, that—with its vast, highly skilled organization of buyers—Ward's is quick to introduce the smartest, the latest, the loveliest things. They know that a Ward hat is modeled from an actual Paris original; that a chair or lamp or curtain fabric seen in Ward's catalogue represents a New York decorator's exquisite taste, though its cost is modest.

The catalogue of wide economy

Ask your neighbor about Ward's, you who are not yet Ward customers. She will tell you of the $500 living-room set bought at Ward's for less than $300 . . . of the $55 coat her husband bought for less than $30. She will assure you that she saves over 30% by shopping this convenient, modern, quick, reliable way.

You—who do not yet know Ward's—are invited to learn about this new way of buying. You are invited to send for a free copy of

A World-Wide Institution

Mail Order and Retail Department Stores at Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Baltimore, Denver, Fort Worth, Portland, Ore., and Oakland. Other department stores in more than 250 cities of the United States. European buying offices and sales representatives in Hawaiian islands, Porto Rico and South America.

MONTGOMERY

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
Spring and Summer 1929
"Think first of Ward's — whenever you think of buying"
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
Spring and Summer 1929
Catalogue Number 110

the catalogue, to place one trial order—no matter how small. Superior quality, lower price, convenient method all contribute to the romantic rise of this great business . . . and contribute, as well, to the dignity and beauty of the American home. Won't you send today for the **new Spring and Summer Catalogue** and assure yourself of these facts?

Radio Broadcast

LISTEN TO
Montgomery Ward & Co.'s
Farm and Home Hour
NEWS · HOME HINTS
FEATURES · MUSIC

Every day except Saturday and Sunday, over stations

KDKA	KVOO
KYW-*KFKX*	WSM
WCCO	WDAF
WLW	WHO
WSB	WOAI
KOA	WOC
KWK	WOW
WMC	WFAA

At 12 noon Central Standard Time
At 1 p. m. Eastern Standard Time

THINK FIRST of Ward's

(*Mail this coupon to our house nearest you.*) Please mail my free copy of Montgomery Ward's new Spring and Summer Catalogue.

TO MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., DEPT. 1001
Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Baltimore
Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Denver Fort Worth

Name.....
Fill in Name and Address
Post Office.....
State.....
Street & No......
Rural Route No......
Box No......

WARD & CO

Aladdin Studio Tiffin Room
363 Sutter Street
San Francisco, Cal.

Favored in Tea Rooms of wide-spread Fame

On the western coast—on the eastern coast—from north to south the country over, famous tea-rooms are serving delicious Best Foods Products to their guests. For Best Foods Products, too, are far famed—far famed for their quality. ¶ That is because the policy behind their making is *"a few food specialties—and those few fine."* ¶ Among these fine food specialties, served on the tables of the finest tea-rooms and the finest homes, are delicious Best Foods (Fanning's) Bread and Butter Pickles, crisp and crunchy, with that one and only home-made flavor. Best Foods Bread and Butter Pickles are made the old-fashioned way from fresh cucumbers—sliced fresh, spiced fresh. ¶ The Best Foods, Inc., have worked out ideals of service to make it possible for the Best Foods delicacies to reach the tables of the finest tea-rooms and the finest homes fresh and in perfect condition, just as they were when they left the sunlit kitchens. The Best Foods, Inc., New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Jacksonville, Norfolk.

* * *

"One of our most popular afternoon tea specialties is Tuna Salad Sandwiches. We prepare by mixing minced Tuna Fish with chopped Bread and Butter Pickles, minced hard cooked eggs and Best Foods Relish Spred, spread on bread sliced thin and cut in small triangles, garnished with Bread and Butter Pickles.

"We also use Best Foods Mayonnaise exclusively in all our salads and want to compliment you on the uniformity and goodness of these products."

Hattie and Minnie Mooser
Aladdin Studio Tiffin Room, San Francisco, Calif.

Best Foods

Best Foods
THE BEST FOODS INC.
U.S.A.
Products

The Mark of the Finest the Market Affords

You will surely be interested in the favorite recipes of some of the famous tea-rooms. We have collected them for you and combined them in a booklet with a guide to many of the country's most interesting tea-rooms. We will gladly send you a copy—just fill out and mail the coupon.

THE
BEST FOODS
INC.
297 Fourth Ave.
Dept. M-2-29
New York City

A book of famous tea-room recipes sounds interesting. Send me a copy, please.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

A COMFORTABLE BED

[*Continued from page 55*]

decorative coverings of cotton damask. The patterns are like those in damask table linen and are developed in several colors.

While quality springs and mattresses of this type are highly individual in design—colors and patterns to suit almost any bedroom scheme—yet they are made by nationally known companies in such quantity production that prices can be within the reach of the simple home budget. As in buying any other home commodity, the mark or tag of a famous maker on a spring or mattress guarantees to the woman purchaser that it is produced under unquestionable sanitary conditions as well as being of guaranteed construction and wearing quality.

Mattress Quality

THERE is an even wider choice in mattresses than in springs, as the makers vie with each other in producing new and better versions of the "downy couch." Some of them are very downy indeed, and here again it pays in lasting satisfaction to buy good ones.

While various materials are used for filling mattresses, ranging from excelsior in the very cheap ones (and it really isn't very bad, with a thick layer of cotton above and below its wooden hardness) to kapok, (which is deliciously soft but not durable) the chief fillings are hair and cotton. Of course there are many qualities of each, and there are also mattresses of alternate layers of cotton felt and hair, so that in one mattress one secures the excellence of both materials.

Hair of best quality costs about double the best quality of cotton felt. But it lasts longer, and can be remade more successfully; indeed, cotton mattresses are rarely made over at all, whereas ordinary hair mattresses need to be made over every five or six years, because the hair packs down and the mattress grows hard and uncomfortable. To offset this tendency, to pack down and grow adamant, the inner-spring has been introduced, and a delightful innovation it is.

The inner-spring mattress costs no more than the very best quality of all cotton mattresses (less than $50) and considerably less than the best quality all hair, yet it seems to many the last word in comfort and lasting good looks. Surely a mattress that is guaranteed to keep both now and forever that trim, square, tailored looking edge is something that every housekeeper will appreciate.

In one make the edge is separate, on the side of this edge the coils of the inner spring construction are securely threaded and fastened.

Besides the inner construction and filling material of mattresses it is well for the housekeeper to remember certain other points when selecting new bed equipment. Ticking, while perhaps not the prettiest covering, is one of the most practical, for in the past many of the colored prints faded, and the colors ran if the mattresses got wet. But a point in favor of the new cotton damask mattresses is their fast colors as well as colors in harmony with modern ideas of bedroom decoration. Straps for handling and turning are usually found on the better grade mattresses.

Sanitary bedding laws have been placed on the statutes of about half the states; these laws require that every pillow and mattress shall have attached to it a label telling the name and address of the maker and a true statement of the material it contains. Be sure to look for the label when you buy, unless you are getting nationally advertised equipment which you *know* is the best.

Small retail dealers sometimes buy of manufacturers who are not above the dishonest practise of using shoddy and second-hand fillings: these *may* have been properly sterilized, but again, they may not, and it is not pleasant to think that the mattress upon which we spend eight hours a night may contain second-hand filler possibly reeking with disease germs.

Fresh Air and Sunbaths

MOST mattresses need more fresh air than they get, after they are placed in use in the home. A neat housekeeper usually likes to get the bedrooms tidied and dusted the first thing after breakfast, and so as soon as the sheets are aired the beds are made. When possible, each cotton mattress should have a long sunbath or two every week. But never, *never* allow your mattresses to be taken to the back yard and hung over the clothes line! That breaks the batt, and will result in a slump in the middle, and a slump is as distressing as a hump.

Don't, if you buy one of those nice tuftless cotton mattresses (and they are very excellent, indeed) get discouraged if it continues to mound up instead of lying flat, for the first month. It takes just about that long to make an impression on the fluffy batt (which is five feet high before it is compressed into a mattress). After that you have a de luxe bed that is incredibly durable.

HOME MONEY-MAKING

If you want to know a dignified and comfortable way to make a substantial income at home, send for our new booklet *Home Money Making With Boarders* (six cents). This booklet tells you how to make money by that successful modern method—a specialized boarding house. You may specialize in elderly people, in business girls, in business men, in small children or in "summer people." But the main thing is to specialize! Send stamps for this practical and helpful booklet to

McCALL'S SERVICE EDITOR
236 West 37th Street
NEW YORK CITY

Praise is the Sweetest Music to a woman's ears . . . and these Dishes surely bring it!

Perfection Salad

WHAT a satisfaction there is in preparing a meal if you know that it is going to be complimented. Yet it is often taxing on your imagination and resources to vary menus or dishes in order to win this praise.

With Knox Sparkling Gelatine you can prepare delicious, unusual dishes simply, quickly and economically. And every one of these Knox creations is the kind that brings forth those welcome words, "This is simply delicious."

Try the dessert and salad featured here. Notice how inexpensive the ingredients are. See how simple each recipe is. And you can prepare these dishes long before you start your meal and put them in your refrigerator.

In Mrs. Knox's recipe books are over a hundred other recipes. Many are especially appropriate for children. For Knox Sparkling Gelatine is famous for promoting strength and growth. It is a pure protein, hence a perfect food.

Using Knox Sparkling Gelatine is real economy, for each package makes four different salads or desserts of six generous servings each. Recipes are in every package. Your grocer has Knox Gelatine. Mrs. Knox's recipe books will be sent you *free*. When writing please give the name of your grocer. Address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

LEMON JELLY—A FOUNDATION RECIPE

(*6 servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	1 cup boiling water
½ cup cold water	⅓ cup sugar
	¼ cup lemon juice
	Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and salt, and stir until dissolved; then add lemon juice Pour into wet mold and chill. Use any fancy mold or any plain cooking bowl in your kitchen; or this may be molded by using individual molds or small cups.

This recipe is the foundation for nearly all desserts and salads made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. The jelly may be served plain as a dessert with a custard sauce, whipped cream, fruit or fruit juices. Or, the jelly may be used as a plain salad on lettuce leaves with a salad dressing, or fruit or vegetables may be added—any leftover fruit or vegetables may be utilized in this way.

Other jellies are made in the same way, except the fruit juice is substituted for the hot water in the recipe and one tablespoonful lemon juice is added instead of the one-fourth cup in the recipe. The amount of sugar used when desserts or salads are made with fresh or canned fruits varies according to the acidity of the fruit—with canned fruits using less sugar than with fresh fruit.

ORANGE JELLY is made the same as Lemon Jelly except that one cup orange juice is substituted for the boiling water.

* * *

PERFECTION SALAD

(*6 servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	½ teaspoonful salt
¼ cup cold water	½ cup cabbage, finely shredded
¼ cup mild vinegar	1 cup celery, cut in small pieces
1 tablespoonful lemon juice	1 pimento, cut in small pieces, or 2 tablespoonsful sweet red or green pepper
1 cup boiling water	
¼ cup sugar	

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt. When mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into wet mold, and chill. Remove to bed of lettuce or endive. Garnish with mayonnaise or boiled dressing made with gelatine, or cut in cubes, and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or turn into molds lined with canned pimentos. (A delicious accompaniment to cold, sliced chicken or veal.)

* * *

Your grocer has canned fruits, vegetables and fish that can be wonderfully combined with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

236 leading beauty shops answer:

"With all our experience, we are unable to distinguish between the hands of a woman who never washes dishes and those of a housewife who *uses Lux in the dishpan.*"

JUST IMAGINE—here is beauty care right in your dishpan—the wisest, most inexpensive beauty care known!

Soft, White Hands

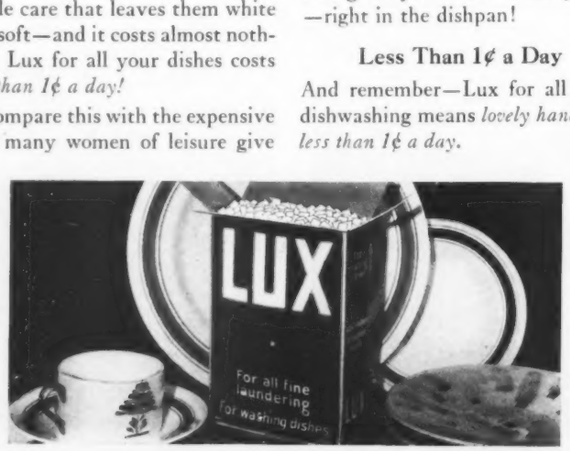
Every time you wash dishes in Lux your hands receive the soothing, gentle care that leaves them white and soft—and it costs almost nothing! Lux for all your dishes costs *less than 1¢ a day!*

Compare this with the expensive care many women of leisure give their hands. Have hands just as lovely—at almost no cost!

The secret is this: the gentle Lux suds (instantly sparkling, even in hard water) *protect* the delicate oils of the skin—while so many soaps dry these beauty oils. That is why Lux gives your hands beauty care—right in the dishpan!

Less Than 1¢ a Day

And remember—Lux for all your dishwashing means *lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day.*



AT THE PARROT

[*Continued from page 40*]

of grated cheese, then another layer of *Lasagne* in its sauce and some more cheese. On the top butter is dotted about. The dish is then placed in a moderate oven and when the cheese is well melted and slightly brown it is ready for serving."

FILLETS OF TURKEY A LA HOLLANDAISE:—Take as many breasts of turkey as there are persons to be served. Take the nerve out of each fillet with a knife and then with a bread knife dipped in water carefully smooth them out until they are fairly even in thickness. Dip each one in flour and in egg and fry in butter.

While these fillets are frying in The Parrot kitchen watched over by Sor Giovanni's assistant, the Boss makes the sauce and his wife prepares the mashed potatoes, on which the fillets are to be served. She adds to some mealy potatoes which have been carefully mashed, a little cream, salt and pepper and melted butter.

Over the gas flame at one side of the kitchen, the Boss places a deep saucepan, putting in three tablespoons of butter. When this is melted he adds a teaspoon of flour and with a wire whisk beats the mixture, at the same time pouring in a cup of broth. When this comes to the boiling point he adds onion juice drop by drop, about six drops in all.

When the fillets have been fried, but not allowed to get brown, the assistant chef beats up two eggs and hands them to Sor Giovanni who tosses them into the sauce, adding bits of butter until about three ounces have been used. Another thorough, but not hurried beating, and then a little whipped cream is slipped in as the sauce is taken from the fire and a little salt and pepper added. Then some truffles are sliced and the fried fillets are placed on the mashed potatoes and the sauce poured over them.

TORTA BEIN PLEIN:—The third delicacy, which Italians demand when they visit The Parrot is the tart made of Italian pastry filled with cream.

The pastry for a good sized tart is made with two pounds of white flour, half that amount of equal quantities of butter and lard, five eggs, the grated rinds of two lemons (only the yellow part, and none of the pulp), a good pinch of cinnamon and a small pinch of salt. Sift the flour and mix it carefully with the butter and lard, then add the eggs gradually, adding more flour if needed to make a smooth dough. The pastry while being made must not be handled more than necessary. When the mixing is done place the ball of dough on the ice for a few minutes.

For the cream filling put three yolks into a china bowl, two tablespoons of flour, two of sugar, a teaspoon of cornstarch, a tablespoon of potato flour, a pinch of salt and another of cinnamon and a large cup of milk. Add in the order mentioned and mix thoroughly. Put into a saucepan, add a piece of butter the size of an egg and cook over a slow fire, beating the mixture with a wire whisk, while it is cooking. Take care that it does not stick to the bottom of the pan. Beat continuously until the cream is thick and smooth.

Divide the dough into two, roll out on a floured board. Grease a square enamel baking pan, line it with half the pastry dough. Fill with the cream, cover with the other layer of rolled out dough. Brush the edges with milk or egg, pinch together. Brush the top of the tart with milk or egg, using a pastry brush. Put into a moderate oven for about half an hour until the crust is light brown.

IN MINIATURE

[*Continued from page 8*]

bucking calves, roping steers or playing polo. Indeed I worried considerably when they were younger and their Dad began their education in horsemanship and roping. It seemed to me he started them when they were almost too young. Of course, I am not as much at home on a horse as the children."

WILL JR., sixteen, is a student at Beverly Hills high school. Mary, fifteen, attends Marlborough school as a day pupil; and Jimmy, twelve, goes to Beverly Hills public school. Mrs. Rogers has not attempted to plan their futures.

"If they grow up to be clean-minded and good, that is all I ask," she says. "And it is a lot to expect in this day and age. It takes constant care and companionship, constant interest in their problems if children are to come out of adolescence into good men and women. Our children are exactly like other average youngsters. Sometimes they talk of going on the stage. It is more the urge experienced by most young people today than a desire to follow their father's profession, I believe, for my children are not conscious of his success—we never discuss it at home. They will choose their own careers, but they must be educated first and I believe in a college education for girls as well as boys."

One cannot fail to be impressed with Mrs. Rogers' personality. She is both interested and interesting. Her eyes sparkle at any semblance of humor and as instantly radiate love and kindness at any mention of her family. Clearly her whole life is one of devotion to them. She has few other interests. A member of the Woman's Club in Beverly Hills, she assists in its charity work, but seldom attends its meetings. And she helped to found the first church in Beverly Hills.

Creating ideals in her children, instilling in them a sense of fairness and being a companion to each member of the family is a task in itself.

"Under existing conditions," says Mrs. Rogers, "we live as normal a life as possible. Our home is in California, but we keep together even with the effort and inconveniences of travel."

When Mr. Rogers has to be in the East, as he has had to be this winter, Mrs. Rogers brings the family to him. When I last saw her it was at the Astor Hotel in New York City where she was stopping at the time Will Rogers opened with Dorothy Stone in *Three Cheers*. Mrs. Rogers does not leave her children unless they can be in the excellent care of her sister. Each night of her absence from them a long telegram goes back to Beverly and each morning brings her a reply.

Some day she hopes they may all be permitted quiet lives together; that they may attend places without being pointed out as the Will Rogers' family. Much as she may look forward to that time, she will carry on until it comes, making life pleasant and happy under present conditions and being what she terms "just an average wife and mother."

Will Rogers has done many clever things in his life, things he has reason to be proud of, but paramount among them was that day, twenty years ago, when he persuaded attractive Betty Blake to become Mrs. Will Rogers.

A Jar that should be Jade and wrapped in Golden Covers

THERE are more comely bottles than this—more beautiful jars—jars flashing with color and wrapped in ribbons and gold!

But there is no jar—however beautiful, however costly, which holds a greater beauty secret than this simple little jar of Sal Hepatica.

Its cost is trifling and its dress is plain. Yet Sal Hepatica keeps pure the skin of all women who use it, for it keeps them free from constipation—internally clean by the saline method. Blemishes go. Dullness vanishes.

The richest woman in the world can find no surer aid to beauty

The saline treatment has long been famous for the good it does and the beauty it brings. For salines are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!

European women know it well and the famous spas—Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden—are thronged with fashionable women who make regular pilgrimages to these natural "fountains of youth." Drinking the saline waters, their complexions are restored to fineness, they find themselves fresher—better equipped to meet the demands of their busy lives.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

Get a bottle today. Whenever constipation threatens your complexion with blemishes and "broken out" spots, take Sal Hepatica. Send coupon for free booklet describing in detail how Sal Hepatica helps keep your skin fresh and free from blemishes and how it helps relieve many common ills so prevalent today.

★ ★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F29, 71 West St., New York, N.Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of internal congestion.

Name _____

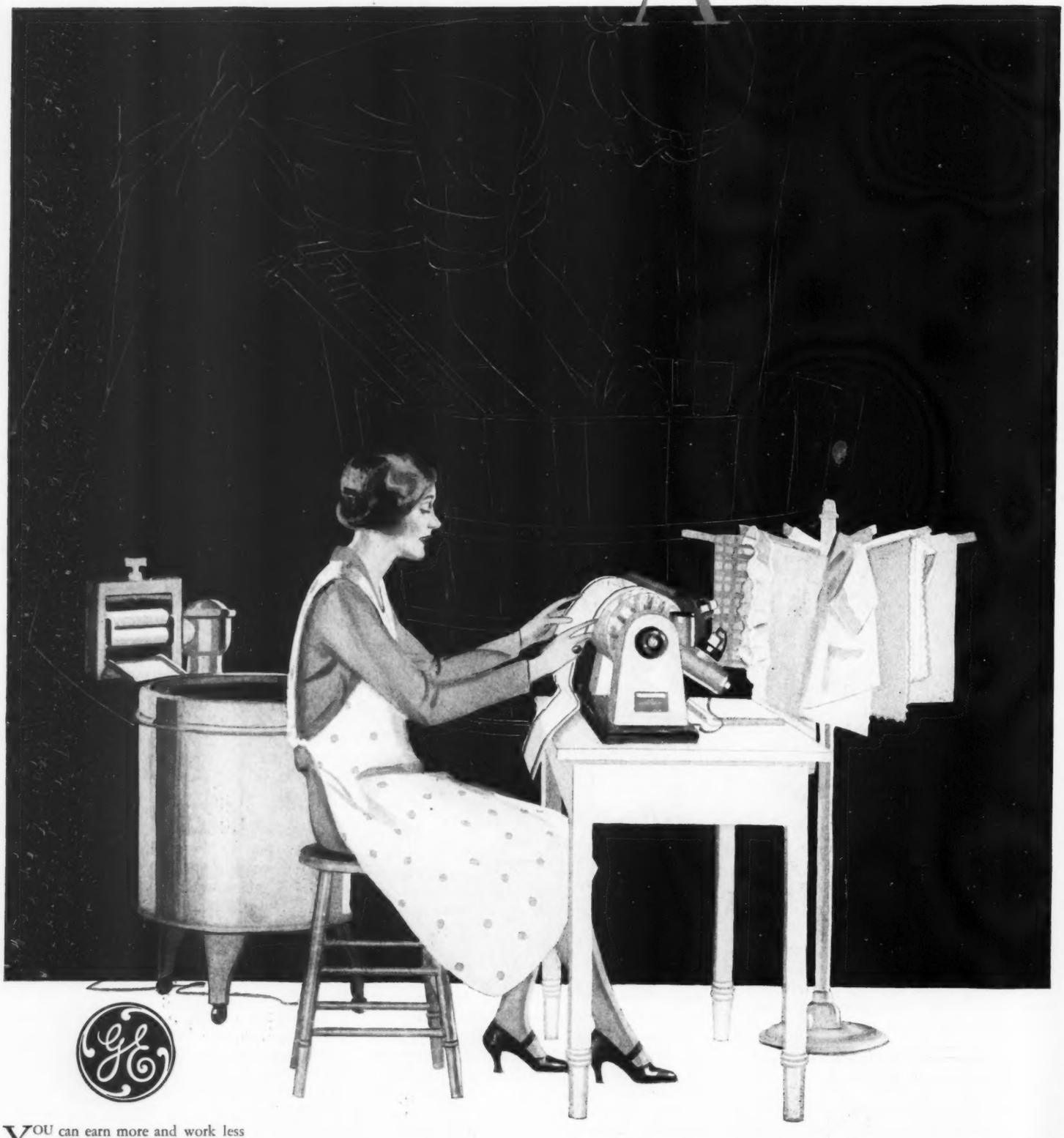
Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

★ ★ ★ **Sal Hepatica**

© 1929

Any woman



YOU can earn more and work less by employing electrical servants. The G-E monogram is a safe guide to electrical dependability, both on electric appliances for the home and on the electrified equipment which every year brings new efficiency and economy to industry.

GENERAL

can wash and iron electrically *for a few cents a day*

THIS includes not only the cost of owning and operating the machines, but soap, starch, bluing, etc. And the electric washer and ironer are only two of the many electrical servants which are saving time and money in the *completely* electrified home.

Washing blankets, sweaters, or filmy things easily and safely

The latest types of electric washing machines will wash either chiffons or heavy woolens with no more wear than hand rubbing gives them. For blankets and sweaters especially, you will enjoy letting a motor do the work. It rinses them thoroughly—leaves them fluffy and soft.

You can't be sure of white clothes in a dark laundry

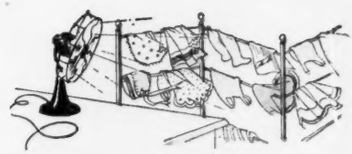
Plenty of well-diffused, shadowless light for the laundry can be obtained from an enclosing glass globe hung close to the ceiling above each of the important electrical servants. The MAZDA daylight lamp is ideal for detection of discoloration in the clothes both when washing and when ironing. Ventilation is important too—a utility fan will whisk away the steam and washday fumes.

$100 in new outlets . . . $1000 more for the house

If you are building a new house or modernizing an old one, electric convenience outlets represent one of the most profitable investments you can make. Home buyers and renters promptly look for the electrical installation; one or two missing outlets may easily spoil a sale. Speculative developers frequently add a thousand dollars to the price obtained for an old house, merely by adding a hundred dollars' worth of new convenience outlets.

You don't have to heave heavy mattresses

Heaving a heavy mattress off the bed for cleaning is a dangerous strain for any woman. It need not go dirty, however. Let it stay on the bed—your G-E vacuum cleaner will remove the dirt quickly and completely. Try it also for cleaning bookcases, curtains, the upholstery of your car. And all the time it is working at these different chores, it is costing less than a cent an hour!

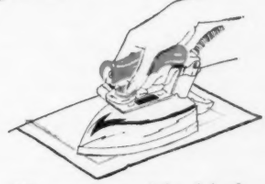


Baby's daily wash— the fan will dry it

On rainy days, emergency washing can be promptly aired and dried with a G-E electric fan. The baby's daily wash, white shoes, gloves, lingerie—if sunshine is wanting, the electric fan will do the job quickly, inexpensively, and well.

The new ironers cost less and do the whole job

You won't believe how much these new improved ironers can do until you try them. You sit comfortably in a chair and simply *direct* the work. Everything comes out so beautifully pressed. Baby's dresses frilled . . . embroideries raised . . . father's shirts smooth as silk. And it goes like lightning. Five hours' ironing done in 1½ hours! Five minutes for a shirt or dress. Three minutes for a big sheet.



No worry with this iron

Grocery boy at back door, 'phone ringing in front . . . and you ironing! It's likely to be a scorching matter unless you have the new Hotpoint Super-Automatic. Merely set the throttle for ANY heat—low for fragile things—high for damp, heavy pieces—or any heat in between. It stays that way until you return. Marvelous! And it costs even less to use than an ordinary iron.

Any woman who does anything electricity can do for her is working for a few cents a day.

ELECTRIC

DO THIS TONIGHT

and your cold will feel better in the morning

INHALATION: In a teacup full of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands, or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum.

CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel.

NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger, apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Rubbing Mentholatum over the entire outside of the nose is very helpful. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easy it makes your breathing.

GET RID of your cold by quick, prompt action. Know the 3 stages of your cold—and how Mentholatum relieves each stage. You can beat your cold, if you use this common sense treatment tonight.

In the FIRST STAGE your nose lining is dry, irritated, and sneezy. Give yourself the easy Mentholatum inhalation (described above), and apply Mentholatum direct to the inside of your nose. These gentle, healing treatments relieve the scratchy dryness. They also help to stop the sneezing that throws countless germs into the air.

In the SECOND STAGE your nose is inflamed and swollen, and "running" with a watery discharge. Breathing is stuffy and difficult. Continue the inhalation and the direct treatment to check this running condition, and to make breathing easy.

At this stage, the chest rubbing (described above) is very important to relieve congestion. Mentholatum, unlike harsh ointments, is safe on the most tender skin. Clean and pure, it will not stain clothing or bed linen.

In the THIRD STAGE the heavy, pus-like discharge, containing dead germs, is very irritating to the nose lining and the outer edges of the nose. Apply Mentholatum frequently to prevent chapping, and disagreeable sores. Chest rubbing also is a needed protection at this stage.

(This important story is more completely told in the booklet "*How to Get Rid of Colds*." Send the coupon below for a *free* copy.)

Give your cold the proper Mentholatum treatment tonight. Get a handy tube or jar of Mentholatum at any drug store.

FREE BOOK ON COLDS

"How to Get Rid of Colds" is an interesting little book written by a physician. Send this coupon. The book is *free*.

Dept. D-93, Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

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ADVENTURES IN RELIGION

[*Continued from page 7*]

Like his father his Uncle Charlie had been brought up a Methodist; but having in his youth fallen desperately in love with a pretty Irish girl, the daughter of a wealthy contractor and politician, he had conformed to the Roman Catholic faith.

A year after his father's death his mother was stricken with a mortal complaint. Never would he forget the day when she told him she had only six months to live.

"I've talked to your Uncle Charlie and your Aunt Agnes," she had said, "and they've promised me they'll never interfere with your religion."

This promise they kept faithfully. During the three years he had made his home with them—though most of the time he was at college—no attempt to "convert" him was ever made by anyone. True, with his cousins—of whom there were four—he often had disputes as to the part Anne Boleyn had played in the founding of his Church; but these rarely went beyond a "she did not," on his part, and "she did too," on theirs. On the part of his uncle, in spite of his conformity, he read the same secret derision he had recognized in his father, while Aunt Agnes never went beyond a gentle refusal to recognize in his Church any ground in common with her own.

"We have an Apostles' Creed just like yours in your Church," he had once ventured to assert. "Oh, but it's not the same thing," Aunt Agnes had declared readily. "We've got a Virgin Mary in our Church, too," had been another of his claims. "Oh, but it's not the same thing," she had retorted. A third declaration of faith had taken the form of, "We believe in the Trinity just the same as you do," to which Aunt Agnes had come back with, "Oh, but it's not the same thing at all."

HE liked his Aunt Agnes. In as far as anyone could take his mother's place she had done it. But the effect of her quiet and repeated negations was to introduce into religion an element of contradiction to itself which made it easy for him to give it up. This he did not do finally till his second year at Harvard. In his first year he simply did not practise it, but by his second he had been thrown with a group of young men whose profound scientific knowledge led them to abandon the whole thing. What they couldn't actually see with their eyes, touch with their fingers and taste with their palates, it was no use asking them to believe.

Leroy's secret derision came out into the open and stayed in the open till he himself was in the Château-Thierry salient. What he felt about religion then was the vague regret he experienced when he thought of something which would have been useful to him there had he not left it behind.

That was as far as he had ever gone till lately. Now he began to see that the boy was growing up. While, like other children, he was always asking questions difficult to answer, yet within a year his questions had grown so reasonable that it seemed criminal not to give them reasonable answers.

Next day at the office was a busy one and only now and then could he snatch a thought for the subject Bobby had raised. When he did he saw rows of churches all mutually hostile. Aunt Agnes' voice came back to him: "Oh, but it's not the same thing." Each church apparently had its own Apostles' Creed, its own Virgin Mary, its own Trinity, on which it had a monopoly. As far as he had ever understood it shared nothing with any other. This seemed to be understood by a few words he had with Simpkins, one of the older partners.

"Say, Simpkins, can you give me a definition of religion?"

Simpkins, who was passing, looked at him in dull wonder. "You're an Episcopalian, aren't you?"

"Nominally, yes, I suppose."

"Well, I'm a Baptist. Why don't you ask someone of your own kind?"

"Because a Baptist definition of religion would be good enough if it was only simple."

"Oh, hang!" Simpkins returned briefly. "Ask me something easier."

Simpkins having gone on his way, Leroy was driven to take a perfectly frank course with his little boy, who came to him that evening to keep him to his promise. "No, I haven't forgotten, old chap, but I've not got the answer yet. I'm thinking it over. Before I tell you, I want to get it straight with myself and when I do we'll go into the whole thing. Will that do?"

THE boy was quite content to give his father time, and thus Leroy was relieved of the necessity of making a bungling, insincere reply. But he thought the more. He thought so much that it became an obsession. At the end of a week he felt like going to some clergyman and only refrained because he didn't know one.

Then at the club he found himself sitting near a window close to Bowes, the journalist, whom he considered a good friend. Each was turning the pages of a current magazine. Leroy sprang his question without previous intention.

"Say, Bowes, what's religion?"

Bowes was as much astonished as Simpkins had been. "Why do you ask me?"

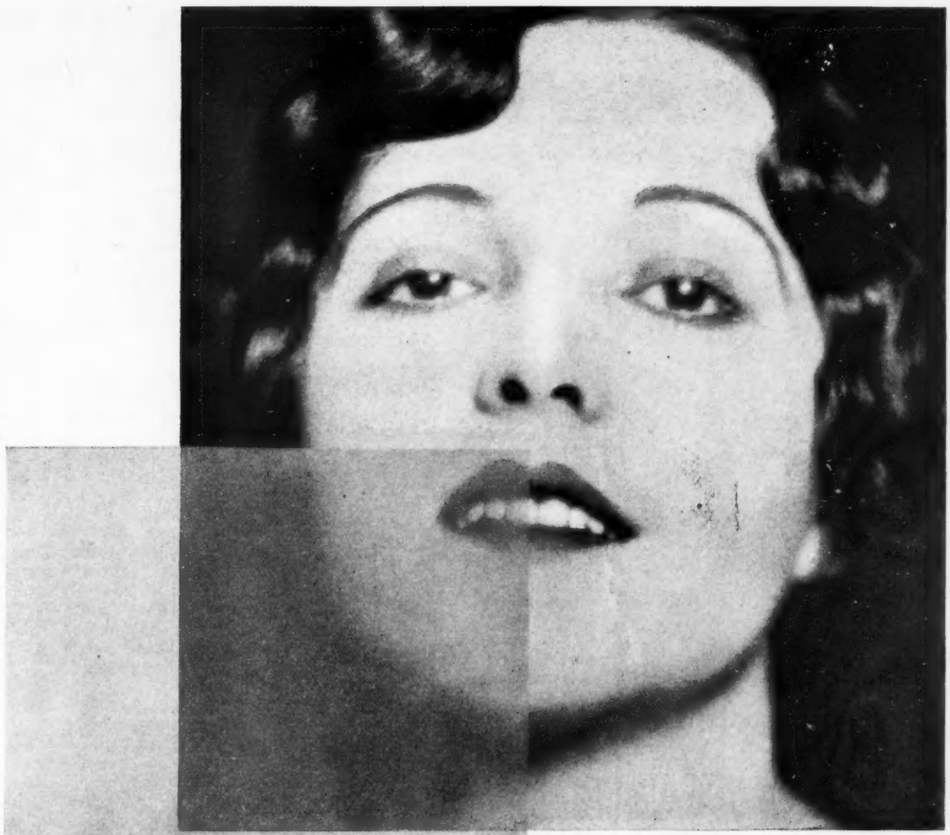
"I want an answer that will satisfy the kid. He's been putting the question up to me and I don't know what to say."

"Look it up in the dictionary. That's what I always do when my youngsters come bothering me."

No sooner said than done. There was a dictionary in eight or ten volumes just across the room. Within a minute Leroy had the great tome open on his knees.

At first he seemed not to get much light. He learned that from very ancient times the root meaning of the word had been in dispute. Cicero and others of his era had it as related to *religens* which meant reverent, while Servius, Lactantius and St. Augustine, together with most moderns, derived the word from *re*, back, and *ligare*, to bind. That meant to bind back, to bind tightly, in such a way as to make a bond between one being and another. If that were so, then religion was what bound man to God and God to man.

[*Continued on page 72*]



Lovely pearls that gleam and glisten are yours to possess when cloudy film is removed from lovely teeth.

The Film that discolors the whitest teeth

Are your teeth dull, lustreless? Are you prone to tooth and gum disorders? Then remove film this scientific way.

(Send coupon for free 10-day supply)

MODERN dental research has recently thrown a new light on two common conditions.

Dull teeth are traced *in their entirety* to a film that forms on teeth. A dingy film which ordinary brushing does not effectively combat.

Many serious tooth and gum disturbances are traced almost as completely to the same source—*film*.

As a result, an utterly different way of tooth cleansing is, on dental advice, being adopted by thousands. It is known as Pepsodent. A free ten-day supply is offered you. Please send the coupon.

Germs, tartar, pyorrhea, decay

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film; a slippery, slimy coating.

This film absorbs discolorations and makes otherwise white teeth dull and dingy.

Film clings to teeth *too stubbornly* for usual ways of cleansing to combat successfully. It gets into crevices and stays. It is an ever-forming, ever-present menace in your mouth, say authorities who have spent years in research.

Germs breed and multiply in that film. The acids of decay are invited. Film hardens into tartar. And germs, with tartar, are a definitely proved cause of pyorrhea.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. The new-found agents in Pepsodent curdle and loosen film so that light brushing takes it off. Thus the long and vigorous brushing necessary with old ways now is ended. Its use aids in firming gums and restoring healthy coral color.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. It is the greatest step made in a half a century's study of tooth-cleansing methods.

Give Pepsodent free 10-day test

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film for ten days and see teeth lighten.

Get a large tube wherever dentifrices are sold. Or send free coupon below to nearest address.

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.
Dept. 122,
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago,
Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., **London,** S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family

" 2979

How HUSBANDS *can improve their* dispositions

"Of course I found that replacing caffein beverages with Postum enabled me to sleep better, and kept me from feeling so nervous and fagged out.

"But Postum accomplished a still greater benefit in my case. Its use in place of caffein improved my disposition amazingly! Heretofore, on going home in the evenings, I felt extremely irritable. Only by keeping closest guard over my tongue and actions, could I refrain from outbursts of unjustifiable temper. Jaded nerves, over-stimulated by caffein, were probably to blame.

"Whatever the cause, my disposition is now greatly improved since Postum has replaced caffein in my diet. Needless to say, my family is as enthusiastic about Postum as I am. We continue to use it and like its flavor exceedingly."

CLIFTON D. DUSH,
10903 Clifton Blvd., Cleveland, Ohio

• • •

QUARRELS that start from nothing, cross words that have no reason—these are the things that shatter happy households. And the tragedy of it is that so often the real cause of this irritability lies in a seemingly harmless mealtime indiscretion—in the continued use of caffein.

For caffein is a known nerve irritant. Slyly, it does its work, robbing a man of sleep, hammering at his nerves, until he becomes testy, short-tempered—a trial to family and friends. But eliminate caffein from the diet—replace it with Postum—see what a wonderful change takes place! Sound sleep returns, nerves become normal—smiles chase away the frowns!

Try this diet change in *your* family! Try it for thirty days! Then judge!

You'll lose nothing in mealtime enjoyment by changing to Postum. Postum has a rich, full-bodied flavor that millions prefer. A drink made of roasted whole wheat and bran—without a trace of any artificial stimulant in it.

Your grocer has Postum. Or mail the coupon—we will send you one week's supply *free*, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

Postum **is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.**

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—McC.—2-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address
Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

ADVENTURES IN RELIGION

[*Continued from page 70*]

in a unity from which there could be no escape.

His first impulse was to tell the boy that evening, but on second thought he saw that for his own sake this would be too soon. If he were to speak of a tie between man and God, Bobby's next question would be as to who was God. Were he to tell him that God was "up in heaven," as people so often said to children, he would then have to meet the embarrassing query, "Where is heaven?"

HE must therefore find out what he thought himself, and to do that he must think. But thinking was easier now since he had a basis for thinking. To bind; to bind back; to bind tightly; to recognize a tie, an obligation. It interested him to perceive in that word *obligation* a syllable in common with the word *religion*. Somewhere, far, far back in prehistoric days, before there was a written language to record the fact, men had been busy with exactly the same problem as those with which he himself was wrestling, and had twisted their uncouth primitive sounds to form words to express new shades of meaning.

Before Latin had become the strong, terse vehicle for thought which Virgil and Horace found it, perhaps before the Roman had accepted the dialect of Latium as his mother tongue, *re-ligare* and *ob-ligare* had been coined to denote ideas akin, and it helped to clarify his mind to see the association. The binding together created an obligation on the one side and on the other. It did not merely involve man; it involved God. Religion was not all supremacy for God and all abasement on the part of man; it was a condition of interdependent interests, like those of parent and child or husband and wife. Where God was the Father and man was the son and the same Holy Spirit proceeded from them both, the Unity and Trinity must be indissoluble.

Reasoning like this he seemed to work his way behind the churches which bewildered him, reaching the source from which they all sprang. It was not through them that he came to the Father; it was through the Father that he came to them.

The tie was not primarily between himself and them; it was primarily between himself and God. The *religion* that *bound* was a personal thing. That made it simpler, easier to grasp. It was also easier to take it basically when he came to the point of explaining to the boy.

For at last a day had come when he felt qualified to speak, if only with hesitation. It chanced to be an afternoon when Mabel was out late and Ellie somewhere with her governess. This left the father and son in the back sitting-room to themselves, with no one to overhear them.

"Do you remember that a few weeks ago you asked me what religion was?"

Bobby came and nestled against him. "Yes, father, do you know now?"

"I know better than I did then; but it's very hard to talk about."

"Why is it hard to talk about?"

"Because there are things for which language doesn't give us the right words. They're generally things that we can know well enough in our minds and hearts, and yet there's hardly any way of expressing them. I'll give you an example. I'm your father; you're my little boy. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you and there's nothing you wouldn't do for me. And yet if I asked you to tell me why, you'd find it hard to say."

"No I shouldn't. It's because we love each other."

"Yes, that's part of it; perhaps it's nearly all of it; but there's still something which it doesn't tell us. There's duty, for example, and there's mutual interest, and there's nature and almost every other good thing that exists. They all work together to make a bond between us. Do you understand?"

"I understand some of it."

"Well, then, it's very difficult to say anything about that bond further than that it is a bond. You know what it is and I know what it is; but we can't find words for it. We can feel it; we can live it; we can do all kinds of things because of it; but when it comes to telling anybody else exactly what it is, well, we just don't know how."

"But is that religion?"

"I think it's more like religion than anything else that we have in our ordinary life, because God—"

Searching for words he hesitated long enough for the boy to come in with a question which apparently seemed to have troubled him for years. "Well, now, father, who's God?"

Having expected this, Leroy had already thought out his answer. "The best way we have of understanding who God is is to think of Him as being to all the world something like what I am to you. He'd be a great deal better than that, of course. I've got faults—"

The boy was indignant. "No, you haven't, father."

"Well, then, let's suppose I haven't. Suppose I'm perfect. Still, I'm only your father and Ellie's. But God is Father of all the people in the world. Religion is the relation in which I stand to Him. It's also the relation in which He stands to me. It isn't anything we think out, not any more than your being my son is something you think out. Just as that's a condition into which you were born, so religion is a condition into which everyone is born. In the same way, just as you can't choose whether you'll be my son or not, so we can't choose whether we'll be the sons of God or not. We're born into the relationship. Do you see?"

He answered slowly, "I think I do."

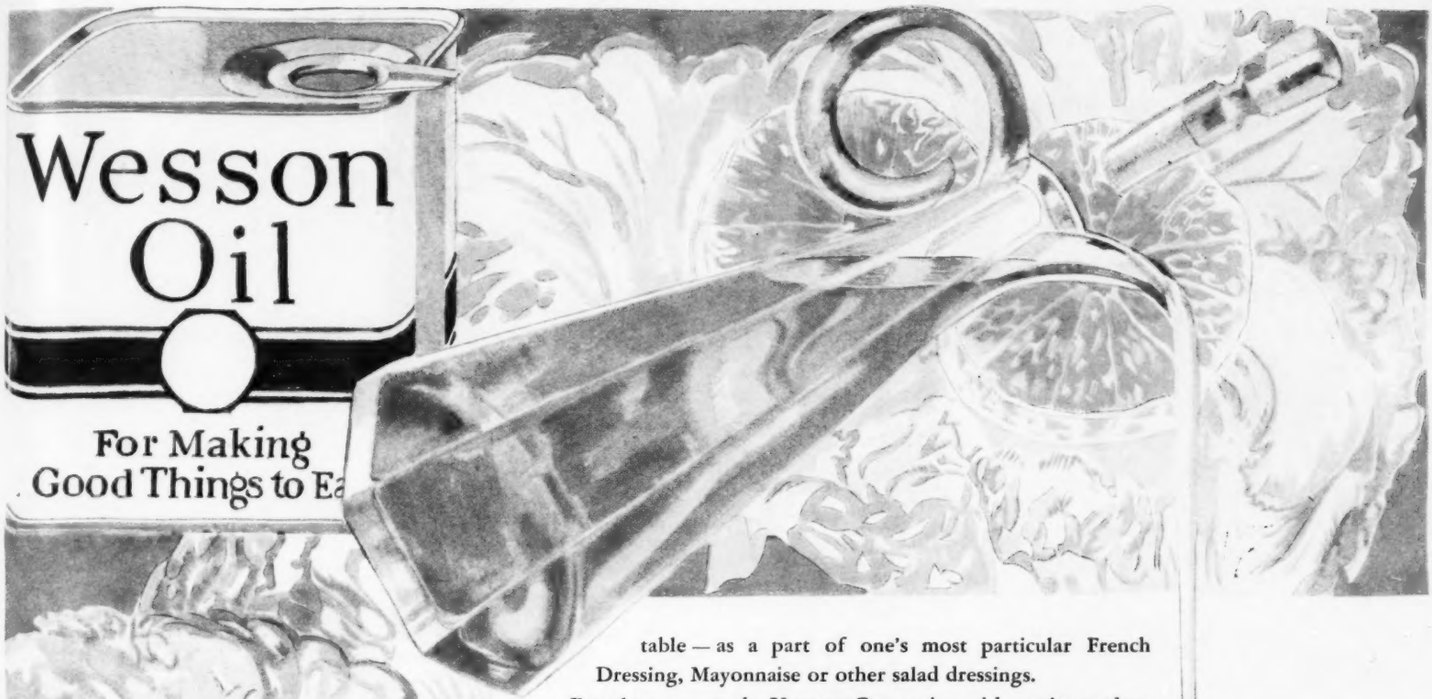
WHAT'S open to you is not to take any notice of the relationship, not to take any notice of me, to ignore me, to forget me. But even if you did you'd be my son just the same, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, that's what a great many people do toward the Father whom we call God. They say they haven't got such a Father. Or if they admit they've got such a Father they don't pay him any attention. They think they'll escape the bond by forgetting all about it. But they can't. They're born to it. It's a state of being. It's part of being born a member of the human race. "That's the first thing I want to say."

"And what's the second?"

[*Continued on page 75*]



It's this *modern* generation that has "promoted" Wesson Oil to the kitchen

This Younger Generation of imaginative housewives seems to delight in doing the unexpected thing.

No one before had thought particularly of trying to make Wesson Oil feel at home in the kitchen. It belonged (and, of course, it still belongs) to the table — as a part of one's most particular French Dressing, Mayonnaise or other salad dressings.

But along comes the Younger Generation with a quite modern attitude towards cooking. And decides that it is just the thing to use a choice salad oil for baking and frying.

Good sound reasoning, too. Certainly, it is easy and convenient. (Any modern method must offer at least these advantages). For with Wesson Oil, you just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix —with no danger of misjudging quantities . . .

But that quite frankly is only part of the reason. For the very qualities that make Wesson Oil so admirable for your salad dressings are the very qualities that make whatever you bake with it unusually light, delicate and fine-textured.

It is easy enough to see why. Here is a pure, fine, *wholesome* salad oil—crystal clear—of a pale straw color. And delicate in flavor.

You can tell by looking at it that it's good. You can tell by tasting it that it's good.

And—more to the point—you can tell by the delectable cake, muffins, biscuits, pie crust you pull out of the oven and the waffles you flop off of a waffle iron that the Wesson Oil way is a real step in the progress of cooking . . . And your favorite fried things will be wholesome and delicious as never before.

Today, the Wesson Oil way has become the accepted *modern* way. Tomorrow, it will be a commonplace in nine homes out of ten.

Perhaps you would like to be among the first in your own community to adopt it? . . . Write for our new book of recipes. We shall appreciate it if you will send us the name and address of your grocer. Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

Here is a recipe for a delicious Molasses Cake—made with Wesson Oil.

MOLASSES CAKE

⅓ Cup Wesson Oil • ¾ Cup Raisins
2 Teaspoons Cinnamon • 1 Egg • ½ Cup Boiling Water
2¼ Cups Flour • 1 Teaspoon Soda • 1 Cup Molasses
2 Teaspoons Ginger • ½ Teaspoon Salt

Beat the egg, stir in the molasses and the boiling water. Sift together the dry ingredients, and add to the first mixture, reserving ½ cup of flour to mix with the raisins. Stir in the raisins and the Wesson Oil. Bake in a pan about 9″ x 12″ for 35 minutes at 375 degrees F.

NOTE • For baking use Wesson Oil whenever the recipe calls for shortening. Add a pinch of salt, for there is no salt in Wesson Oil.

The best *Bran Muffins* you ever ate

★ here is the recipe

ALL-BRAN muffins

2 tablespoonfuls shortening, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, *1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon soda, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup sour milk.*

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt. To creamed mixture add ALL-BRAN, *then milk alternately, with dry ingredients. Pour into greased muffin tins. Bake in moderate oven (370°) for 20 minutes. Yield: 12 medium-sized or 8 large muffins.*

YOU'VE been missing something wonderful if you haven't eaten bran muffins made with Kellogg's **ALL-BRAN.** Light and fluffy. With the delicious flavor only **ALL-BRAN** can give. And the "bulk" which is a sure aid to health.

Healthful regularity, according to doctors, depends upon a diet that has plenty of bulk. Kellogg's **ALL-BRAN,** when added to your favorite foods, furnishes bulk in generous quantities. For Kellogg's is 100% bran. Far more effective than part-bran products.

ALL-BRAN is a delicious cereal as well as fine for cooking. Serve it every day with milk or cream. Add it to hot cereals. Use it in making breads, waffles, puddings. Sprinkle it into soups. Two tablespoonfuls eaten in some form daily—chronic cases, with every meal—will correct faulty elimination.

Grocers sell Kellogg's **ALL-BRAN.** Sold with this definite guarantee: Eat it according to directions. If it does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.

Add a handful of health to every recipe. Write for free recipes and health suggestions. Home Economics Dept., Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

and here is the bran

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Pep Bran Flakes, Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, Rice Krispies and Kaffee Hag Coffee—real coffee that lets you sleep. Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

ADVENTURES IN RELIGION

[Continued from page 72]

"The second has to do with the word *religion*. You know that all words have their histories. The very simplest we use come to us from other words, and they from other words, away back into the time when human beings first began to speak.

"For example, I read the other day that our word *horse* comes from the Sanskrit word *as* which means swift. Sanskrit is one of the most ancient languages we know anything about, and it used to be spoken in Asia. But the word that meant swift passed through a lot of other languages before it came to us, and by that time it had become *horse*.

"Well, all words have a history more or less like that, and the word *religion* has its own history. How many syllables has it?"

The boy counted slowly. "Three."

"Yes, it has three, and the important one is the middle one. How do you spell that?"

He replied correctly: "L-i-g."

"That's right; and now I'm going to say something which I hope you'll remember all your life. But first I want to ask you if you know what a ligament is?"

"It's something you've got in you're leg, isn't it?"

"Yes, you've got it in your leg, and in your arm and all over your body. A ligament is the strong fiber that binds the little bones together and helps them act as one. And that word has a syllable in common with the word religion, hasn't it?"

"Why, yes; l-i-g."

"Well, there you get the vital meaning of the word. That l-i-g comes to us directly from the Latin word *ligo*, I bind. But thousands and thousands of years ago there must have been people who first got hold of the syllable and made it mean what afterward it did. You might say that ligaments are what bind the body together so that it can act as one body. In the same way religion is what binds God and man to gether so that they can act as one, and that then it is what binds all the human race together so that it can act as one."

THE innocent eyes opened wide. "And does it?"

"It does as an ideal. Do you know what an ideal is?"

"Isn't it something"—he sought for words—"awfully nice?"

"It's something awfully nice that we see with our inward eyes and have not yet worked out. We know it's what we ought to work out, but as yet we don't know how. For instance, you said the other day that you wanted to speak French as well as Mademoiselle, but that it would take you a long time. Well, that's your ideal. You can't do it yet; but you try and try, and one day you'll succeed. In the same way the human race has a great many ideals that it hasn't worked out this year, but that it will work out some other year. It may take a good many years—"

"How many? Ten?"

"In what we're talking about it will more likely take ten hundred or ten thousand—we can't say at all. But sooner or later we'll do it.

"The better we understand what religion is, the more we'll see it as the bond which binds us all together. First it will have to bind together all the people in one church; then all the people of one country; then all the people who call themselves Christians. But we can't stop there. We shall have to understand that the people who are not Christians have their religions too, and while we think the Christian is the best we must see them as trying to do with theirs what we're trying to do with ours. Just as there's only one God—"

HAVE we got the same God as—as Chinamen?"

"That's not the way to put it. There's only one God, and we see Him in one way, and the Chinamen in another, and the Hindoo in another, and the Turk in another and the Hebrew in another, because none of us as yet know very much about Him. Even among ourselves we don't all see Him in exactly the same way. The Catholic doesn't see God as a Protestant does, and the different kinds of Protestants don't see Him all alike. But God is only one, and all the different religions, whether Christian or not, stand for the effort the peoples of the world are making to understand Him rightly. Once we get that idea clearly we'll find that our religions draw us together instead of driving us apart. That's what they do now, they drive us apart; but the thing I want you to remember all your life is the force of that little syllable, l-i-g. It gives you the soul of the word, and therefore the soul of the thing. You might call religion the great universal ligament. It binds the universe in one—men to God and God to men and men to each other. And it's not a thing as to which we can pick or choose. It's an obligation. Do you know what an obligation is?"

"It's something you can't help doing, isn't it?"

"That's near enough. Now divide that word into syllables."

The boy began: "O-b, ob; l-i-g—— Why, there's the same thing again."

"Yes, there's the same thing again, and it's the last I'm going to point out this time. Religion is not only the great bond, but it's a bond you can't run away from. It binds you whether you want to be bound by it or not. Some people think—I've thought so myself—that you can give up religion. But you can't; not any more than you can give up the sky or the air or the light or the darkness. You're *obliged* to accept them. You might say I don't believe in day and night; but would that keep the sun from rising and going down?"

"Why, no."

"Then to say you've given up religion is just as futile. You can't do it. No more can religion give up you. It's obliged to hold the mental universe together, and one day we shall see that better than we do today."

There was a sound in the front drawing-room. Mabel came in, radiant with the outside air, with Ellie clinging to her skirt. The boy danced toward them.

"Oh, mother, father's been telling me all about religion."

"No," Leroy called after him, "not all about it. Only one little thing as a beginning. It's like the cement floor of the cellar over which you build your house."

"But shan't we go on and build the house, father?"

Leroy laughed. "That I can't promise you. I'm afraid that the utmost we do will be to bring a few stones and put them on top of each other, in the hope of laying a foundation."

NEW Gingerbread DESSERTS

MARSHMALLOW GINGERBREAD

Sift together 2⅓ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1½ teaspoons soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon each of cloves and cinnamon. To ½ cup melted shortening, add 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses or Brer Rabbit Syrup, 1 egg well beaten. Then add sifted dry ingredients and 1 cup sour milk. Bake in flat pan 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven. Remove from pan and when partially cool split with fork. Lay whole marshmallows between the halves. Return to oven for 3 minutes just before serving. Cut into squares and serve hot with whipped cream or chocolate sauce.

GINGERBREAD BANANA SHORTCAKE

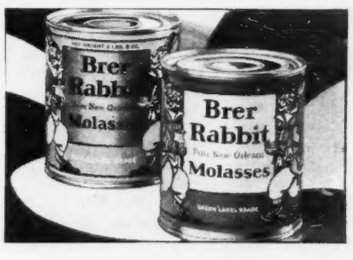
Sift together 1¾ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon soda. Cream 3 tablespoons shortening and ½ cup sugar. Add 1 beaten egg and ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Add dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Lastly, add ½ cup boiling water. Bake in shallow pan in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. While slightly warm cover with sliced bananas and pile with whipped cream.

HERE are desserts that you can enjoy with a light and carefree conscience. For they're made with Brer Rabbit Molasses, which makes them more wholesome than heavy concentrated desserts.

Brer Rabbit Molasses is a natural sweet, and contains a rich store of iron and lime, tonics we need every day. Brer Rabbit is real New Orleans Molasses with that wonderful old-time plantation flavor.

It is packed in two grades. For table use and for fancy cookery, you may prefer Gold Label, the highest quality light molasses. It is delicious as a spread for pancakes, waffles and biscuits. Green Label, a rich, full-flavored, dark molasses, is usually chosen for gingerbread and for other baking purposes.

You can always trust the absolute purity and the reliable baking quality of both grades of Brer Rabbit Molasses.



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Your HAIR

Has Added Loveliness

—when Shampooed this way

Why Ordinary Washing..fails to clean properly, Thus preventing the..Real Beauty..Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet, the hair will feel fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 15*]

between d'Epinal and Armagnac."

Count Anthony stood tense a moment, his thumbs hooked into the belt of red velvet studded with golden hearts as big as walnuts that girt his crimson gown about him.

"If you will give me leave, Charles," he said after a moment, "I shall seek the Lady Catharine at once."

"I'll do more, Anthony. I will conduct you to her."

TOGETHER they made their way from Count Anthony's apartments to the gallery above the great hall, where a troupe of Flemish players were entertaining the assembled court. The Count in his eagerness of suppressed anger went a step ahead of his burly cousin. The latter, keeping close, was filled with misgivings of the mischief he had set afoot. He wanted no open scandals at his court, still less did he want anything in the nature of a breach between two such powerful princes as Anthony of Guelders and John of Armagnac.

The antics of the players on the dais at the end of the long hall so fully engaged the attention of the courtly audience that the arrival of the Duke and his cousin went unperceived. It went unperceived also by the Lady Catherine, for all her attention was nowise bestowed upon the mummers. She occupied a chair by one of the pillars on the right of the hall almost immediately below the staircase by which our gentlemen had been descending, and where, since Count Anthony had perceived her, they now stood arrested midway in their descent.

She was of a fair and exquisite loveliness such as might well have served for a poet's incarnation of his dreams. Tendrils of her golden hair, in violation of fashion's law, escaped about her brow from the dark band at the base of the small, pointed hennin with which she was coifed. A more daring violation of that same law was the extent of the décolletage of the close-fitting bodice of her gown of green and gold brocade, with its excessive revelation of the ivory perfection of her neck and breast. Her fine jeweled hand moved playfully, caressingly, as she spoke or listened, upon the black velvet sleeve of her companion. This was a tall, loose-limbed, youthful fellow, arrogant of bearing, swarthy, black-browed and handsome in a sinister, unpleasant way. His cropped head of black hair was bowed as he talked, until it, almost touched her own; and when she looked up into his face, as she did with wanton arts of affected shyness, their eyes were scarcely a foot apart.

The Duke, for all his usually imperturbable boldness, glanced almost apprehensively at his tall companion; nor were his apprehensions lessened by the thin, baffling smile that was compressing Count Anthony's lips. He had intended that Count Anthony should observe for himself; but he had hardly expected that there would be quite so much to observe.

The comedy on the dais reached its end as the comedy in the hall below took its beginnings. Summer daylight was fading. Came servants with tapers, ushered by a chamberlain, to light the flambeaux and girandoles and draw the great curtains. Men's thoughts began to turn to supper, but none supposed that it was of supper that the Count of Armagnac whispered just then in the Lady Catharine's ear, invisible under the band of her head-dress. Of whatever it may have been, it provoked the lady's laughter, which rose like a peal of little silver bells.

Looking up and around at that moment, she beheld him, quietly smiling, at her side and, beside him, her brother-in-law, a thundercloud upon his ducal brow. Her laughter snapped in the grip of a sudden fear; a fear rather of Count Anthony's vague smile than of the Duke's obvious displeasure.

The Count inclined his bare golden head; he bent a little toward her from his graceful, red-swathed height.

"Of your charity, Madame, share with us the pleasantries of my Lord of Armagnac, to enliven our dulness. Let us laugh with you, Madame."

Monsieur de St. Pol, the Duchess of Orléans, Madame de Blaumont, with the Duke's ten-year old daughter, little Mary of Burgundy and young d'Epinal were the more immediate witnesses of the scene, and their eyes, if we except the child's, were anxious. There followed a long and awkward pause at the end of which the Lady Catherine withdrew at last her hand from Armagnac's arm, and he, straightening himself stiffly, shifted his hand from her shoulder to the back of her chair. Whereupon Count Anthony cried out in a mockery of courteous chagrin: "Madame Catharine is reluctant, then, to repeat the pleasantry which moved her laughter. The pleasantry being my Lord of Armagnac's we can understand her reluctance. His pleasantries are seldom nice."

Her ladyship's lovely face, clear-cut in profile as a cameo, was going red and white by turns; her bosom rose and fell in its revealing corsage; her eyes were lowered in panic. And then at last, seeing her tongue-tied who usually was never short of pertness, the Lord of Armagnac, spurred by the glances of ever-increasing witnesses, swaggered to her rescue.

"Do you talk at me, Lord Count?" he challenged.

"At you?" Count Anthony's tone suggested a faint wonder. His dark eyes grew dreamy as they surveyed the Frenchman. "I spoke of you, perforce. It was unavoidable."

ARMAGNAC ignored the subtle innuendo. "You will be wise, my Lord, to avoid it in the future."

"Not wise. That is not the word at all. Fastidious. You are not a pleasant topic, sir."

There was a movement among the spectators, an audible drawing of breath and someone laughed outright. That laugh stirred the fuming Duke into instant action. Almost he shouldered his cousin aside, to take the stage and plant himself squarely before the foolish pair. By his very presence he checked Armagnac's retort.

"You have leave to go, Catharine." The dismissal was harsh, almost contemptuous. "Away with you. To your room, Madame."

Finding the Duchess of Orléans at his elbow, he impressed her into service.

"Take the little fool hence, Mary. Go with her."

He seized the Lady Catherine's arm, swung her around and flung her into the arms of the Duchess.

[*Continued on page 78*]

When they get home . . . LISTERINE

it checks

SORE THROAT

destroys germs in 15 seconds

When youngsters come home after hard play outdoors, see that they gargle with Listerine, full strength.

Give yourself the same treatment when you've been exposed to sudden changes of temperature, crowds, bad air or have got your feet wet.

For at such times, when body resistance is low, germs of cold and sore throat get the upper hand unless you do something about it. The Listerine gargle is an ideal first aid because Listerine, as you know, is a powerful germicide.

Full strength it destroys even such stubborn germs as the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) within 15 seconds. Yet may be used with complete safety in any body cavity. It soothes and heals.

Keep Listerine handy; and use it systematically during sore throat weather. It may spare you a dangerous siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

"GREAT!"

men say. They're enthusiastic about Listerine Shaving Cream. You will be also when you try it. So cool! So soothing!

The safe antiseptic

What a funny way to escape a cold

Prevent a cold by rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal? Sounds strange doesn't it? Not when you know the facts, however.

During the day your hands accumulate germs. Ordinary washing with soap and water doesn't destroy them. So, carried to the mouth on food, they develop, attacking the mucous membrane. A cold or sore throat or both frequently follow.

Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs. It attacks them immediately. Therefore its use on the hands before each meal is simply another wise precaution against colds and sore throat. Mothers handling children's food should particularly bear this in mind.

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THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 76*]

"O, cruelty!" cried Count Anthony. The Duke stared at him, his countenance almost purple. "To part them," the Count explained, and waved a hand from the Lord of Armagnac to the Lady Catharine, who was retreating now in tears. "They were made for each other, created for mutual joy."

But the furious Duke had gone off, dragging with him almost forcibly, by the arm, the scarcely less furious Armagnac, intent to get him with utmost speed beyond the reach of Count Anthony's mordant tongue before irreparable damage should be wrought.

If Charles of Burgundy was no diplomatist, yet a certain rough diplomacy he used on this occasion.

"My Lord," he said, "it will be better for all concerned and for the preservation of the peace and amity so vital to us all, that you do not postpone your departure from Brussels."

Each stared into the eyes of the other and the glances of both were hard. Armagnac was the first to bow, as perforce he must when reason prevailed.

"Your wishes are my laws, Monseigneur, in this as in all matters."

When the Duke and his ally parted after the courtly banalities which ceremony dictated, Count Anthony was no longer in the hall.

The Duke, well content with the issue of the affair, went to seek him again in his apartments, and found him alone in his study, leaning from the open casement and looking out into the turquoise sky of eventide.

The Duke came to fling a vigorous arm about his neck. "All is most happily concluded," he announced. "Armagnac returns to France tomorrow."

"A pity," said the Count.

"A pity? What the devil ails you?"

"As I said below, he and your sister-in-law are excellently suited. In your place I'd have played Providence to force a match between them."

THE Duke recoiled before him. "Is there sense," he thundered, "in speaking in such terms of the lady you are to marry?"

"Marry?" Count Anthony laughed a little. He shook his golden head. "That dream at least is over and dispelled. And it leaves no pain, *mirabile dictu*. But I understand. I was in love with love." He sighed. "It is but another illusion lost—the last, perhaps."

The Duke was roused to fury. "Do you live in a romance, Anthony, or in the world?"

"Do I live at all?" quoth the exasperating Anthony.

Upon this the Duke disdained to argue. He struck directly at the heart of the matter. "Armagnac is going. Catharine shall hear two words from me on the score of prudence which she'll remember."

"A prudent conduct to dissemble a wanton heart! Catharine is in soul a wanton and I desire no wanton for my wife."

"A wanton! Enough of this!" The Duke was flung from rage to rage. "You are publicly betrothed."

"Let the lady announce that she has changed her mind. Let there be reasons of state why each of us should wed elsewhere."

The veins of the Duke's brow stood out, congested.

"No more of this," he said coldly, peremptorily. "You are incensed against her at the moment and incapable of calm judgment. We'll talk of it again tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" cried Count Anthony in the accents of one who dreamily questions fate. "Tomorrow!"

"I commend you to consider well your position between this and then."

On that threat, for it amounted to no less, the Duke was gone.

Alone, Count Anthony turned to the night again and gave himself to thoughts that bred decision. He summoned from the anteroom his page and gave orders concerned with the lad's return to Guelders on the morrow, that plunged the boy into dismay. Then he sent for the master of his household, his intendant, his chamberlain, his secretary, his two esquires and finally the captain of his guard; and the summer night was far gone before the last of his business with them was transacted.

From his casement he watched the early dawn breaking over the park as he pursued his dream of that world of reality—the promised land toward which he was to set his feet.

THE abrupt disappearance of Anthony of Egmont from the Court of Burgundy was something more than a nine days' wonder, a source of regret to many, of humiliation to the Lady Catharine of Bourbon and of fury to the Duke, who accounted himself thereby affronted in his dignity as well as disappointed in his designs. Never a man to brook the disregard of his inflexible will, he at once sent messengers to the provost-marshals of the various provinces with orders for the arrest of the Count wherever found.

In the Castle at Nimeguen they held a family council on the matter: his father, Duke Arnold, his mother, Duchess Catharine, who was sister to the Duke of Cleves, and their younger son Adolf, a man so different in aspect from Count Anthony that it was difficult to believe them brothers.

Sneeringly he solved the riddle. "A quest," he said. "Some such quest as took Lalaing to England. He has ever sought to model himself upon Lalaing. Knight-errantry is his quest."

"I pray it may not be a long one," said the mother gently. "In the meanwhile he may come by wisdom, Adolf, grow more like you, my child."

"May God contrive it," added the Duke in piety and in affection for this younger son whom both esteemed so fondly. They were to discover their error later. It may well be that Adolf of Egmont was correct in his sneering surmise, and that knight-errantry after his own fashion engaged Count Anthony on that part of his travels concerning which nothing is to be discovered. He reappeared some eight months later in the pages of the comparatively obscure *Chronique Scandaleuse* left by André de la Marche. Ghent, that prosperous, sturdy city of weavers, is the scene of his reappearance. The act in which he emerges out of silence was typical of the matters that engaged him in those months of which we know nothing and was remarkable for the influence it was to exert upon his whole future destiny, through which I imagine that La Marche has traced it back.

[*Continued on page 80*]

"Everything must Flatter us - to our Finger tips" says ETHEL BARRYMORE

The appealing charm of Ethel Barrymore's dramatic hands is heightened by the brilliance of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

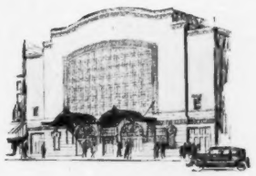
The best loved actress on the American stage adds, "and of all the ways of grooming the finger tips I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish the most flattering."

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S rare appeal lies not alone in her great talent, but in her wistful, haunting eyes, her velvet voice and her strikingly expressive hands.

"Today 'all the world's a stage,'" quoted Ethel Barrymore gaily. Nothing in a woman's appearance escapes observation. The hands particularly must contribute.

"They must be sparkling," Miss Barrymore declared. "I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish keeps my finger tips radiantly fresh and crisp—gives them just the necessary touch of flattering sparkle!

"I take along the Cutex Manicure Kit on all my tours," she added. For smooth cuticle and exquisitely white nail tips demand regular care with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Cream. "Applied now and then," finished Miss Barrymore, "They keep my shining nails ready for their cue!"



Ethel Barrymore now crowns her years of success on the stage with a season of repertory of her most famous roles, in the new Ethel Barrymore Theatre.

Beautiful Matron of Honor in Fashionable Greenwich Wedding Praises Cutex

In diaphanous chiffon and tulle, carrying sheafs of fragrant flowers, Mrs. Hulbert Bassett of Greenwich, Conn., was a lovely example of the fashionable woman who keeps her hands truly smart with the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

"One never notices how important nicely kept hands are," said Mrs. Bassett, "until one does something conspicuous with them—if only to hold a bouquet in a wedding march.

"Then what a joy it is to know that the nail tips are immaculate—that the new Cutex Liquid Polish has left its gleaming magic."

"They so carefully tend their hands," says Miss Grace Drake, manager of the Allerton, New York's smart hotel for women

Miss Grace Drake meets thousands of the liveliest and most interesting of the young independent women.

"These young moderns are always beautifully finished as to every detail of their appearance—from hair to hands," said Miss Drake.

"They put me on my mettle—and thanks to the new Cutex Liquid Polish, I am assured of finger tips more sparkling than ever—to match theirs!"

"Never fails to protect my nails," says Marie Martin, a Winter Sports Favorite

Miss Marie Martin, a New York debutante, is a devoted sports woman who regularly has her winter sports at Lake Placid.

Miss Martin said, "Of course, we wear mittens at Placid, but the snow soon wets through and the nails get simply frightful, all stained and grubby!

"But the new Cutex Liquid Polish never fails to protect my nails. A thorough wash, and they shine forth just as if I had had a brand new manicure. I just adore it!"

For well-groomed nails
do these three simple things

People's eyes are always on your hands. This is the way to keep yours pretty.

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle bringing out half moons.

Second—the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by flattering Cutex Liquid Polish that sparkles undimmed for a week.

Third—apply Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil around the cuticle and under the tip to keep the cuticle soft . . . Cutex preparations 35¢ each. Polish and Remover together 50¢.

Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris

The new Cutex Liquid Polish Flatters Your Nails

Special Introductory Offer—6¢

I enclose 6¢ for the sample of the new Cutex Liquid Polish and Polish Remover. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

Northam Warren, Dept. 9F-2
114 West 17th Street, New York.

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It brings Youth and Beauty to your hands

WHEN a woman is getting ready for the opera—for a dance—a formal dinner party—how she rejoices if her hands and arms are beautiful! For never are they seen to such advantage as then; their whiteness enhanced by jewels, their lovely living texture outshining the satin and silk of her costume. Keep your hands exquisite for these occasions with Jergens Lotion! It makes your skin soft, milk-white—lovely with freshness and youth.

This fragrant healing preparation has instant power to soften your skin

IT has a wonderful effect on a skin that is the least bit harsh or rough or dry.

First, an instant feeling of coolness and comfort. The parched tissues relax, your skin becomes smooth and supple, pleasant to the touch. Gradually, as you accustom yourself to the regular use of Jergens Lotion, you notice a great improvement in the whole texture of your skin. It grows constantly finer and whiter.

You may have despaired of ever having smooth, white hands—hands you could be proud of; now you wonder that you ever allowed yourself to neglect them—for they are beautiful!

Two powerful skin restoratives, used in medicine for generations, blended with other healing ingredients in Jergens Lotion, give it this special quality of softening and whitening the skin. Women everywhere are saying that no matter how hard they use their hands, they are able to keep them in exquisite condition with Jergens Lotion.

Get a bottle of this wonderful preparation today! Sold at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

FREE

A new trial bottle · A beautiful booklet!

JERGENS LOTION

Made by the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3503 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, send to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 3503 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 78*]

A young merchant from the town of Middelburg in Walcheren, who was in Ghent for the transaction of affairs, had permitted himself with more daring than wit loudly to animadvert in a public tavern upon the government of the Duke of Burgundy. This rash young man, whose name was Danvelt, was particularly derisive in his allusions to events which had occurred on the occasion of the Duke's accession-visit to Ghent in the previous June.

The only reason why Mynheer Danvelt should set himself publicly to belittle the Duke lay in his own empty-headed nature. Purse-proud, vain and self-sufficient, it was his endeavor to be accounted a man whose knowledge of the great was close and intimate, and he conceived the readiest way to his ends lay in the disparagement of his betters.

HIS crude philippics were received at first in a sullen silence of mingled fear and resentment. This he mistook for attentive deference to his opinions, and emboldened by it, waxed more and more recklessly facetious until suddenly the taverner himself leaned across the table angrily to admonish him.

"You may hold such fool's talk up in Zealand," said the fellow, having guessed Danvelt's origin from his speech. "It's a long way from the Duke's ears. But we don't want it here in Ghent; least of all in my house. So out you go. Out of this!" And he flung an arm backward to indicate the door.

Danvelt, very red in the face, got to his feet. If he was short he was sturdy, and with natural truculence he combined incaution.

"I don't know what blew me into your kennel," said he.

"Some wind from hell, belike," the taverner answered him, and repeated more urgently: "Begone!"

Without urgency, Danvelt shrugged his broad shoulders in contempt.

"Oh, I go, I go. No need to raise your voice."

He moved on his short, thick legs without undue haste. Conceit and self-sufficiency were in his rolling gait.

Exasperated by it, the taverner loosed a vigorous kick at him, behind, by way of accelerating his departure, and by that kick precipitated the trouble which was to go to mold the destiny of Count Anthony and others as far removed from Mynheer Danvelt and his hitherto trivial fortunes.

Now, whatever he may have been, the young Zealander was not the man to receive kicks with impunity. He swung about, infuriated by a punishment as hurtful to his pride as to his body, and with all his strength, which was that of a young bull, crashed his fist into the round face of the taverner and spread-eagled him across a table.

Riot ensued. Men left their cans to avenge the taverner and at the same time physically express their resentment of this young man's person and conduct. Had that been all, the matter would have been ended in his being flung bodily into the street. Unfortunately there were some who took the view that he had been needlessly affronted and some, who in secret, perhaps, had shared his views of the Duke of Burgundy. It followed that in an instant two camps were formed within the narrow confines of that tavern. Stools and drinking-cans and fists were the weapons employed in that writhing clot of fighters which, leaving wreckage behind it, finally burst into the street.

Now it happened that the burgomaster's watch was leisurely patrolling the square at that moment. Attracted by that noisy turbulence it came quickly to the battle-field, some half-dozen strong, and the men, reversing their short halberds and using the butts as staves, belabored the heaving mass. They might have done no more than add to the turmoil and confusion, but that at this moment a gentleman on a white horse came riding up the street attended by a mounted servant. The gentleman, young and fair and good to look upon, took in the situation at a glance, and like a good citizen he accounted it his duty to lend assistance to the servants of the law.

He spoke a word to his servant and thrusting his horse forward, yet restraining it with great skill at the same time, he forced the little crowd to give way on either side of him. Into the gap he urged his horse, his servant following, whilst with the butt of his whip he smote here a head and there a shoulder. Finding themselves assailed by horsemen, the rioters imagined they had to deal with the Burgundian provost. Assailed by this fear, they incontinently broke and fled, and in a moment all had vanished save the taverner and Mynheer Danvelt. These stood disheveled and bleeding, the Zealander's handsome clothes in rags.

In the end and because the watch knew Master Groothuse, the taverner, for a respectable citizen, they accepted his account of the event, and were content to carry off the young Zealander as their prisoner so that he might answer in the burgomaster's court for having been the cause of this indecorous breach of the peace. The sergeant offered thanks to the gentleman on the horse for his timely help and desired to know his name and place of abode in case his testimony should also be required by the burgomaster.

"I am," he was answered, "Anthony Egmont, a gentleman on my travels, to be found here at the Toison d'Or for the next few days and very much at your burgomaster's service."

He spoke Flemish fluently and choicely, but with a French accent, from which the watchman assumed him to be French as also from his name which he pronounced in the French way. This alone and the suppression of the particle was sufficient disguise for a name which, after all, was borne by others besides the members of the ruling house of Guelders.

NOW it happened that the affair made some noise through the town and came that same night to the ears of the Sire de Vauclerc, who acted as the Duke's provost in Ghent.

A man less stern than the Sire de Vauclerc, might have perceived for himself that the Duke's interests would best be served in such an affair as this by disregarding it. Because he lacked this vision, the Sire de Vauclerc conceived that since it was against the

[*Continued on page 82*]

"It *is* trying—but women must face this fact"

says a woman doctor, authority on feminine hygiene

No longer need women fear offending others. Scientific deodorization* is a new feature of this modern sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

WOMEN who have had the advantage of medical advice already realize the importance of this latest discovery of Kotex Laboratories. Many others—unconscious offenders—should be told of this danger and how to avert it. There is no doubt that they are at times offensive to others, in the world of business, in society—wherever they meet people. This knowledge, which once brought miserable self-consciousness, is now accepted easily, because the difficulty is entirely overcome. Each Kotex pad is now treated, by patented process,* to banish all odor.

No evidence of sanitary protection

All conspicuous bulkiness has been eliminated, by a new method of rounding and tapering corners of the pad. It fits snugly and securely, providing greater mental as well as physical comfort.

All the former superiorities

You can so easily remove layers of filler. It is, as always, amazingly absorbent. Cellucotton absorbent wadding absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference to women. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier, than you thought possible.

Won't you try The Improved Kotex—buy a box this very day. It is 45c for a box of twelve, at any drug, dry goods or department store; also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Deodorizes . . . *and* 4 *other important features:*

1—***Softer gauze*** ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;

2—***Corners are rounded*** and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection;

3—***Deodorizes***—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;

4—***Adjust it to your needs;*** filler may be made thinner, or narrower, as required;

and

5—***It is easily disposed of;*** no unpleasant laundry.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

IN critical hospital cases, such as the birth of a baby, where life and death may depend on complete disinfection, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been used for nearly 40 years.

This is because "Lysol" Disinfectant is known by the medical profession as the standard, the safe and certain antiseptic. Its strength never varies. It kills germs because it is a poison. Its action is always the same when used in a given solution.

Use in your own home the disinfectant which physicians and hospitals all over the world use in their work. Use it in your cleaning water every day to keep out of your home those germs which spread the common diseases every mother dreads most.

It is easy to form the "Lysol" habit. Simply add a tablespoonful of "Lysol" Disinfectant to each quart of your cleaning water and proceed as usual. That's all.

Send the coupon below for our free booklet, "Preventing the Spread of Common Diseases."

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"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 8 p.m., eastern time; 7 p.m., central time.

Lysol Disinfectant

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LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors,* Department 318, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, your booklet,
"Preventing the Spread of Common Diseases"

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 80*]

Duke's name that Danvelt had offended, he, as the Duke's officer, was called upon to intervene and to deal with him.

So when a messenger from the Sire de Vauclerc, attended by ten lances, presented himself next morning at the state house and demanded the surrender to the Duke's provost-marshal of the person of Mynheer Danvelt, the burgomaster made no difficulty about delivering that unfortunate young man.

When Mynheer Danvelt came forth from the state house, his legs were in iron gyves and a wooden yoke was placed about his neck, as was usual only in the case of the most desperate malefactors.

Thus mercilessly trammeled and otherwise in most pitiful case, his clothes in rags, so that in places the flesh showed, his contused face besmeared with caked blood, the wretched man was led to the trial room of the fortress. He was a spectacle to excite pity, especially when the fate most probably hanging over him at the hands of the provost-marshal was remembered.

AMONG those who compassionated him was that gentleman calling himself Anthony Egmont, who by command of the provost, had attended the trial. A bench in the background of the trial-room was occupied by the taverner Groothuse, battered of countenance and inflamed of eye, his wife and a couple of his friends who were come to support his testimony with their own. An officer signified to Count Anthony that he might be seated there too, to await the coming of the provost-marshal. The Count, however, elected to remain standing and whilst he waited, he paced the stone floor to and fro, a man clearly without any awe of his surroundings. He took their eye as he slowly paced there, tall and elegant in a pourpoint of black velvet. His black velvet hat was secured upon his head by the long liripipe which was swathed under his chin.

The Sire de Vauclerc remained standing a moment after he had reached his judgment seat, his cold eye coming at last to rest upon the figure of Count Anthony. His close-set eyes looked down his nose and his voice rasped harshly in Flemish.

"You know where you stand, sir. You have forgotten to uncover."

"Pardon," Count Anthony begged. He unwound the liripipe and removing his hat, shook out his tawny mane.

The Sire de Vauclerc continued to scowl upon him, intrigued now by a resemblance to someone seen elsewhere. "Who are you?" he asked.

"A simple gentleman on his travels. Arriving yesterday in your city of Ghent, I chanced upon a brawl and lent my aid in suppressing it."

Thus he avoided mention of his name and, since it was irrelevant, the Sire de Vauclerc did not insist. He sat down and took up the sheet of parchment proffered him by the clerk.

With the butt of his pike one of the men-at-arms prodded the dazed prisoner from his stool and almost sent him sprawling. He recovered himself and with a clank of his irons stood hang-dog before the Burgundian justiciary.

His business was soon done. The Sire de Vauclerc had a brisk way with him and it was at once clear that he had prejudged the case from the written statement he held before hearing the depositions. Nevertheless Groothuse was invited to speak and spared no vindictiveness in his recital of the prisoner's verbal offense against the Lord Duke of Burgundy.

He was still in full flow of accusations, when the provost checked him. "Enough! No need for more unless the prisoner denies. You have heard, Master Danvelt, enough to hang you. How say you? Is it true or false?"

Humbled before the mention of hanging reduced Danvelt to a panic. He broke into a whimper of excuses. He could not remember clearly what had passed. He had drunk too much Rhenish, and if he had said a tenth of what he was accused of saying it is clear that he could not have been sober.

"So that you do not deny?" asked the Sire de Vauclerc. "No need then for further witnesses."

He passed to judgment, briefly and coldly. "If my sentence upon you cannot teach you wisdom, it will serve at least to teach wisdom to others, making it clear throughout our Lord Duke's Flemish dominions as elsewhere that his lofty name is to be mentioned only in awe and honor. You would be well served were I to order your bones to be broken on the wheel. But the Duke of Burgundy is a gracious, clement overlord. Therefore you will be hanged."

He paused there, interrupted indeed by Danvelt, who fell on his knees and filled the vaulted hall with his quavering protests and supplications of mercy.

"You will be hanged," the provost repeated when the interruption had ceased, "unless it lies in your power to ransom your neck."

"To ransom it?" the wretched man ejaculated and his stricken countenance lighted with sudden hope. "My lord, I shall bless your name all the days of my life."

"You'll find it cheaper than detraction. As an alternative, then, to the rope, you will pay a fine of a thousand ducats."

"A thousand ducats! A thou—" Danvelt choked in horror at so vast a sum, vast even for the wealthiest merchant in Middelburg. "But I have not such a sum at my command. I—I—" He wrung his hands and writhed in his distress.

His merciless judge shrugged contemptuously, saying, "Since you cannot find the sureties, the matter is at an end. Take him away."

"A moment yet, by your leave, my lord provost." It was the tawny-headed stranger who spoke. "I will be this man's surety for the sum."

THE provost-marshal looked up in surprise as Count Anthony, easy and self-assured, advanced until only the table was between them.

"Are you acquainted, then, with the prisoner?"

"I saw him for the first time last evening."

"Then, sir, why—?"

"Shall we say that I gratify a whim?"

[*Continued on page 85*]

Why Ordinary Beauty Treatments Fail

—you must wash your face, too

The olive oil, in this complexion soap, guards against modern dangers to skin beauty

THE secret of a successful beauty treatment lies in protecting the natural loveliness underneath rouge and powder. Cosmetics can enhance beauty but they cannot create it. And many women, unaware of the importance of washing for beauty, are unconsciously endangering complexion loveliness every day.

Your pores must breathe

Face creams, rouge, powder, form a surface layer between your skin and the air. Unless they are thoroughly removed, they sink further into the pores and accumulate with dirt, dust, and oil secretions, into tiny, stubborn masses. Soon these masses become blackheads, pimples, blemishes. And all surface beauty treatments fail to get at the true cause.

Olive oil—natural beautifier

The right way to care for your skin is to wash with this olive oil facial soap twice every day. The gentle lather of Palmolive, with its olive oil content, searches out all impurities in the pores, softens and gently eliminates them. It stimulates as it cleanses, bringing out lovely natural color. You run your hand over cool, velvety cheeks after this treatment and the touch is sheer delight. A glance into the mirror is an added joy. You are learning to appreciate your natural loveliness!

Because it costs only 10c a bar, millions enjoy the advantages of Palmolive for the bath as well. Why don't you begin to use it this very day? Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

At night: make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to the face and throat. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold, until you actually feel all impurities carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

In the morning: repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula.

Retail Price
10c

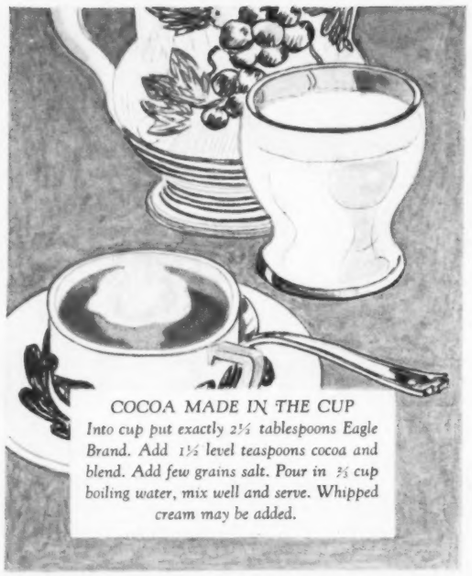
PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time—over WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

4197

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

SANDWICH SPREADS

Into 4 tablespoons Eagle Brand stir 2 teaspoons lemon juice or vinegar. Mixture will thicken. Use as a mayonnaise, adding chopped meat, hard-boiled eggs, lettuce, nuts, dates, figs, etc.



COCOA MADE IN THE CUP

Into cup put exactly 2½ tablespoons Eagle Brand. Add 1½ level teaspoons cocoa and blend. Add few grains salt. Pour in ⅓ cup boiling water, mix well and serve. Whipped cream may be added.

PARTY FROSTING

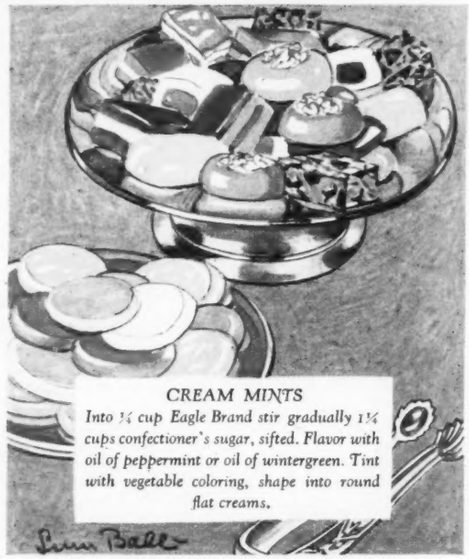
To ⅓ cup Eagle Brand add 1½ teaspoons vanilla. Gradually stir in 1⅜ cups confectioner's sugar, sifted. Color with a touch of vegetable coloring. (Cool cake before spreading frosting).

SOMETHING GOOD *in a hurry!*

for
school lunches
parties
and just plain
meals

CHOCOLATE MAGIC

Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate in double boiler. Add 1½ cups Eagle Brand. Cook 3 minutes. Add ¾ cup water, pinch salt, ¾ cup fine dry bread crumbs. Serve plain or with meringue.



CREAM MINTS

Into ¼ cup Eagle Brand stir gradually 1¼ cups confectioner's sugar, sifted. Flavor with oil of peppermint or oil of wintergreen. Tint with vegetable coloring, shape into round flat creams.

FIVE new Magic Recipes on this page. Quicker and easier by far than any similar recipes you've ever used. That's because of the magic ingredient—Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.

Eagle Brand is not plain canned milk. It is *two ingredients in one.* Pure, fresh, full-cream country milk, ready-blended with fine sugar. Double-rich because most of the water has been removed. A smooth, creamy, delicious mixture, which makes wonderful new cooking methods possible.

Mail the coupon for the recipe booklet—"New Magic in the Kitchen". It shows you dozens of ways to save time, trouble and money. It explains how Eagle Brand—so highly nourishing and so remarkably easy to digest—is used to build up malnourished and underweight children . . . Mail the coupon today!

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SWEETENED CONDENSED *Milk*

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Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me the free recipe booklet, "New Magic in the Kitchen."

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*Address*_____

City_____ *State*_____

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 82*]

"A whim! God's mercy! A whim that may cost you a thousand ducats!"

"Whims are commonly costly."

"Costly, aye. But—you must be a man of great wealth."

"You'll judge so, I think, when you have my seal." Calmly the Count helped himself to a quill and dipped it in the ink-horn. The clerk proffered him a sheet of parchment. Count Anthony signed it with a flourish and returned the parchment to the clerk.

One glance at this order upon the intendant of the finances of the Duchy of Guelders at Nimeguen and the Sire de Vauclerc understood why the stranger's appearance had intrigued him. He had seen him at Bruges with the Duke a year ago. Awe-stricken he came deferentially to his feet.

"You are—"

"A simple gentleman on my travels, my lord, as I have said. If you will accept the bond in payment, you may now set this man at liberty, leaving the debt transferred from him to me."

The Sire de Vauclerc bowed without a shadow of hesitation. "Of course, of course," and gave the order for the prisoner's release and dismissal.

"You have been favored," he admonished Master Danvelt, "by a most singular good fortune. Let your escape serve you as a lesson for the future."

Dismissing the Court, the Provost begged Count Anthony to remain and this for a purpose which Count Anthony readily guessed. When the two were alone, the Sire de Vauclerc addressed him with a deference which contained a new note of firmness.

"And now, my lord, there is yourself. How am I to proceed without offending you?" He hesitated. "I have a duty to perform."

"What duty is that?"

"Orders to detain you, wherever found, and to send you to the Duke's highness under escort have been circulated to all officers throughout the provinces."

COUNT ANTHONY looked at him in silence for a long moment, studying the gravity of that lean, shaven countenance and reading there how little the provost relished his task.

"Very well," he said at last. "I am lodged, as you know, at the Toison d'Or. You may send your officer to apprehend me there at noon."

"You will await his coming?"

Count Anthony laughed. "That is to ask for my parole and I will yield only to force. Regard for your lord, the Duke, must compel you to exercise it. Regard for me, if I deserve it, may induce you to postpone the step for an hour. The Duke could hardly desire you to be more urgent, or to use unnecessary harshness toward me."

The Sire de Vauclerc considered. The service of princes is not without perils, as he well knew, and, indeed, as the Count was very subtly reminding him. If he did not arrest Count Anthony he would have to answer to his stern master for a dereliction of duty. If he did arrest him he would make an enemy of him, and it could not be good to make an enemy of one who had been and no doubt would be again, when present differences were adjusted, the Duke's closest friend.

Count Anthony, he perceived, was showing him how by the exercise of a little craft, both horns of the dilemma might be avoided.

"Indeed, my lord, not only have we no orders to use harshness with you, but we are all commanded to treat you with every consideration. No doubt you will have affairs to settle here in Ghent and an hour is hardly too much to ask. My officer will wait on you at noon, my lord. I trust you will be ready for him.

Gravely Count Anthony bowed to him. "I shall bear your courtesy in very kindly memory," said he, and on that they parted with mutual esteem and perfect understanding.

IN the courtyard Count Anthony found himself awaited by Mynheer Danvelt. A little awe-stricken still by his late amazing experiences, the young man announced that he had stayed to thank him and do what else was required in the matter of the enormous sum by which he was indebted. The Count desired to be waited upon by the young man at the Toison d'Or in half an hour precisely, and passed on.

Within the half-hour not only did he present himself at the Toison d'Or but he came almost spruce in a new suit of gray cloth, and a bundle of luggage was strapped behind him on the short, tubby gray mare he rode.

In the inn-yard he found the Count's servant with the Count's horses and from their saddle-bags it was plain that the Count, too, was on the point of definite departure.

"Which way do you ride?" the Count asked him when the burgher had made known his intentions.

"Back to Middelburg, sir."

"You'll go by way of Bruges, then, so that we may ride together and there is no need now to delay. The sooner we are out of Ghent, the better."

They rode at first in single file, but five miles out of the city the Count slackened his hot pace and beckoned the young burgher to his side.

Danvelt went readily enough. Without even waiting to be addressed, the burgher opened the conversation and this by a question, easily familiar in tone and manner.

"May I know, sir, the name of my protector, my savior?"

"My name? I am called Anthony Egmont."

The burgher was conscious of a pang of disappointment. He had fancied that his protector was some great nobleman. And yet appearances there were that still continued to mystify him.

"That black-visaged provost-marshal accepted your bond, just your note of hand, as a sufficient surety for the fine. That seems to me very strange."

"I have this in common with you, Master Danvelt; indeed, perhaps I even transcend you a little in it: my father's name, like yours, is well-known and honored. The Sire de Vauclerc knew that my father, failing myself, would fulfil the bond."

An hour or so before sunset the next day they came to Breskens and there hired a great flat-bottomed wherry in which they and their horses were ferried across the Scheldt.

[*Continued on page 86*]

The Story of a Wise Wife

FOR a long time she had realized that coffee was thieving the sleep of the family. But she hated even the thought of giving up the drink they all liked so much. And as for her husband, John—she knew *he'd* never agree to the idea of a coffee substitute!

One day she read an advertisement—and that night a new brand of coffee came to dinner. It was delicious coffee—so good everybody took a second cup.

And next morning, wonder of wonders! Even John remarked on the good night's sleep he'd enjoyed! She, like a wise wife, said nothing. Not until a week later did she tell about the new coffee. It was Kaffee Hag Coffee—the coffee that lets you sleep because it has 97% of the drug caffeine removed.

Perhaps there's someone in your family whom coffee makes nervous. Try this wonderful coffee. Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee is a blend of the world's finest coffees. Exceptionally mellow and delightful. With all the flavor and cheer you love. Real coffee! But it will not keep you awake nor affect nerves.

Order a can from your dealer. Comes ground or in the bean. The original caffeine-free coffee. Try it at hotels, on diners. Or let us send you a generous sample can. Mail the coupon.

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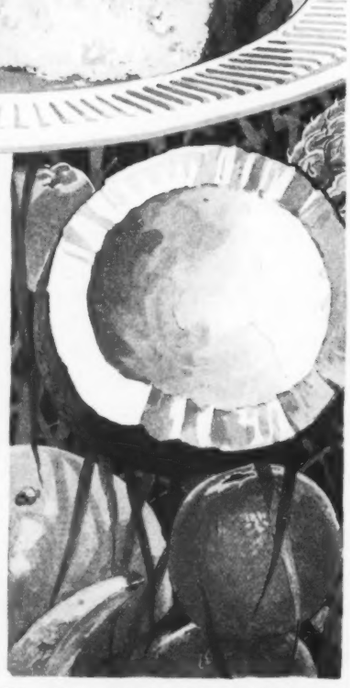
How fresh and tender these shreds are, how snow-white and flavorful, when you pour them over cakes or pies or scatter them through desserts!

An enchanting new recipe book containing nearly one hundred coconut recipes has just been completed by Franklin Baker. Send for a copy.



Coconut Butterscotch Cake—Sift 2 cups Swans Down Cake Flour once, measure, add 4 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt. Sift together 3 times. Cream 2 tablespoons butter, add 1 cup sugar, and cream together thoroughly. Add 1 egg; beat until light and fluffy. Add flour alternately with 1 cup milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Put layers together with Butterscotch Filling. Cover with boiled frosting made with brown sugar.

Butterscotch Filling—Combine ½ cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour and ¾ cup brown sugar. Add 1 cup scalded milk gradually. Place in double boiler. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour small amount of mixture over 2 well-beaten egg yolks, return to double boiler, and cook 10 minutes longer. Add 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon cream, ¾ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern-Style, finely chopped. Cool and spread between layers of cake. Makes enough filling to cover one 9-inch layer.

All measurements are level.

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THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 85*]

As the vessel drew alongside the quay at Flushing, Count Anthony was inquiring of one of the watermen who had brought them over, the name of the town's best inn, when Master Danvelt interrupted peremptorily: "No inn for us tonight, sir. We'll lie with my father's good friend, Mynheer Claessens, who'll make you very welcome for my sake and whose house you'll find a deal more comfortable than any inn. A wealthy man, Mynheer Claessens; a builder of ships and a man of great weight in the town."

Count Anthony yielded without further persuasion. The prospect of being received on terms of equality in a burgher household was not without allurement. By the Scheldt Gate in the massive fortifications they entered the town and rode the short distance to Mynheer Claessen's handsome house by the Groote.

COUNT ANTHONY'S first glimpse of her burnt into his brain a picture which was to abide there all his days and which no later impression of her could dim. Whenever hereafter he should think of her, the mental picture his memory evoked was always this. She stood in the doorway of her father's house to welcome these guests, appraised of their coming by the clatter of hooves in the street beyond.

Until her appearance there, Count Anthony had been taking stock of his surroundings: the brick-tiled courtyard, the red house with its steep roof and unusually ample windows, the shrubs symetrically shaped and placed at regular intervals in tubs along three sides of that court; the borders of white and yellow tulips; the quails in their wicker cage upon the wall and the tame gray stork, advancing solemnly as a chamberlain to meet them.

Then she appeared, and he saw nothing else.

She stood a shade above middle height, her slender body cased in a gown of blue, high-waisted in the courtly mode, the bodice laced across a white silken undergarment which rose in a broadening wedge from waist to neck. Her head was bare, the plain white wimple flung back upon her shoulders, and the last red rays of the setting sun lighted a golden aureole about the coils of her hair and touched as with an inward effulgence the delicately-tinted, delicately-featured face.

Count Anthony experienced in that moment an inexplicable exaltation. If some verses which he wrote afterward and which La Marche has preserved, are to be accepted as truly mirroring his sensations, he was overcome by a sense that this was not a meeting, but a reunion; that his eyes had looked into those eyes before; that somewhere at some dim time he and this girl, as yet unnamed to him, had been indissolubly united, consecrated each to the other. Then Danvelt's big voice hailed her.

"Johanna!"

"Why, Philip! You are soon returned!" First this expression of surprise and then a question laden with womanly tenderness! "But what has happened to you?"

The young burgher laughed off that inquiry as to how he came by bruised nose and blackened eye, mightily at ease with her. "I've had my adventures, by my faith, and might never have returned but for this good friend, Master Egmont here."

Thus he presented his companion, promoted now to the dignity of his good friend with a certain hearty patronage which at another time must have made Count Anthony wince. At present, however, seeing nothing but this gentle lady, conscious of no presence but her own, he bowed very low and reverentially over the slim white hand she frankly extended to him.

Master Danvelt completed the presentation:

"This is the daughter of Mynheer Claessens. And here is Mynheer Claessens himself."

"To greet our Philip returning from the wars," came the jovial voice of the jovial burgher who rolled forward to his daughter's side. A big man this, of a proper portliness, rubicund and kindly of countenance, shrewd and humorous of eye.

He embraced Danvelt as he might have embraced a son, and gave Master Egmont a generous and hearty welcome.

At supper that night over the succulent ham of a boar from the Ardennes and a brace of ducks from Master Claessens own decoy, washed down by a mellow Gascony vintage, the talk, of course, was all of Philip Danvelt's travels and adventures, and he supplied most of it himself; made an odyssey of his journey to Ghent and presented the tale in such a manner that the Count, for all his normal calm and detachment began to grow uncomfortable under the wondering glances of his host and his host's daughter. This wonder turned to stupefaction, at least on the part of Claessens, when the magnitude of the fine was disclosed.

The merchant swore deep in his throat and asked the question: "What, sir," he asked, "was your inducement?"

Count Anthony laughed and holding by its stem his silver goblet, his eyes upon the purple mirror of its contents, he replied dreamily: "Who shall say? Perhaps the future holds the answer to that question."

HE had risen betimes from the great bed in the chamber of honor which had been placed at his disposal, and he had gone forth into the stiff, formal garden, set like a terrace upon the dunes. Walking there he had found Mistress Johanna, all in gray this morning. Her golden head was cased in a wimple kept in place by a hoop of dark blue velvet, plain and severe across the brow. Count Anthony came upon her among the tulips of which already she had half-filled a little basket slung upon her arm.

"You are early astir, mistress," was his comment when she had given him good morning.

"It is our custom here in Walcheren. We are industrious folk—as industrious as we are peaceful."

"I should be as pained, madame, to restrain your industry," and he waved a hand toward the tulips, "as to trouble your peace."

She smiled as she answered: "Who should trouble to assail it?"

"Why, some reckless wanderer such as I, perhaps."

"Are you so very reckless?" she mocked him. "Yet hardly to the detriment of others from the instance we have seen."

"Can you be sure that there was no

[*Continued on page 88*]

. . . "If you want muffins like mine, use Cream of Tartar Baking Powder," says Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen

MRS. IDA BAILEY ALLEN, *internationally known food expert and cooking authority, whose talks are broadcast from her model kitchen in New York over the Columbia network of 21 stations.*

"I wouldn't think of using a baking powder that was not made with Cream of Tartar," said Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, offering one of her feather-light, golden-brown muffins just out of the oven.

"Butter and eggs cost a good deal these days. And my time is worth real dollars and cents. It would be poor economy, wouldn't it, to risk failure just to save a penny on baking powder?

"So many inexperienced cooks write me about their baking problems. I always tell them they can make muffins as good as mine if they use Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. I've never known Royal to fail.

"Besides, there's the difference in flavor. My tongue is a pretty good detective. I can tell when another baking powder has been used instead of Royal. Cream of Tartar never gives a bitter flavor.

"For more than twenty years I have used Royal in my own home, in class work, in demonstrations, and in all my laboratory tests."

* * *

MRS. ALLEN'S praise adds weight to what the other experts say. "Cream of Tartar baking powder is the best from the health point of view," say physicians of standing. "Most healthful," testify hospital dietitians . . . who must be doubly sure that foods are pure and wholesome.

Cooking teachers, too. "We use Cream of Tartar baking powder in our laboratories," say these women who devote their lives to teaching high standards of cookery . . . who could know better which baking powder gives the best results?

Make sure that *you* are getting Cream of Tartar baking powder. Look when you buy. Read the label on the can. See the words, "Cream of Tartar." There is only one nationally distributed baking powder made with Cream of Tartar. That one is Royal Baking Powder.

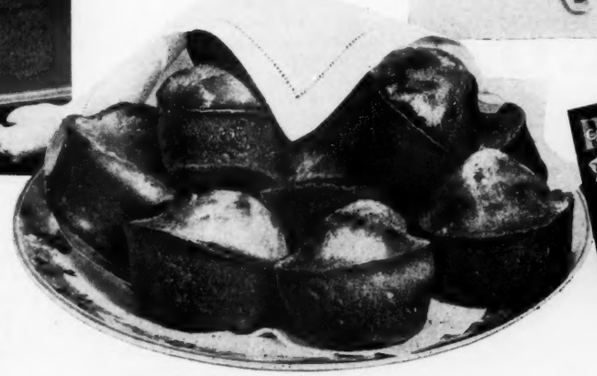
Use Royal always. Then you're *sure* . . . of purity . . . of delicious flavor . . . of perfect success every time.

1. Measure 2 cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar into sifter. Sift together into bowl.

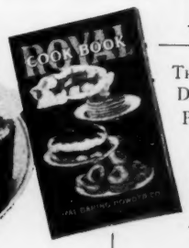
2. Break 2 eggs into dry ingredients. Add 1 cup milk a little at a time to make a rather stiff batter.

3. With a light motion, beat well until smooth. Add 4 tablespoons melted and cooled shortening. It saves time to melt the butter in the muffin tins or in tin cup held over hot water or low flame. Mix well by stirring and *do not beat.* The batter is just soft enough to pour.

4. Half fill greased muffin tins and bake in hot oven at 400° F. 18 to 20 minutes. Always serve muffins hot in a napkin on hot plate and immediately after taking from the oven.



WHERE EGGS ARE EXPENSIVE, a great saving can be effected by reducing the number of eggs and using ½ teaspoon Royal Baking Powder for each egg omitted. These muffins are really delicious made exactly as above without any eggs and using 4 teaspoons Royal in place of 3.



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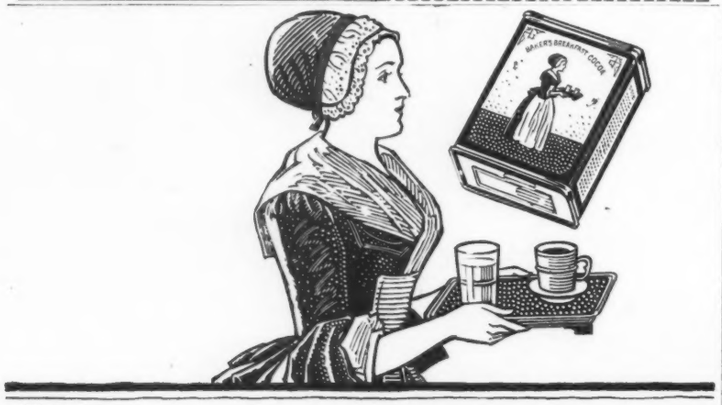

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87% Editors of Women's Magazines

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THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[*Continued from page 86*]

detriment to any in what I did?" He was suddenly grave.

"In what you did? You saved Philip's life. To whose detriment could that be?"

"Who shall say? Perhaps to Master Philip's. We do not know what the life I saved may hold. Perhaps to that of the wife he is to wed or of the children she is to bear him. Only the future can answer you. Always it is only the future that can supply the answer to the present."

"You are a master of vagueness, sir," she protested.

And then came Mynheer Claessens to bid them in to table where Danvelt waited with the impatience of the healthy trencherman.

HE announced, whilst they broke their fast, that he had written to his father and would presently be gratified for Mynheer Claessens' opinion on his letter. This request moved a caustic humor in the merchant.

"Whatever my opinion, there can be no doubt of your father's, Philip. And it is his that will be interesting."

Philip grunted, his mouth being too full of salted herring for a clearer expression of his disgust at his host's deplorable mirth. Thus encouraged Claessens continued. "He'll clip your wings, my lad. He'll curb your thirst for travel by steering you firmly into the harbor of wedlock."

"With all my heart!" cried Danvelt, his mouth being free at last. "If he'll do that I'll count the thousand ducats well spent." He laughed noisily and ogled Mistress Johanna.

"You spendthrift," Claessens admonished him. "Waste finds no favor in Johanna's eyes. She'll need to school you in thrift."

"She may school me in anything she pleases and just as soon as it is her pleasure to begin," said the lad with an air of gallantry.

To all of this Johanna offered no comment. She sat with eyes upon her plate, her countenance so set that nothing was to be read in it unless one looked closer than Count Anthony dared to look just then.

From what he had heard he drew the conclusion that here a match was already settled. These children of two wealthy burghers were already destined to each other, no doubt with the object of amassing greater wealth by a combination of golden forces. That was the vain purpose of all burgher lives. He was conscious of a little chill at his heart and suddenly was marveling at himself.

He was a prince of the house of Guelders, after all, and heir to its throne. Was it possible that, almost without suspecting it, he had been conceiving hopes where a burgher's daughter was concerned? If it chilled him to discover her fittingly betrothed, the sooner he departed the better.

And so he spoke of his voyage to England and desired to know when Mynheer Claessens could afford him passage.

What do you seek in England Master Egmont?" she had asked him suddenly, and at her question his fingers which had softly been stroking the lute-strings into a gay little air of Picardy fell still.

That was on the afternoon of the following day, a day of wind and rain which kept them within doors. After dining they had come to this bower above the garden.

Deep in Johanna's soul something had been quickened by his song, a new conception of life, its evanescence and its glory.

Like one entranced she sat until Count Anthony rose and went to set down the lute on a side-table beside the bowl of white tulips disposed there by Johanna. Returning thence to the window, he stood looking out.

"If this weather holds," he said casually, "it will end by making me a burden on your hospitality."

"Why do you go to England?" she asked him again and thrilled him now by the direct form of the question.

"That I may follow in the footsteps of Lalaing."

"Who was he?" she asked.

"You never heard of Jacques de Lalaing? He was a knight, a very perfect, gentle knight of Duke Philip's court, whose brief life I have had the vainglory to take as pattern for my own life."

He went on to tell her of Lalaing, of his prowess, his nobility and his purity of life. He spoke intimately of courts and their inhabitants, of a world which to her, indeed, was almost fabulous.

"Like Lalaing," he concluded, "I go to England to make my endeavor, though not quite the endeavor that was his."

"Are you a knight, then?" she asked him on a note of awe.

Almost he evaded her question. "Something of a knight, I hope, God helping me. But more troubadour than knight, and perhaps more fool than either. Who shall say what is wisdom?"

Words reached the waking sense of Danvelt, sprawled uncouthly in his chair, who croaked half slumber laden: "Who is a fool?"

The question brought Count Anthony to himself and the whole truth lay in his startled ejaculation: "God forgive me, Master Danvelt! I had forgotten your existence."

"Forgotten it?" sputtered the burgher, and heaved himself up laughing. "Continue to forget it and you'll save me a thousand ducats."

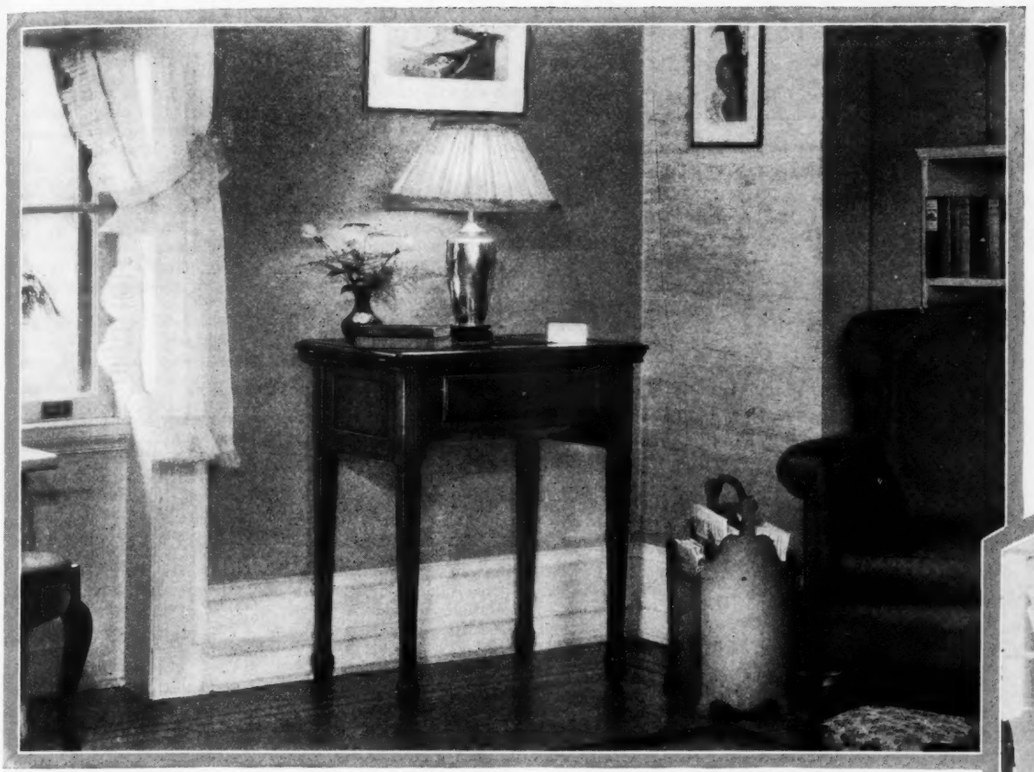
The weather grew worse and for a week the gales persisted in the narrow seas. The young burgher's letter to his father had been dispatched and Claessens waited to enjoy the laugh which the sequel would afford. But the sequel when it came may have provoked the laughter of the ironic gods; it provoked not Claessens'.

The elder Danvelt read that ill-scrawled missive from his son, of whose endowments he had never held a high opinion.

WHEN he had read, he stood a moment without breathing, his face convulsed.

Then his lips began to utter a horrible imprecation that was never finished. He crashed upon the floor of his counting-house that same evening.

[*Continued on page 90*]



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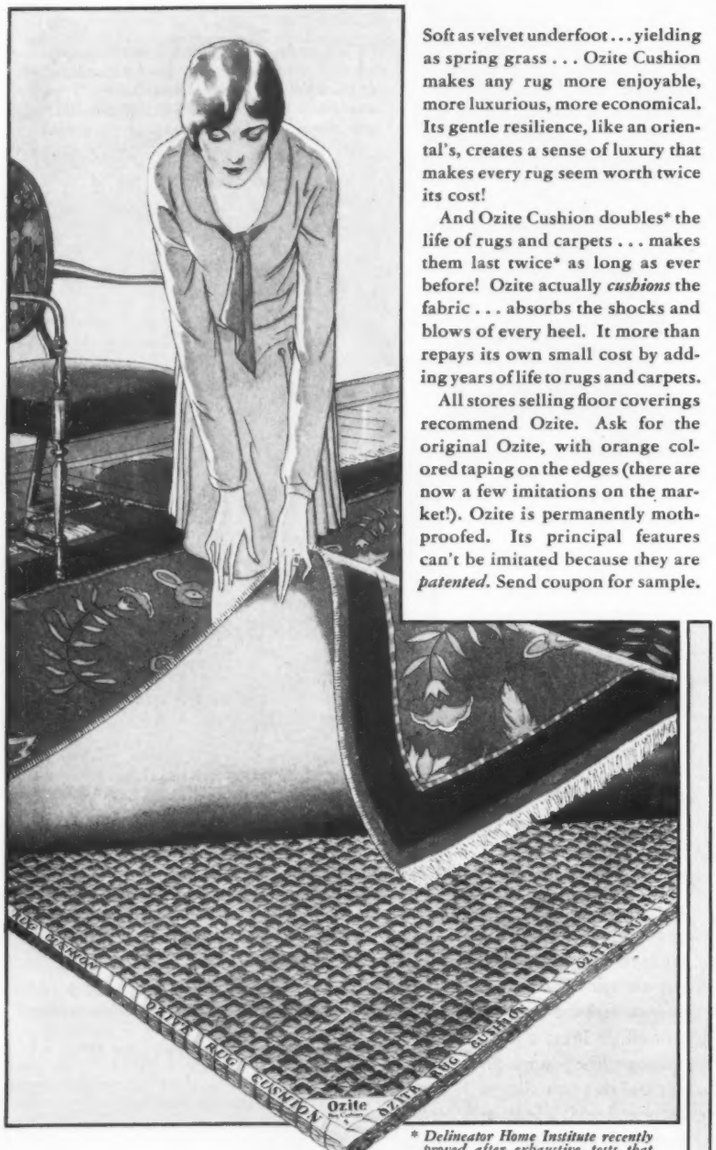

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THE ROMANTIC PRINCE

[Continued from page 88]

When the news of his death reached Philip Danvelt in Flushing, it sent him off in appalled and contrite haste to Middelburg to perform the last duties by a father whose days he bitterly blamed his own conduct for having shortened.

The event pointed to consequences which Mynheer Claessens mentioned on the morrow to his daughter. He spoke gently, regret in his voice.

"Now that Philip is master of his fortune, I shall be losing you soon, Johanna."

There fell a long silence at the end of which she looked up and he saw that her eyes were full of trouble.

"I am not sure that my happiness lies with Philip."

"Not sure?" Claessens was startled. "But you are promised to him."

"I was no party to the promise."

"Nor was Philip. But he's fond of you. Old Danvelt and I knew what was good for both of you. Your fortunes, united, will make you very rich."

"Is wealth the only consideration?"

"The chief consideration, as you'll come to discover. And for the rest, Philip's a good fellow, good-natured, kindly. He'll make you a good husband, never doubt it."

"Not if I do not love him, father."

"Love! Love comes with habit."

She shook her head. "I must judge for myself in this; judge as my heart bids me."

Claessens was troubled but said no more to Johanna just then on the subject of Philip. A wise man this Claessens, in more than the ways of trade. But that evening after supper, sitting alone with his guest, he returned to the subject of his daughter's coming marriage, informing the Count that from childhood she had been promised to Danvelt.

And Count Anthony perceived quite clearly the merchant's object in this confidence.

Claessens knew of his guest no more than was to be read in his actions and externals. From these he judged him a man of noble blood and he had a strong and well-justified prejudice against unions where such disparity existed. In addition to this, knowledge of the world warned him that whilst such men as his guest do not marry women of the burgher class, they rarely hesitate to become their lovers, even when they were men of scrupulous honor.

He judged this Master Egmont to be something even more. Claessens knew also that his daughter's virtue was a rock. So that between the two he discerned no cause for anxiety; and yet he prayed for the fine weather that should permit his guest's departure.

THESE prayers were answered at last on the morrow. The leaden pall of the heavens broke, the sun shone clear and warm and the wind died down. Claessens was able to inform his guest that the sloop which had been waiting to leave port would sail on the next day. Count Anthony thanked Heaven and was downcast. Thereafter he wandered in the garden with Johanna, a sad garden, damp and battered by the storm.

"You will be glad," she said, "to win release at last."

If the question was in itself a probing one, it was robbed of any such quality by being delivered without suspicion of archness or challenge.

"Release?" echoed Count Anthony. "I am a boor, indeed, if I have conveyed any sense of impatience at the sojourn here imposed upon me."

"Ah! But there is your quest."

"I am not sure that it has not ended already; that I have not found here the only reality worth seeking."

She was conscious of quickened heart-beats. Quite instinctively, in maidenly self-defense, she affected to misunderstand where there was no room for misunderstanding.

"Reality is of many kinds. Here we show you but the somnolent, peaceful sort."

"Peaceful, not somnolent. Could any show me a better?"

"It depends, sir, upon what you seek; upon the inclinations of your nature."

"The inclinations of my nature?" There was a rising inflection in his voice. Then he fetched a sigh. "Who dares to follow the inclinations of his nature?"

Very gently, as if she read his mind, she answered him. "All those, I think, who have the courage and the wisdom."

It startled him to be brought thus face to face with a truth so simple, plain and obvious. He looked at her where she stood beside him, her golden head on a line with his shoulder, her eyes averted, the color ebbing and flowing in her cheeks. For an instant he was assailed by a fierce desire to take that lovely head in his hands. If this emotion which she aroused in him was love—the greatest, perhaps the only reality of life—then let him count the world well lost for it. Let him offer himself here as lover and as husband, and if she took him, let him renounce the world to which he belonged and the throne that ultimately waited him.

What was it she had said? To follow the inclinations of one's nature was for those who had the courage and the wisdom.

When at last, having applied the test, he broke the silence, it was to say: "I am a coward and a fool, Johanna."

SHE trembled to hear him speak her name. On his lips it bore a sound she had never before heard in it, acquired a beauty unsuspected hitherto.

"In what?" she asked him.

"In that I lack both courage and wisdom according to your just conception."

She knew what he meant, knew that the strength to the lack of which he alluded, was the strength to climb certain barriers between them, barriers of blood which she had sensed. If a daring half-formed hope withered in her maiden heart, her brave spirit allowed no sign of it to show upon the surface.

Next day he sailed for England and her world was empty—empty because of the going of a man of whose existence ten days ago she had not been conscious. For comfort she clung to the hope that he would come again, a hope begotten of his last words.

"I leave my horses, by your father's favor. My Schimmel is a gentle palfrey that would bear a child in safety. Use him freely until I come again, and if I do not come again, retain him for your own as an earnest of the gratitude I bear you."

"Gratitude?" she echoed, who desired almost anything but that of him. "For what are you grateful?"

"To you, for more than I can tell," he said. "To God, for having let me know you, Johanna."

Whilst she stood stricken dumb by that, his lips touched her hand for the first and last time, in all reverence, and he was gone.

[*Continued in* MARCH McCALL'S]

223 Hospitals warn:

"Harsh toilet paper may cause serious trouble"

How important, then, for you to choose always these softer, more absorbent tissues for the home

Bathroom Paper Dangerous? Perhaps you have never thought of it that way.

Yet 580 physicians and 223 hospitals throughout the country when recently questioned, agreed: "Harsh or impure toilet paper is unsafe and may cause serious trouble."

Many toilet tissues sold to housewives today are glazed. Sharp-edged. They are especially dangerous for children and elderly people to use.

Some are even chemically injurious—made from impure waste materials.

For toilet tissue to be safe, medical authorities say it must have three qualities: *complete absorbency*, *special softness* and *chemical purity*.

With children especially, proper tissues are important. That's why millions of careful mothers are choosing these soft, linen-like bathroom papers

These Scott-Processed Tissues satisfy Medical Standards

Obviously, you cannot make laboratory tests yourself to determine the safety of your bathroom paper. But you can buy today two tissues scientists have tested and physicians have approved—ScotTissue and Waldorf.

Scott tissues are extremely absorbent. You can prove this by dropping a sheet in water. It sinks almost immediately. Ordinary toilet paper floats for several minutes — its fibres do not absorb quickly.

Crumpled in the hand Scott tissues feel as soft and bland as old linen. Yet they are firm in texture and possess unusual tensile strength. They never show brittle edges and sharp splinters which the microscope so often finds in ordinary papers sold for bathroom use.

Only the finest materials—fresh and new—go into ScotTissue and Waldorf. They are always chemically safe—neither alkaline nor acid.

The sheets tear in perfect squares. Even a small child finds them easy to use.

There is no need to take chances today. Always ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

Easy to buy. Easy to order. Just ask for "ScotTissue" or "Waldorf"

Fit the standard built-in fixtures. These prices for United States only.

Famous specialist tells why coarse tissues are dangerous

DR. J. F. MONTAGUE, *famous intestinal specialist, Bellevue Hospital Medical College Clinic, says in his recent book,* "TROUBLES WE DON'T TALK ABOUT" *(Lippincott):*

"It is not generally realized how important the matter of proper cleansing material is in the matter of personal hygiene, yet the fact remains that by the use of too coarse a tissue, much harm may be done . . . the slightest irritation will, in the presence of germs, be liable to be followed by infection.

"We can, at least, adopt for such use a tissue, such as ScotTissue, which is soft and free from alkali bleaching material. By its gentle use we can accomplish cleansing without damage to the skin, and in this manner maintain local hygiene."

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Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned . . . what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A 35c package lasts over three months.

In use over 60 years

Established 1866

THE PAST HUNTERS

[*Continued from page 17*]

gently, "he couldn't. Unfortunately there are a great many others in the same predicament."

"He could have sold it, couldn't he?"

"Why, the property isn't entailed," the little man's voice was dry, "but I doubt if the idea ever occurred to him."

"Then he," Dudley squared his shoulders, "then he left nothing—aside from the title and the place?"

"I believe," the little man said thoughtfully, "that there *is* a watch. He left no will, as we wrote you, but naturally the watch would come to you. It was given, I believe, by George the Third to one of your ancestors for some deed of valor."

Dudley rose to his feet. "Well," he said, "I guess I'd better go."

THE years have changed the village of Durham Ridges very little. On a rounded shoulder of green that fell away to the main highway, were the turrets and towers of Thornycroft Hall. And on an upflung boulder just within its corroded iron gates, sat Dudley Theed, Lord Wyatt.

The June sun was soft on his uncovered head. Above him rooks wheeled and chattered and, from the limb of a venerable yew, a red squirrel was interested in the strange young man sitting there so quietly surveying his inheritance.

Suddenly a soft and furtive sound whirled Dudley about. With half of a soiled gingham stomach and the whole of a soiled, chubby face thrust through the iron palings of the gate, a child eyed him gravely, considering him with an unwinking blue gaze.

"What you doing?"

"I? Why, I'm just looking at the castle."

"It's not a castle," she said.

"Sure it is. You've heard the story of the lovely princess who slept for a hundred years, haven't you?" She nodded. "Well, that's the castle where she took her nice long nap," he said. "And I'm the prince that came too late. That's why I'm not in the story—because I came too late."

"Oh." She withdrew first her stomach and then her face, shook down her socks into soiled crullers about her ankles and said, "Well, good-by."

"Good-by," Dudley said cordially. "If you should happen to meet the princess, you might tell her I don't blame her. Who would?"

Evidently she was doing that very thing—meeting the princess. If princesses rode in dog-carts drawn by plump ponies.

"Hello-oh!" trilled the soiled child, and cantered into the road. "Here I are!"

"Whoa, Tizzie. So you are, darling! Jump in. Mind the bundles!"

"I found a man," exulted the soiled child, clambering into the cart. "Over there!"

Involuntarily the princess' eyes followed the child's pointing finger and encountered those of a young man, standing now outside the gate. "He says he's a prince!" the child shrilled and challenged him—"Didn't you?"

"I'm afraid I did," he confessed, his eyes on the girl. She was like no girl he had ever seen, slender and cool and fair, with her hatless head wrapped close in soft amber braids. A girl as young as the first violet and as regal in her dewy simplicity. "But I'll correct that, if I may. I'm Dudley Wyatt—er—Lord Wyatt. I was just looking over my ancestral hall."

He saw her still, blue eyes quicken with interest. "Oh!" she said softly. "And you're seeing Thornycroft for the first time? It's one of our dearest treasures. You must be very proud of it."

This was manifestly the most charming tact and he smiled his thanks.

She gave him a friendly little nod, but without again meeting his eyes and the pony got under way. He watched the absurd dog-cart go jogging off between the hedgerows and, of a sudden, he saw this girl with the serene eyes and disarming poise as the last of his frustrated dreams. They had dissolved one by one: his fortune, his country seat and now what might have been their crowning triumph—his lady. Still, his dream lady had been some titled beauty while the dog-cart girl was doubtless some humble gardener's daughter. He was certain of that when he saw the plump pony turn in at the gates of Seldon Court. He knew it to be Seldon, for he had been told in the village that Thornycroft was "nigh to the Marquis of Ventnor's place."

THE dog-cart had been the first vehicle to invade his estate. A car was the second, but he did not turn until its motor choked off before his gate and a hearty voice hailed him: "Hey! Can you direct me to the nearest town?"

Dudley pointed out the road to Durham Ridge. "About a mile farther on."

"Suppose we can get lunch there?"

Dudley reassured him on that point.

"My wife and I are hungry enough to eat the spare tire, so—"

"My dear!" cried his wife abruptly. "What a magnificent old ruin!"

Dudley threw her a grateful glance. "Ruin is correct!" he said.

"Do you know what it is?" He told her and she repeated the word reverently—"Thornycroft! Oh, do you suppose we could go over it?"

"Over it?" Dudley repeated doubtfully. "You mean in it? Why, certainly, if you're not afraid of ruining your dress."

The man followed obediently. "My wife's crazy about ruins," he confided. "You see in our country, when things begin to look ruinous, we tear 'em down."

"We don't treasure the past," his wife said, "as you do here. In Akron, where we live, we'd either demolish an exquisite place like this or modernize it—spoil it!" She lifted her eyes to the leafy turret. "Now that's pure Norman, isn't it? And that marvelous doorway! I'm sure that's Gothic—or Early English." She looked to Dudley for help. "Do you know?"

"Well," he said modestly, "it happens to belong to me, but—"

"Then you must be Lord Thornycroft."

"Lord Wyatt," he corrected.

"This is our reward for keeping off the beaten track," she said when they came out again into the sunlight. "It has been wonderful to see it—and in company with its lord! It isn't listed

[*Continued on page 95*]

Bubbling love of fun! How mothers harness it to *guide their youngsters*

Michael Vincent O'Shea, Professor of Education at the University of Wisconsin, and author of "First Steps in Child Training" and other authoritative books

"Make a game of important habits and children respond readily," says Professor O'Shea

TAKE any day for any mother. By the time her youngster's tucked in bed (or supposed to be!) she's made as many decisions as the president of a corporation.

And what a delicate balance she must strike! Not to be too "easy"—but not to forget children's love of fun. To help her, there are new, better ways of guidance, approved by psychologists.

"Make a game of important habits and children respond readily," says Professor Michael Vincent O'Shea, world famous psychologist. "By connecting child guidance directly with the child's natural wishes we stand the best chance of making satisfactory progress."

One of the first problems is at the breakfast table. Mothers are anxious to see their children start off with a bowlful of *hot, cooked* cereal tucked away inside them. Nation-wide tests in the schools have shown the importance of this habit. Eating hot cereal in the morning often determines children's success, at work and play. That is why this rule now hangs in more than 70,000 class rooms:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

And because no mother wants her child at a disadvantage, many take the joy out of the morning by saying, "Cereal is so *good* for you!" If they said that about candy the same thing would probably happen. The child decides that his cereal—Cream of Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever it is—is the last thing on earth he wants to eat.

Then begins coaxing and cajoling. And all the while thousands of other mothers are getting results in a far pleasanter way!

That way is an ingenious plan—a children's club, called the H. C. B. Club—devised to help mothers bridge this difficulty. This Club arouses youngsters' enthusiasm for their hot cereal breakfast. It appeals to them with big colored wall charts, gold stars, badges and other attractive material. All of it free.

Eating Cream of Wheat is just part of a fine game at first. But soon spoons fly and every bit of *hot, cooked* cereal disappears!

Put an end to coaxing your children by making them members of this fascinating club. Mail the coupon at the right now.

Recommended by authorities for 32 years

Reasons why specialists have long considered Cream of Wheat an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal:

1. *Because it is so rich in energy.*
2. *Because with every harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is exceptionally easy to digest.*
3. *Because its creamy goodness is so easily varied by adding prunes, figs or dates while cooking.*

Give your children the chance to do their best. Start them off in the morning with Cream of Wheat.

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Child's name.....
First Name *Last Name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

To get sample Cream of Wheat, check here .....

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A plan that arouses your children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast eaten regularly. A youngster's club with badges and a secret for members, gold stars and colored wall charts. They work it out for themselves. All material free—sent direct to your children with a letter addressed to them personally and a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Just mail coupon to Dept. G-26, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

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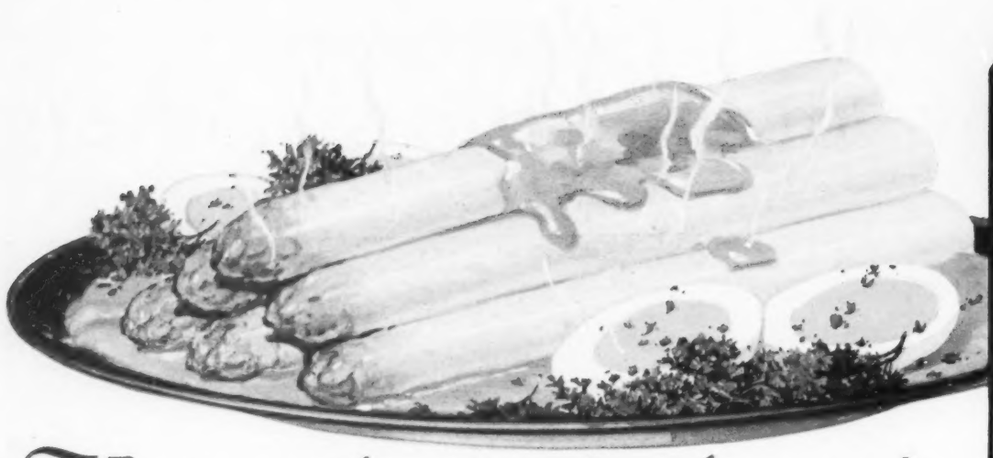

How welcome it always is~

the *magic touch* that puts new zest into every-day meals and lifts them above the commonplace

FREE—This new recipe book

Full of practical suggestions like this one.

Buy a can of the long spears. Take off the tips and serve them as a salad. Cut the rest of the stalks into short pieces and use them along with the liquid for a delicious cream of asparagus soup.

A surprisingly wide range of other appetizing and economical uses for California Canned Asparagus is fully described in this helpful booklet. Write for *free* copy. Address, Dept. 505, Canners League, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

Who wouldn't welcome a help like that? Really, there's almost no excuse left for commonplace or indifferent meals.

Here is a food ready to quicken any appetite. With California Canned Asparagus you may always be confident of adding a real note of distinction to your daily menu. In fact, it often makes just the difference between the meals you *have* to eat and the meals you *want* to eat.

Furthermore, there's as much magic in its convenience and economy as in its delicacy and variety.

Simple enough! Serve asparagus just as it comes from the can, either as a salad or as a vegetable. For made-up dishes, such as omelets, combination salads, cocktails and endless others, California Canned Asparagus is ready for use without advance soaking or steaming.

Finally, it is more economical than you may imagine. There's no trimming, no waste, no cooking, and, at the same time, it really costs less than most other foods of equal delicacy.

Give California Canned Asparagus the place it deserves in your daily menu. It will pay you—in satisfaction, in convenience and in economy—and it will put the magic touch of variety and delicacy into any meal.

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Dept. 505—800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California

CALIFORNIA CANNED Asparagus

Packed in 3 sizes of cans

TIPS in small square and round cans. LONG SPEARS in tall square cans

The World's Most Popular Salad and Vegetable Delicacy

THE PAST HUNTERS

[*Continued from page 92*]

in Baedeker's is it?" Dudley said no, and she looked grave. "Of course I know how you must feel about opening it to the public, but think of the pleasure it would give lovers of the past!"

The sun was slipping slowly behind a western down when Dudley Theed, Lord Wyatt, defied the pair of scowling gryphons that guarded the gates of Seldon Court, and knocked smartly on the door of the lodge.

A starchy little woman, manifestly kin to the soiled child, came bustling up and Dudley produced his best smile and introduced himself. "I was wondering if you'd be good enough to lend me a hammer for a few minutes."

Dudley told her he'd forgotten to buy one in the village and that he'd wait outside. "But I admit I've been admiring your living room."

"Well," she said, "it is cosy. Her ladyship has a way with houses. You wouldn't recognize it for the place it was before we moved down from the big house." She bustled off and left him staring down the long avenue of elms toward the majestic pile that was Seldon Court.

She came trotting back with the hammer, but before he could take it she cried, "Here's her ladyship now! I'm sure she'd want—here's Lord Wyatt, my lady."

"How nice!"

DUDLEY whirled around. He saw two women, both in riding habits. But while the still, blue eyes of the younger stirred faintly at sight of him, the older woman hurried forward, her hand outstretched.

"I should have known you at once!" she cried. "We're delighted to welcome you to Durham. Aileen, dear—"

"Lord Wyatt and I met informally this morning, Mother," the girl said quietly.

"Then we'll keep him—informally—for tea," her mother smiled.

He was caught up in the current of her gracious cordiality. He was a little surprised, but tremendously reassured.

"I expect it will be frightfully expensive—restoring the Hall," she said.

"Restoring it!" Dudley echoed.

"You see we know," and she laughed. "Beckwith, our gardener, saw you moving in your furniture."

"I'm moving in all right," he said and grinned. "But you can't restore a place on ten pounds and that's about my speed just now."

Something in the strained smile on the older woman's face drove his eyes to the girl. She too appeared oddly disconcerted, but she bent forward quickly and gave him a friendly, half apologetic smile.

"You mustn't mind our being surprised," she said. "Over here, we cherish the illusion that all Americans are millionaires."

Lady Ventnor moved forward abruptly. "You mean you're going to try to sell it?"

"I'm going to try to sell an idea," he said. "Wait a minute, I'll show you." He bounded out of his chair, picked up a pine board and flopped it over to show them. In fiery red letters, ten inches tall, was the announcement—

THORNYCROFT RUIN—ONE MILE

"I'm going to nail it on the guide-post at the crossroads," he informed them. "Then down at the foot of the slope, where my property runs into the highway, I'm going to put another."

"You mean," Lady Ventnor said after a moment, "that you're going to turn Thornycroft into a—a sort of public show?"

"At a shilling a head," he said, and explained: "You'll probably think it's dumb—I do—but Americans are crazy about ruins. So I thought I'd go in the business—the past business."

"The—past—business," Lady Ventnor repeated, and Dudley glancing up to find Lady Ventnor's eyes upon him, grinned boyishly.

And then quite without warning, Lady Ventnor offered her hand. "So nice of you to drop in."

It was not until she had turned away, that he realized he had been dismissed. He stared after her, bewildered. Then wrath flooded him. It was too obvious. They had thought him rich, and found that he was poor.

He shifted his gaze to the girl. Her face and throat were scarlet, her chin high. When she found his eyes upon her, she looked away quickly.

"A—a wonderful sunset, isn't it?" she said.

Mid-June found the aristocratic outposts of Durham Ridges violated by alien hordes, its historic downs echoing to the sounds of alien levity. For Thornycroft had been put to work.

In short, as he confided to the Lady Aileen Ventnor on a certain sunny morning some two weeks after that abruptly terminated tea party, the past business was thriving. He was walking beside the dog-cart, a hand on the plump pony's flank. On each side of them were hedgerows all embroidered in lacy bloom.

But Dudley was looking at the girl in the dog-cart and not at the view.

"Know how many shillings I took in yesterday?" he asked. "Twenty-eight. And mind, I only opened shop ten days ago."

He waited, his eyes fixed upon her with a kind of desperate defiance. After a moment she said quietly, "That sounds as though you were prospering."

His brown cheek-bones flushed. "I'm afraid you think I'm a pretty crude article, don't you?"

The abrupt challenge whipped her cheeks to color, but her chin was high. "I hadn't thought about it at all."

HE took a step closer to her and inquired reasonably, "Now don't you think it's only fair to tell me what I've done to deserve that?"

There was the fire of a flashing sword-blade in the eyes she turned on him. They had halted directly before his gate and she waved her hand toward the sign fastened to its iron palings. It read:

THORNYCROFT RUIN. OPEN TEN TO FIVE. ADMISSION ONE SHILLING

"Is it possible that you can look at that and ask?" she demanded.

Suddenly they became aware that they had an audience—a handsome and powerful figure on a handsome and powerful beast, not young, but erect and vigorous and with the quiet arrogance of inherited position.

He had come out of the turfy lane that separated Seldon from Thornycroft. At sight of the dog-cart and the tall young man lounging beside it, he

[*Continued on page 96*]

a DAGGETT & RAMSDELL *product*

for every beauty need

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S Perfect Cold Cream has stood the test of time because it is an all purpose cream. It cleanses, soothes, heals and beautifies. It is an ideal medium for massage. It helps to prevent as well as heal chapped skin on face, lips and hands. If you do nothing else for your complexion, do at least give a few minutes each night to a gentle massage with this pure cream. Wash the face first with warm water to open the pores. Then massage thoroughly with Perfect Cold Cream. Wipe off the surplus but do not wash the face again till next morning. This is a health measure—and beauty must be built on health. Perfect Cold Cream is for sale at all good drug and department stores, in tubes at 10c, 25c and 60c. Jars at 35c to $1.50.

PERFECT CLEANSING CREAM is unexcelled for *quick* cleansing. This new, peach-colored cream does not have to be "worked" into the skin. It is so soft and light that it fairly melts into the pores of its own accord with the least possible effort on your part. Use it daily, and between engagements, whenever you want to give yourself a *quick* cleansing. In jars, 75c.

VIVATONE, THE PERFECT SKIN TONIC, you will find both stimulating and refreshing. Use it after the cleansing and massage to remove any surplus cream still lingering in the pores. Watch your color come up as you apply it. Feel the circulation quicken as this cool topaz liquid touches your skin. Closes and refines the pores. Keeps the texture of the skin normal. In bottles, 75c.

PERFECT VANISHING CREAM is an ideal foundation for powder and rouge. Fine, dry skins especially need it. Apply just a whisk of this fragrant, fluffy cream. It is quickly and entirely absorbed. Work it in gently and dust the face lightly with powder. Notice how much smoother your make-up is, how much more attractive. In tubes 10c and 25c. Jars at 35c and 60c.

Also makers of Ha-Kol (headache cologne), Perfect Shaving Cream, and Perfect Cold Cream Soap.

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Why don't you send for one of these special Clean-up Kits? For only 50c you can get a supply of Perfect Cold Cream, Perfect Cleansing Cream, Vivatone and Perfect Vanishing Cream with Daggett & Ramsdell tissues for removing cream. Regular size cold cream and vanishing cream (not samples), special containers of the new cleansing cream and Vivatone. Mail coupon today.

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We've Stopped the Greatest Thief of Youth

MADAM—one task remains in your home duties that experts claim is the greatest thief of youth—and all youth means. *That task is ironing by hand.*

Eight hours a week in the average home! Hours you look forward to each week with a keen dread. How long will you allow this thief of youth a place in your home—when the price of permanent relief is now substantially under one hundred dollars?

Look at the woman in the picture. Do you see tired nerves—an aching back—feet worn from standing? This woman is resting while an amazing new invention does the work of ironing for her. Let us send this new portable electric ironer to your home. Sit before it—try it—see for yourself the magic of its new workless method. Put its price against the price of youth. And let your judgment tell you what to do about it. See your local Thor dealer—or write us for illustrated booklets and prices.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF IRONING MACHINES

Makes Life Sweeter

Because of the way we live today, the things we eat, few are entirely free from acidosis. To help the system keep sound and sweet, take Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Does a hearty meal give you an uncomfortable sense of fullness? Do rich foods disagree, or bring on sour stomach? Don't suffer, and don't diet. Try this universal sweetener that every physician endorses; that the public has found so helpful. It is a gentle corrective that every stomach needs at times; whenever a coated tongue, fetid breath, and acrid skin tells you the system needs sweetening.

Phillips is the genuine, prescriptional product; physicians endorse; the name is important.

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE PAST HUNTERS

[*Continued from page 95*]

drew in his mount sharply, stared, seemed to recall that something was expected of him, and said, "Good morning, Aileen!" Then he wheeled around and went cantering away.

Dudley watched him go and his mouth was ugly. "Neatest cut I ever had. Wasn't that his mightyship, Lord Deacon, the Earl of Chigsworth?"

"It was Lord Deacon."

"I thought so. He's one of my most ardent correspondents. Wrote me a cordial invitation to take down my signs or leave the country."

Her voice was quick with interest. "And what was your reply?"

"I told him I couldn't afford to do either and invited him to take a look at my ruin some day when he had an extra shilling."

She clapped her hand over her mouth and her blue eyes danced.

The following morning found Dudley occupied in beating up the ghosts of Thornycroft for the first contingent of past hunters. It was the familiar American group of rhapsodic wife, resigned husband and inattentive daughter.

"And this is the room where the morganatic wife of the Duke of Kent took refuge when—"

"How thrilling!" cried the girl. "But listen. Isn't Seldon Court somewhere around here? I know it's in Sussex."

Dudley led the way to a window and pointed. "You can see the towers from here, through those trees."

"Really! I know the girl who lives there. I went to school with her in Paris—Aileen Ventnor, Mother. Look, there's the house. Only they're living in the lodge now. Kay Dreyfus says they haven't a cent left." She appealed to Dudley. "Tell me, is it true she's going to marry that old Earl Deacon?"

Dudley stared down into the eager little painted face. He shook his head slowly. "I—I'm sure I don't know."

"Everybody says so," she told him. "They say he's a frightful antique but simply suffocating with money. And Kay says Aileen's positively got to marry money—you know, like they always do in books—to save the old homestead."

When Dudley returned from his dinner at the Inn, twilight lay upon the quiet hills and upon Thornycroft, grim and aloof, sulking in its ivy mantle. He struck off across the meadow cursing softly, cursing the opulent Lord Deacon, realizing in the next moment, that the aging Earl's part in that transaction was incidental. It was for Seldon Court that the lovely Aileen was bartering her happiness.

THE little room was filling with shadows and with chill. And then very definite steps, slow and heavy moved inexorably toward his open door. He got out of his chair and strode across the room to meet the expensive solidity of the Earl of Chigsworth.

Dudley brought up short before him and grinned. "Good evening."

Lord Deacon ignored the greeting. "My name is Deacon," he announced, "Lord Richard Deacon, Earl of Chigsworth."

"And mine," Dudley confided politely, "is Wyatt. Lord Dudley Theed Wyatt of Detroit and Thornycroft. Will you come in?"

Lord Deacon came in but not very far. "No use," he said, "to pretend that this is a social call. I've come to make you an offer for Thornycroft."

"You—you've what? You mean you want to buy the place?"

"I'm ready to give you fifteen thousand pounds for it," Lord Deacon said shortly. "That's more, as you probably know, than it is worth intrinsically, more than you could get for it if you were to place it in the market."

"It hadn't occurred to me before, but I would sell—only not for fifteen thousand pounds," Dudley replied.

"No?"

"No. You see, this place has been in my family for over three hundred years. It has a sentimental value and one can't afford to under-valüe one's sentiments."

"Perhaps an extra thousand or two—say five—would cover those," suggested Lord Deacon grimly.

DUDLEY drew in a quick breath and bent forward. "Then besides that, there's the industry I'm building up," he pointed out. "You understand Thornycroft is beginning to pay for itself. Next year, when it appears in the various guide books—"

"Forty!" shouted Lord Deacon. "I'll pay you forty thousand pounds for your sacred heirloom, provided you tear down those—those signs and vacate within a week."

He made a move toward his pocket but Dudley hastily proffered his own pen. "Use mine, do," he said.

Fifteen minutes later he was galloping across the fields toward Seldon Court. The windows of the lodge were stained golden with candlelight and the fair Aileen herself answered his excited pommeling for admission. She seemed to have been expecting him—expecting someone—for she was alone in the pleasant old room. She was wearing a light dress, all misty and beruffled and the candlelight gilded her coiled hair. When she saw him she backed away, her eyes spreading with wonder. "Miss—Lady Aileen—Aileen!"

Fascinated, she stared at him while he came in and closed the door.

"Is—is anything the matter?"

He shook his head, breathing hard from his run. "I—I've come to ask you to marry me."

"You've—what!" she gasped.

"I've the right," he said. "I've just sold Thornycroft for nearly a quarter of a million—dollars, not pounds. But that's enough. More than enough to restore Seldon and in a year I'll be worth a million—pounds, not dollars!"

"You've sold Thornycroft!"

He nodded. "For you!" he said and bore down upon her. She stepped back and he followed her until she was fixed against the wall like some exquisite bas relief. "It's a miracle, my dearest. It was meant to be. I love you. And you love me!"

She flung up her head and her blue eyes were on fire. "Do you really think I would marry you?"

Something clamped hard and cold on his heart. "Why—yes. You—you care for me. I've felt it. And I tell you I love you."

She shook her head. "You couldn't. Love is based on respect. You have no respect for the things I love. You mock at everything that is sacred to me."

[*Continued on page 98*]

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THE PAST HUNTERS

[*Continued from page 96*]

Her cheeks were scarlet; his were ghastly pale.

"Do you mean that you won't marry me because I couldn't go dotty over a moldering ruin?"

"Because that was all it meant to you," she said bitterly. "You couldn't see the things it stood for—the wonderful traditions, the ideals."

HE stumbled blindly back across the darkening fields and it was not until he was almost upon it, that he saw the little car parked in the black shadow of the Hall. He called up a careless smile for the spare figure that came hurrying to greet him.

"Ah, here you are, Lord Dudley! I'd about given you up."

Dudley apologized. "I've been meaning to get up to London. I'm coming soon, though. I've got a little business for you, and I suppose you want me to sign those papers or whatever they are."

"Something of the sort. Not that there's any particular hurry," the polite little man assured him. "Still, it would be wise to establish the succession definitely and the naturalization of an alien is a—"

"The what!" Dudley asked. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, as matters stand now," Mr. Weeks pointed out, "you are still a citizen of the United States. That—"

"Well, what then?" Dudley demanded harshly.

The question appeared to disconcert the little lawyer. "But my dear Lord Wyatt, you certainly couldn't have thought that as an American citizen you could lay claim to an English barony!"

"I—well, to tell you the truth, I didn't think about it at all." Dudley said, and laughed shortly. "You mean I'll have to expatriate myself in order to hold on to the title?"

"Why, naturally!" cried Mr. Weeks, profoundly moved. "You can see, if you consider it, that it could scarcely be otherwise."

"Yes, I—I see—now," Dudley confessed and cleared his throat. "Then Thornycroft isn't — wasn't mine either?"

Mr. Weeks moved impatiently. "Oh, yes. The property is held under a fee simple, consequently—"

"It's mine then? I can do what I like with it?"

The little man nodded. "But the title, my good sir, a title is—well, an integral part of the crown, you might say. To succeed to it would make your allegiance indefeasible. I was certain you understood—"

"I do," Dudley said and shrugged. "So that's that. I seem to have cleared up quite a bit of business tonight."

"Do you mean that you would hesitate to—"

"Now, listen! When you go back to London, you just take my integral part of the crown and make a nice little bonfire of it."

He held out his hand. "Thanks for coming. I'll be dropping in on you soon. Want you to draw up a bill of sale for me."

The next morning Dudley found Aileen Ventnor playing croquet with the soiled child. When she saw him coming, tall and swift across the sun-polished lawn, she stood quite still and waited, her mallet poised. He came straight to her and announced shortly, "I've come to say good-by."

She let her mallet slide through her fingers. "You're leaving?"

"Yes. I'm going home—back to America. I'm on my way to London now."

Their bodies were rigid with strain. He bent his head to hear her when she spoke.

"I hope you have a pleasant voyage. Good-by, Lord Wyatt."

"Mister," he corrected harshly. "Just plain mister, please."

"So you've discarded your title too?"

"It's not mine. It never has been. I didn't know or I shouldn't have used it."

"Not yours!"

"No. Good joke, isn't it?" He laughed to show her that he thought it amusing. "Foolish of me not to realize it before, but it seems I can't be an American and a lord too."

"Oh! And so you prefer—not to be—a lord?"

"No question of preferring," he said. "I'm an American. That's all there is to it. I—I wanted to tell you myself so you'd know it wasn't deliberate. I mean—when I spoke to you last night. I didn't realize I was offering you a title that wasn't mine."

She looked down and up again, fleetingly.

"Then it wouldn't have made any difference—if I had accepted?"

He was silent for a moment before he said, "I suppose I shouldn't blame you for asking that. A man doesn't sell his country."

"You sold Thornycroft!"

He thrust his doubled fists into his pockets and stared down at her bleakly. "Yes, and I'm sorry. That's another thing I wanted to tell you. I know now how you feel about that and about Seldon—what they mean to you, because that's the way I feel about my country."

"Your country!" she marveled. "You mean America, of course?"

"I expect it seems droll to you. I'm afraid you haven't a very high opinion of it and I haven't helped it any, but you see it happens to be my country. I was born there. So was my father. My mother's people helped build it. They fought and died for it, so I—I couldn't sell that even for a title, even—for you."

He saw her drop her mallet and bring both hands against her cheeks and he said, "Laugh, if you think it's funny. I don't mind."

"Oh, my dear, I'm not laughing!"

The soiled child had been idly knocking the balls through the wickets, but she stopped now and stared wonderingly at those two silent figures. She marveled that anyone should stand so still.

Then she made the delightful discovery that they weren't really so still, after all. Their two long shadows that fell across the grass almost to her feet, were swaying ever so gently, like reeds in a young breeze.

Only there was no breeze. As she looked, the arms of the longer shadow moved up and outward in a gesture of piteous appeal.

"No! Aileen, my dearest, you're crying."

"It was so—so stupid of me! To forget that you had your past too!"

The soiled child watched the two shadows breathlessly. They were moving together. Presently there would be only one.

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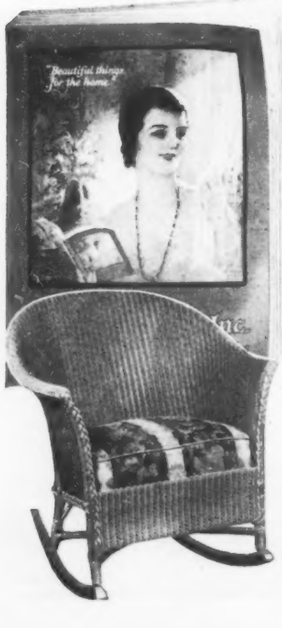

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HEART OF DON JUAN

[*Continued from page 21*]

tant country as private secretary to Monsieur Rambeau, the French consul to Colton. A new life opening up to him in America, Antoine had then sent for his sister and their tiny aunt to join him.

And as she talked, Penny's susceptible heart took a sudden leap and laid itself at the feet of Simone Ravel.

BUT a week passed—two weeks—and yet no sign from Penny.

If it seemed rather a lonely time for Simone, it was a desperate period for Penny. Each day served to increase the vividness with which he recalled her and to strengthen his longing to know her. But with sudden sensitiveness, Penny found it impossible openly to commence a campaign of discovery as to the Ravels, seeking someone who could assure him of an introduction to Miss Simone Ravel.

And then came the twenty-second of August. To the remaining two hundred and fifty thousand odd residents of Colton, the twenty-second of August was quite as the preceding days had been: warm, enervating, a typical late summer day. But to Penny it meant a dream come true.

A glimpse of page fifteen, the Colton morning *Herald*—society section—held the key to the dream. A rather small society item—but it changed the world for Penny. For it announced the forthcoming reception and dance to be given that Friday in honor of Monsieur Rambeau, French Consul, who was returning to France for a short, diplomatic visit, leaving his American affairs in the hands of his capable young secretary, Antoine Ravel.

Penny was resplendent the night of the Consulate Ball. Perfectly groomed, he was more than ordinarily striking; so much so that his mother, entering the ballroom on his arm and noting the manner in which all eyes rested upon him, felt her throat tighten.

With perfect courtesy—for Penny had always that—he managed to establish his mother to his satisfaction and then, straight as an arrow, he sought out Monsieur Rambeau. Discounting his own magnetism, Penny was the only son of a family far too influential and wealthy to have escaped Monsieur Rambeau's attention, and Penny's prompt request was met with a tolerant smile. For Penny had not beaten about the bush. He had come to the Consulate Ball for one purpose only—to be presented to Simone Ravel.

Monsieur Rambeau in tow, Penny made straight for the tiny silver figure. In a moment he was standing before her and his heart leaped at the quick look of surprise and joy that flashed across her face.

The next moment he was bending over her hands as Monsieur Rambeau presented him.

To Penny's dismay, Simone seemed suddenly bored as she murmured—much to the amazement of her distinguished countryman, "Ah, but it is Don Juan, is it not?" Penny flushed scarlet, but Simone turned to Monsieur Rambeau. "He know' me. Now why, Monsieur, you 'spose he hav' to spoil it all by bein' introduc' to me?"

Monsieur Rambeau's eyes twinkled. He had known Simone in the old days in Paris.

"So? You know this young Mr. Pennington?"

Simone shrugged expressive shoulders. "But, *mon ami*—he is the man—Don Juan—that I have' tol' you and Antoine about! He—" flashing a glance at the now uncomfortable Penny, "is Sunset 3141. *Ma foi* such possibilities and then this!" The animation died in her eyes and she half turned away.

Penny turned to Simone in great bewilderment.

"I don't understand you," he pleaded. "Possibilities—and now this?"

"Of a certainty," returned Simone in despair. "How we hav' met—it was so romantic.

"To me, you were Don Juan. I hav' call you that. And every day I hav' expect you to try to see me!"

Penny eyed her in amazement. "But—I say—I've wanted every day since that evening to meet you!"

Simone wailed. "But think—think of the romance of it! An' me—I bin so wanting to flirt with you! How can I flirt with such formality all about you? Oh, Don Juan, why hav' you spoil it all?"

Penny felt the world crumbling beneath his feet. He wanted to cry, "Simone—conventional! What is there conventional about a man who falls in love with a girl who has lost herself out on a lonely road? And I—I've thought 'Simone' and I've dreamed 'Simone' and I've loved 'Simone' through every moment of these last two weeks!"

ALL that evening Penny danced with Simone, and he went home walking on air. And as he racketed about his room preparatory to turning in, his mother heard him singing at the top of his voice.

Idly smiling, she remarked to her husband, "Well, Penny's in love again. I suppose it's that little French girl."

But Penny was far more than "in love again." On the magic of Simone Ravel's smile he was swept into rapturous days wherein he drove and swam and lunched with her; and into even more ecstatic evenings when he rode with her out along the selfsame boulevard where he had first found her, or dined and danced with her in the various city grilles and out-of-town summer resorts.

Noting this, Antoine finally went to Simone. For Antoine knew—and he wished to spare Penny, whom he had come to regard as his nearest friend.

"Simone," he said gravely, "that Penny—he lov' you."

"Antoine," retorted Simone promptly, "don' you be silly. Don Juan—he lov' nobody—jus' life!"

Mrs. Pennington was one of those wise, modern mothers who know the value of holding their children's confidence, and so she had always handled with care conversation dealing with Penny's affairs of the heart. But she, being his mother, had detected a new attitude in Penny's feeling toward the little French girl, Simone Ravel; a tenderness and a new gentleness that warned her that at last the gay young heart of her son had found the one

[*Continued on page 101*]

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HEART OF DON JUAN

[*Continued from page 100*]

girl who could completely fill it. Doubly did Mrs. Pennington fear for Penny, for she had met and learned the charm of the vivid, arresting Simone Ravel. And so tonight she stopped Penny and queried, "Where to tonight, Penny?"

WHERE once Penny would have grinned at such a question and retorted, rather sheepishly, the name of some girl, he now looked gravely down at his mother.

A smile lit up his wide, gray eyes. "I'm going to Simone Ravel's Mother."

"A party?"

"No. I—that is, just to call on her, Mother. There—there was something I wanted to ask her, you see."

She caught his hand in both of hers. "Penny, you are going to ask Simone to marry you! Oh, my boy, I wish I could save you from it!"

He was grave now. "From what, Mother?"

"From the hurt she may do you."

Just the bare thought of it made Penny's heart beat with a sick irregularity and he whitened. Simone—not love him; why, that would mean she'd been insincere—playing with him. Then, on the moment, he despised himself for doubting her.

At last he was running down the steps that led into her garden, searching for Simone. A flash of white by the distant group of cypress trees that hedged the far end of the sloping terrace caught his eye and like a homing bird, Penny made for that spot.

"Don Juan," she cried, and pleasure lit little flames in her cheeks. Then noting that he stood still, looking down at her, nor made any move to speak or come nearer her, she queried, "An' do you not like my new frock? See!" she whirled before him—"It is the mos' newest fashion. Tiny—around here—like a candlestick! And full—here—like a big balloon! But see, Don Juan—tiny roses here—and here and the sash! I ask you, was there ever such a wonderful sash in the world or one of such blueness?"

But still he stood silent, only looking at her.

Simone frowned fiercely. "Don Juan," she cried, "has something your tongue? Or don't you like my frock?" Then coaxingly, "Ah, you called me Nadine in the little pale green one—what then will you call me now?"

PENNY had not meant to speak so quickly. He had feared lest he startle Simone—but the words were in his heart; and then, before he could stop them, on his lips.

"Sweetheart," he cried, his face alight. "That is what I would call you, Simone. In all frocks—and at all times—forever. Just sweetheart—and—" very softly—"my wife."

The smile gone from her lips, the gaiety wiped out of her eyes, Simone stood looking up at him amazement in her eyes. Amazement that turned to a hint of panic.

"No, no, Don Juan! You are mad. It is impossible."

Penny looked back at her in bewilderment. He had been so sure. Incredible—what she was saying. Like a child who doesn't understand, he spoke to her and his voice was very gentle. "Mad? Because I love you, Simone? Impossible—that you should marry me?"

Her breath came quickly. "Yes, yes—impossible. How could you dream? Ah, why hav' you say these things to me? An' why, Don Juan, do you look at me so?"

[*Continued on page 102*]

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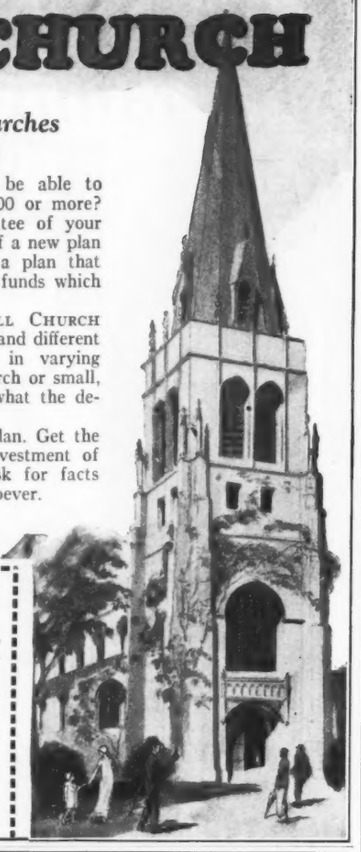

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GROVE'S BROMO QUININE

LAXATIVE TABLETS

HEART OF DON JUAN

[*Continued from page 101*]

The light had passed from his face, now leaving it white. "How am I looking at you, Simone?" he asked quietly.

Her hand went to her throat. "As if I hav' struck you. As if I hav' hurt you."

He laughed—a laugh that had no pleasure in it. "And haven't you—hurt me?"

She cried out sharply, her hands thrown up as if to ward him off. "No, no. Never, Don Juan."

There was a long silence. A silence in which Penny but looked at Simone and she, seeing the pain in his eyes, would have caught his face between her two hands and comforted him save that she knew that never again could she touch him.

FINALLY without a sigh, but in a voice that was strangely unlike his own, Penny spoke to her. "Simone, I guess it was meant that I should love you and go on loving you. It's bigger than I am. It's like eternity. It will outlast the world. But even loving you like that, I was blind. Our girls—the right kind—mean but one thing when they treat a man as you've treated me. We call it flirting for lack of a better name. But to me it meant only one thing—that I might win you. Simone, can you tell me why?"

The tears were running down Simone's cheeks unheeded.

"My dear," she said, "I will try. It is true, what you hav' said. I have no heart. It lies in a grave, Don Juan, in the grave of a ver' fine gentleman and a soldier of France."

Looking into her face, thinking of the sorrow and the sadness that she had hidden behind that whimsical exterior, he put out gentle hands to her. "Simone you too?"

She tried to smile up at him now, for his gentleness told her more clearly than anything else could have, of his love for her. " Yes, I too. That is why I grieve for you. For I believe you when you say you truly love me. An' broken hearts—like ours do not heal. They jus' die. An' nothing is lef'—but jus' col'—and hunger."

"Yet you are always merry, Simone."

"You see, Don Juan, I mus' be like this—light—laughing. For he would have me so."

"He, Simone?"

"Ah, yes, the man I have lov' so greatly! I think, sometime, he look down an' see me here—and then I preten' that I am happy—an I smile. It is a lil' hard, but I mus' not think always of Simone."

Dusk was falling in the little garden. After a moment, she went on, "I cannot spik his name, Don Juan, for that is mos' hard. He was young—and radiant. He lov' life so—an' Simone! It was June when he had his las' leave and all day we play together—like children. We were mos' foolish and young—we did not think. An' that evening he went back, and I walk with him up over the lil' hill and jus' on the top of the hill we stay a moment and we do not laugh now. An' he hol' me close—and then he go—and I was lef'—col'—so col'."

She was silent. Penny looked away at the distant hills. "And he didn't come back?"

"No—he didn't come back. Simone was so young then. But you—you forgive her? She did not mean to hurt you. But because she loved a boy so greatly—because the loneliness so ache—because she want him so—because she long for him—she try to bury her heart away deep. An' so she flirt. For to her that is but play—preten', you see."

And turning away, Simone sobbed, "Oh, Don Juan, Don Juan."

The first gray streaks of dawn, heralding the approach of a new day and a changed world for two people, were appearing on the horizon when Penny at last drove into the garage. The roadster gasped its last breath as it nosed into its accustomed place.

It was with a similar feeling of emptiness that Penny dragged himself up the stairs into his room. There he removed his coat and hat and stood with face drawn and haggard, looking out the window, watching the coming of the dawn. The sun would soon appear around the hill—like a little coquette flirting behind her fan.

The sun, Penny mused, was like a woman. He wondered why he'd never thought of that before. Women gave you life—gave you existence. You couldn't live without them. Yet get too near to either—sun or women—and they withered and warped and scorched the life out of you, made your life a desert.

Sun—fire—women! Penny's thoughts became a whirl.

What he did not realize was this: Men are like iron—solid or liquid, according to the degree of heat with which they come into contact; like crude ore, if left to themselves, imbued with various impurities. But apply sufficient heat and they become as liquid, easily guided into any channel desired. Then they harden in the molds. Fire them up again to white heat, put them through rollers, pound them, stretch them and you can again mold them into malleable iron, easily wrought to any desired shape. Put them through another and more complicated process again and they come out fine steel, tempered to a high pitch of refinement—pliant and responsive—but unbreakable.

AS the sun rose higher and higher, the mind and the emotions of Penny passed through the fiery blast furnaces of life, now subjected to the white heat, then cooled in the waters of reason. So in the space of a single night, he grew in the process of evolution, from youth to manhood. And the fine soul of the boy came out untouched.

Yet, while strength and character had come into his face, something now was lacking there; something that had flashed there before, reflecting the intense delight that life had held for him; something that would never again light up, as in the past, the deep gray eyes—for the heart of "Don Juan" was dead.

But Simone, back in her room, was facing the dawn with eyes that had not closed the night long. In her hand she held a picture and she whispered, "I did not know, my love—an' he is so young—like you, sweetheart. An' I have called him Don Juan because I call you that—and it makes me a lil' happy to have the words upon my lips. But I flirt, that he may know it is all a game. Yet things are not so in this country—an' I have hurt him. Ah my dear, will you not help me? I find I cannot hurt him so—an' yet, what mus' I do?"

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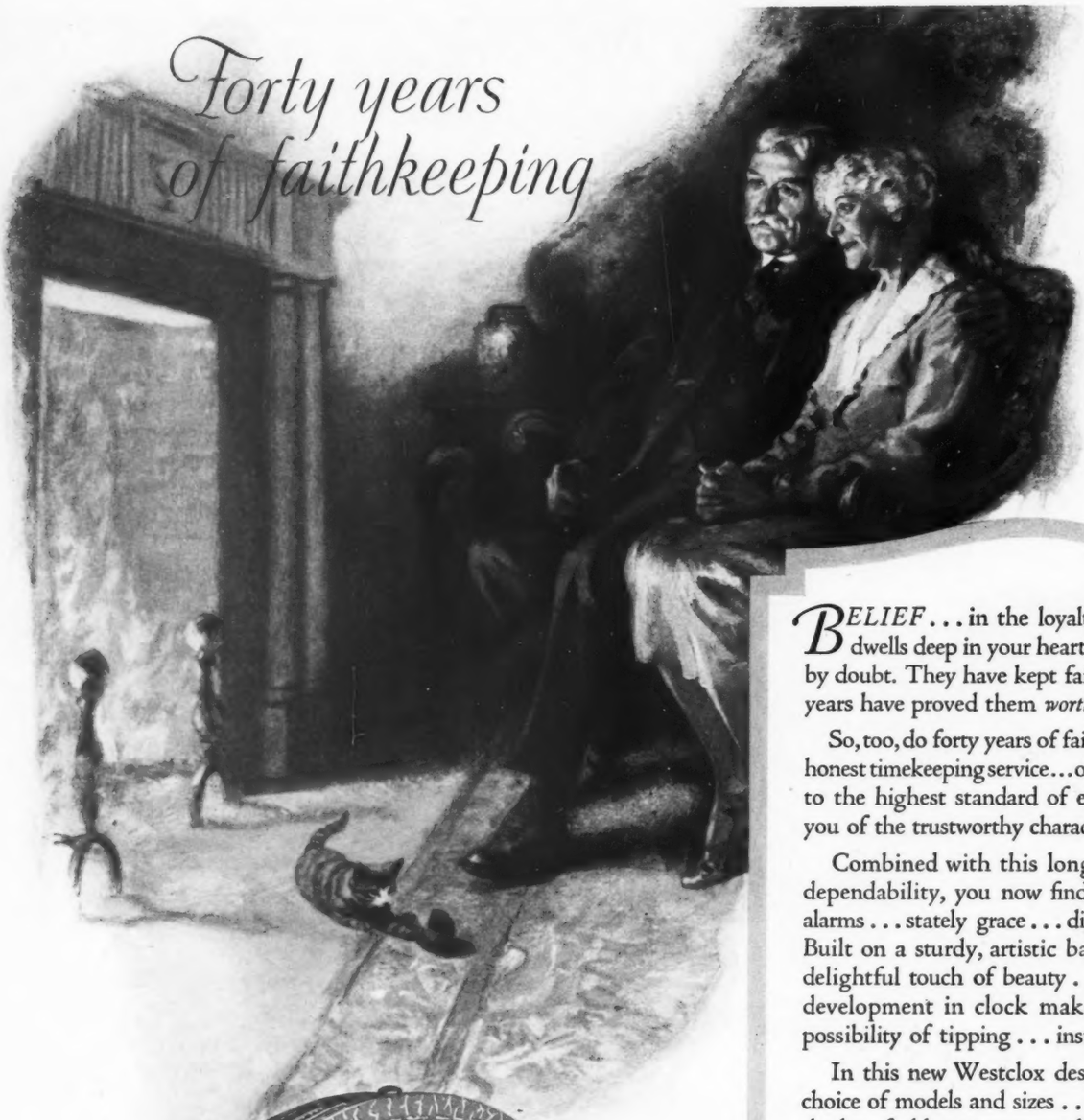

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WHEN MOTHER WAS MARY

[*Continued from page 25*]

The bell rang and a few seconds later John Strange strode into the room. He sat down, stretched out his legs, lifted his eyes candidly and said, "Mary, will you marry me?"

Mother looked at him in astonishment.

"It's for the second time of asking," he said.

"Yes," said Mother, "yes," and the years rolled back.

She remembered the day when John Strange first proposed to her and she had refused him. She had thought he wouldn't make a safe husband. Wasn't that funny! She could have laughed to think of it now only that it made her feel so like crying.

She had married Rushworth Bradley. Now wasn't that funny! He had seemed so safe. He had been handsome as well, tall, strong and graceful, but she hadn't married him for his looks alone. She hadn't been that sort of girl. He was so safe. He had thrilling eyes and a dazzling smile and he said the things that women like.

When John Strange, also tall and strong, but neither handsome nor graceful, had talked of trial marriages and free love, Rushworth had looked so hurt and indignant. He asked John outright to remember there were ladies present, and had added in a loud voice that marriage was a sacrament and that unless it were regarded in that light the entire fabric of society would fall to pieces. He had urged that respect for womanhood was not only a man's duty but his privilege. Mary didn't hear any of John's heated reply; she was so swamped in tender gratitude for Rushworth Bradley. All her most innocent thoughts and feelings rose up to do him homage. She loved him with all of her romantic girlhood. John Strange she feared and distrusted.

WASN'T it funny! When John had proved so kind and considerate to the woman he married and whom he did not love. Through fifteen years of chronic illness he had nursed and companioned her, yielding to her whims and fancies, patient with her greedy devotion. He had been preëminently the safe husband, the staunch, the true, while Rushworth Bradley—Mother's heart twisted as she thought of the man she had married.

He hadn't talked so loftily of women and marriage for effect. He simply repeated what he had been brought up to believe. He was genuinely shocked by John Strange's views. He didn't know that these views were the result of John's mental exuberance, his originality, his inexperience and above all his youth. John refused to believe what he was told to believe. He would only believe what he thought to be truth. His opinions were dangerous, but he himself was eminently safe; Rushworth's opinions were safe but he himself was dangerous.

Yes, he was quite dangerous. He endangered his wife and he would have endangered his children. His opinions were correct because his mind was lazy. He wasn't governed by his mind, but by his moods. To live with him was to live with a thunderstorm. Those large and tranquil silences of his which, before she married him, had signified such perfect safety were really only intervals.

One of them had lasted throughout the honeymoon, which had been a time of incredible delight. Rushworth was a god-like lover—swift, tempestuous, overwhelming. He pervaded every moment, he possessed, he dominated, he charmed, he adored. Then ordinary life began.

HE went to the office each day, and each evening found her waiting. The calm of the honeymoon was gone, the storm was gathering. He let trifles send him into rages and whenever he was enraged he treated his wife with cruelty and contempt. He ignored her without effort and with horrible completeness.

She said to herself, "This is the father I have given my children," and when he died she saw that they never knew his true character. She made them believe that they had a glorious father, such a father as she had yearned for them to have. She had succeeded. The girls loved their mother, but they venerated their father. They bragged of him to girls at school, pitying them for having such comfortable, ordinary fathers instead of one who was splendid, picturesque and beautiful. They studied his photographs which showed so clearly the perfect but unrevealing features. Only the veiled eyes would have betrayed him to a keen observer. They had betrayed him to John Strange, but she had scorned his warning.

She had been loved by John Strange and she had married Rushworth!

Mother's eyes swam, then she shook herself resolutely, casting off these old memories as though they were ugly garments she refused to wear. She hadn't allowed them to darken her life or even to tinge it with darkness. Her nature was invincibly healthy. She had lived in happiness with her children, a happiness which was increased by security when an unknown old aunt left her an unexpected legacy just when the girls were becoming more expensive. She mused for a moment, then spoke in a startled voice, "What a long time I have been thinking!"

"Only three minutes and forty seconds," he said. "Three minutes exactly, by the clock, and forty seconds."

She laughed. "You always did say funny things, John."

"Surely you have a right to think."

"It seemed such a long time. It seemed years."

"Well, are you going to marry me?"

"I'd never have thought of it."

"Then think of it now."

"I'm afraid I can't."

"Why?"

"Because of my children."

"What have they to do with it?"

"To them I am only Mother."

"Only Mother?"

"Only Mother; not a woman, not an individual."

"I don't see what you mean."

"If I married again I would shock them."

"Shock them?"

"Yes. I'm theirs. Don't you see?"

"Absolutely no. I might have a glimmering if they were all at home with you. But they are on their own.

[*Continued on page 106*]

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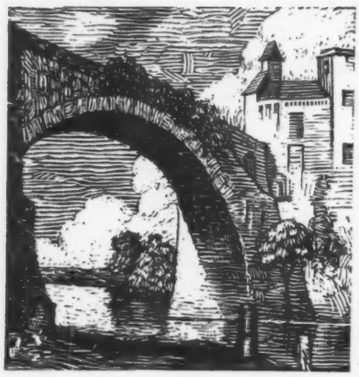

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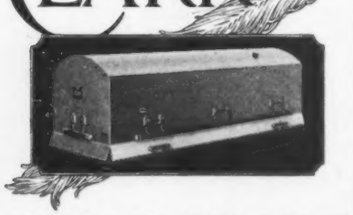

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WHEN MOTHER WAS MARY

[*Continued from page 105*]

They have their own interests. Why should they begrudge you yours?"

"It isn't begruding," said Mother slowly. "I can't explain it though I understand it so well. It isn't just, but I don't blame them; it's so natural."

"You didn't resent their getting married."

"No. They're my children. I look ahead for them."

"Well?"

"I'm their Mother; they look back on me. I lived a number of years before I ever knew them. I've been baby, child and girl. But to them I began as Mother. They can't disassociate me from motherhood. And—and—I've made a hero of their father."

He gazed at her amazedly.

IT was for their sakes. But do you see what I've done? They don't think there's a man born to take Rushworth's place."

"Rushworth!" he said, and smiled with bitterness and astonishment.

"That wouldn't be their chief objection though; it's my motherhood I'm up against. I'm theirs. I'm Mother."

"But Mary, my dear, hundreds of women with children do m a r r y again."

"Yes, but what do their children think about them?"

"They don't object."

"But have those women been placed as I was placed? Have they b e e n mother and father in one? Was their family life as single and as intense as ours has been? Each of the girls at different times has told me how dreadful it would be to have a stepfather. Only last week Nerissa wrote to me of an aunt of Jerome's who married again, and she remarked, 'Just think of it, Mother! Why! She has grown-up sons!'"

"Do you know what?" said John suddenly and violently. "You're so clever at managing your children's affairs, yet you can't manage your own. You sit down under these objections of your daughters. You'd fight them if they were someone else's."

"What did you say?" asked Mary in a quick, startled voice. "I can't—"

"You can't manage your own affairs. You let them sweep over you. You don't battle them."

When he had gone, she sat still, thinking for a very long time, and several times she whispered to herself, "Can't you manage your own affairs?"

The next day she received a letter from John:

Dear Mary:

I married a woman I didn't love years ago because you wouldn't marry me. I wasn't on that account going to live a bachelor life. I needed marriage. I chose Pauline because her hair was exactly the same shade as yours and I liked her very much. I tried my best to make her happy till she died a year ago, and I think I succeeded. But I, myself, lived in a sort of melancholy twilight. I was lonely all the time. You married Rushworth Bradley. He wasn't a bad man. He was the victim of his disastrous temperament and of his foolish mother; she never gave him the training he required. He wasn't bad, but I knew exactly what he was. He couldn't have made you happy.

So here we are—the two of us. If you don't want me I'll go away again. If you do, are you going to let the children to whom you've given so many years take the rest of your years as well?

I shall come tomorrow and ask you.

John Strange.

After reading it Mary put a stamp on the envelope of the letter she had written to Nerissa and which read:

Dear Nerissa:

I'm going to ask you a favor. Can I come and live with you? I am so lonely now you are all away. I can't bear this empty house any longer. I am asking you because you are the eldest. I would not interfere with you in any way. I know it is not a good plan for mothers to live with their married daughters. But I am not the usual mother-in-law. At least my sons-in-law say so. And they should know!

It is simply this: I cannot live by myself any longer.

My love to Jerome and the babies and of course to yourself, dear.

Your Mother.

When John came the following day Mother was sitting by the fire, awaiting tea. He went straight up to her, knelt down suddenly and laid his head upon her knees.

She was strangely disconcerted and did not s p e a k, but stroked his head.

He said, "Do you want to marry me?"

She a n s w e r e d steadfastly, "Yes." And then she added quietly, "If the girls approve."

He was going to protest but she interrupted h i m: "Don't talk of all this for a little while and then I'll tell you definitely."

"A little while? How long is that?"

"Four weeks. It might be less, it won't be more."

"I'll wait then. I should be used to waiting for you by now and yet it still makes me—makes me—"

Millicent announced the vicar and their conversation was interrupted. They all talked lightly of casual things, but John's eyes were wistful and bright, and Mary's eyes were grave.

NERISSA'S reply came three days later and Mary nodded her head approvingly once or twice as she read:

Dearest, dearest Mother:

Surely you have forgotten the size of our flat. We have only two bedrooms, you know, and there's Aggie (the nursemaid) as well as the two children and Jerome and I. I thought of letting you sleep in the children's room and fixing a couch up for Aggie in the dining-room, but why should you have the trouble of the children when Aggie is paid to look after them? Besides it wouldn't be healthy having Aggie sleeping in a room we use all day.

I do feel mean writing like this but it is all true. If you can think of a way I haven't thought of do let me know. I'm so sorry. We've been trying for months to get a bigger place, but you know how impossible it is unless you've got money.

I have sent your letter on to Jane to see what she can do. She will be sure to manage something. Love from all of us,

Nerissa.

Jane's letter followed:

Good Heavens! Here's my own Mother wanting a home and her Jane can't give

[*Continued on page 107*]

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WHEN MOTHER WAS MARY

[*Continued from page 106*]

her a corner! Surely you remember, darling, that Howard and I are starting on our tour of Italy next week. I told you in my last letter.

But of course it was Nerissa who sent your letter on to me and she doesn't know yet we are going.

You can have our flat, but it would be lonelier even than where you are 'cos you know nobody here. It would be so convenient for you if Howard and I lived in Westmere, but he hates the place so—it reminds him of his boyhood—he likes going straight to the works and back again. I can't say I'm too fond of Westmere myself. Now we'll be back in a few months when of course you must make your home with us. Until then Henrietta might be able to do something. I've sent on your letter to her.

I feel so wretched about the whole business, though. Do try not to be lonely, dear. Go out more.

Your nuisance of a daughter,

Jane.

HENRIETTA'S letter was written in her usual schoolgirl fashion and it was expressed in her schoolgirl way.

Darling Mother:

I received Jane's letter. I am so annoyed. I don't mean by reading it. I mean because we can't. Can't take you I mean. We're staying with the Hopkinses in Scotland. The men are doing sports and all that and Harry is trying his new airship as well. Did you forget we are here, dear? You addressed your last letter here. We have sub-let our flat, but even if we hadn't it wouldn't be much use, would it? You'd be just as lonely.

I feel so worried about you. You see we've sub-let the flat for three months, but when we come back you must stay with us. I've sent your letter to Alison. She might be able to take you till then.

Your affectionate daughter,

Henrietta.

Alison's letter came two days later.

Dearest, darling Mother:

How awful it is! Henrietta's just sent on your letter. She must have forgotten that Erva and Erva's cousin live in two rooms and Erva and Meg are home all day. Meg paints and Erva writes, but of course you know that. Even if we could put you up at night—and we certainly could manage that if we bought an extra couch—we don't have beds you know, there's no room—even if we could put you up at night the day time wouldn't be very comfortable. Erva and Meg take a room each and don't like interruption. I'm out of the way, being at the office.

I'll look out for different rooms and we'll live together. Won't that be nice? But of course it will take ages to find them. Can you hang on till then, dear?

Now don't worry, I'll start looking out right away. It seems dreadful though, that not one of the four of us can take you.

Your awfully anxious, miserable,

Alison.

Mother gave a little sigh that seemed to express relief; then she wrote to John and told him she had asked her daughters if she could make her home with them but that, through no fault of their own, they were quite unable to have her.

John Strange vehemently picked up his pen and wrote to each of the girls:

I have asked your mother to marry me. She is hesitating just because she thinks you girls object. I could make her happy. At present she is miserable. Are your objections actual?

John Strange.

He didn't go to see Mary for several days. When she saw him swinging up the path she thought, "I wonder will he tell me he's written to the girls and I wonder will they?" And she smiled in her heart.

They had tea together and at five o'clock there came a knock at the door, followed by a plomp, plomp, plomp, plomp. "Four letters," murmured Mary. "They're all from the girls," she added in a voice of pleased surprise.

"Ah!" said John knowingly.

Nerissa wrote:

Darling Mother:

How can you think we are so selfish and old-fashioned! As though we object to Mother's marrying again! I don't for one. If you like Mr. Strange enough, it would be delightful. In haste and with love.

Nerissa.

P. S. Wouldn't it do away with the moving question nicely?

Jane wrote:

Me Own Muvver:

Why in the name of hokey pokey should we object to you marrying when you didn't object to us marrying? Such nonsense!

Your Jane.

P. S. That would settle the loneliness business, wouldn't it?

Henrietta wrote:

Dearest Mother:

I have just received a letter from Mr. Strange, a most annoyed letter. You are quite mistaken about me, for one. I should love you to be happy with him.

Your affectionate daughter,

Henrietta.

P. S. It would take away my worry about you being lonely.

Alison wrote:

Oh, Darling!

How romantic! I adore Mr. Strange. I shall never forget that it was through him that I got my job. Why on earth did you think we'd mind? You must think we're horrid things.

In awful haste,

Alison.

P. S. It would solve your moving problem wouldn't it?

"DEARS," whispered Mary. Then she turned to John. "So you actually wrote to them about me!"

"Yes," he said firmly and delightedly. "I recognized you couldn't manage your own affairs, so I decided to manage them for you."

"I see," said Mary and there was the tiniest smile in her voice.

"So," he drew a great breath, "it's settled. You said you'd marry me if you got the girls' consent and you've got it or rather—" and he smiled at her protectively, "I got it for you."

"Oh, John," she said, in the most girlish fashion, her smile dying and her eyes filling with tears.

And all he could say was, "Mary!"

"MY LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER, Mildred, somehow collided with me in the doorway when I was holding a pan of boiling hot starch. Her face was horribly burned. She kept screaming with the pain. I didn't know what to do. When the doctor finally arrived he applied Unguentine. It stopped Mildred's crying immediately.

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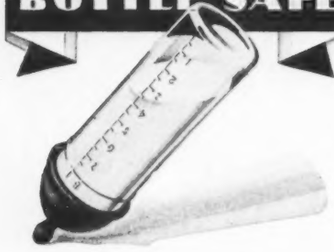

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After the feeding wash the bottle scrupulously clean with soap and Borax. Rinse and put a heaping teaspoon of Borax into the bottle. Fill it up with water and shake to dissolve.

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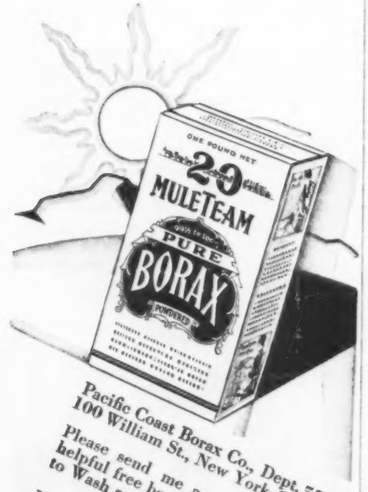

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TEARS OF NIOBE

[*Continued from page 24*]

The man on the bed shifted slightly. "I know who you are and what you are. I've known for some time."

"I'll have to admit I'm not so clairvoyant. It was only tonight I realized that you are——"

"Petty, if you please, William Petty, expert accountant and bookkeeper."

"*Mais certainement!*"

The accommodating Pitt-Martin made a little face that was lost in the darkness.

When the door had been locked and barricaded with a chair, the bookkeeper said, "So this is why you crossed the ocean?"

"Pardon! I crossed the ocean to visit my uncle."

"Why keep up the pretense with me?"

"For once, Petty, *mon ami*, you are too sagacious. Victor Marceau is my uncle, the only relative I have left."

"And does Mr. Marceau know you're what you are?"

"God forbid!"

"You're sure?"

"Oh, quite. My uncle still looks on me as a boy. I'd like to have him keep his illusions."

There was a pause, and then from Petty, "You really are human after all, aren't you?"

Then Pitt-Martin, in an even, unemotional tone demanded:

"Where did you get the decoration?"

"You mean—"

"The bandage on your left shoulder."

"A friend."

"It's soaking through. Must have given you a nasty dig. What was it, a bullet?"

"No—a knife."

"A knife, eh? Not the police then?" And getting no reply, "Petty, don't be a fool. You can't get away with this stuff much longer. Come with me and I'll see you through. It isn't going to make a bad situation any better if we—"

"We?"

"Yes. You're going with me, Petty. Oh, yes, you are," as the other snorted derisively. "For the next few hours we're going to bury our differences."

"I'll do no jobs with you or any of your kind!"

"You'll do this one or my name's not Adrien Jules Delacoste Borchard Pitt-Martin."

"What is it?"

"Find Virginia Trowbridge."

VIRGINIA TROWBRIDGE? What do you mean?"

The young man with the many names held up both hands. "Listen," he said, and gave swiftly, concisely, the story of Virginia's disappearance as told by Elsie Scully. But before he could finish, "Pitt-Martin, if this is one of your schemes—if you think to trick me by——"

Adrien ground the stub of his cigarette against his heel. "Charles Trowbridge," he said deliberately, "believes you are his niece's abductor."

The bookkeeper began to struggle into his clothes. Pitt-Martin knew from the sounds that the bandaged shoulder was causing difficulty, but intuition told him it was best not to interfere.

"Come," Petty's voice was harsh. "We're going by the roofs to a house down the street." As though a full exposé of his methods proved suddenly amusing, he added, "One of my regular exits."

The journey to the house in question was slimy and uneventful.

Like skulking tom-cats the two men prowled the copings, dropping on toes from roof to roof. At the corner Pitt-Martin made a determined stand. So far he had followed blindly. He would know now where he went and why.

Petty drew away from the revealing light. He said, "I'm taking you to the Scorpion's hangout. Either put yourself unreservedly in my hands or stay behind."

"The Scorpion—" Pitt-Martin moistened his lower lip. "They told me he was dead."

"Dead? And you believed it?" A short laugh. "Didn't it set you thinking when Brunhilde Clemment was killed? Didn't it strike you that her death was singularly like that of Madame Tienforte of Paris, of Admiral Swickhart, of the Forrest twins—poisoned in their villa on Lake Como?"

Stung by a quiet something beneath the words, the young Englishman shrugged his indifference.

THEY hailed a taxi, a matter of several minutes. Pitt-Martin frankly paused to hear the directions given to the chauffeur—directions which he had least expected and which startled him. "Austin Trowbridge's house! Are we going to Austin Trowbridge's house?"

"The house next door." William Petty was sitting back, his wounded shoulder rested against the cushions.

"You mean the house that's all boarded up—the Leffingwell place?"

"Why ask? The other side's a hole in the ground."

The paucity of the information seemed to increase Pitt-Martin's uneasiness. "Petty, what has the Leffingwell house to do with the kidnapping of Virginia Trowbridge?"

"Didn't I say I was taking you to the Scorpion's hangout? Well, that's it—the house everyone believes has been empty for years."

"But Virginia——"

With drawn lips and bared teeth William Petty jerked out, "If your story's true, Miss Trowbridge is there, a prisoner of the Scorpion."

"And you expect me to go with you, to take your word that we shall find Virginia alive, to enter that house without anyone knowing where I am or what we mean to do?"

Petty's answer was to pull the automatic from his pocket. "Here," he said, and as Adrien's fingers mechanically closed about the butt, "Now our positions are reversed. You're armed and I'm not. Don't be afraid to use that gun. Use it on anyone—anyone at all, do you understand, who tries to prevent you from getting Virginia Trowbridge safely to her people."

"This is the place!" They had paused before a square, box-like brownstone structure—the house next door to the Trowbridge mansion. The lower two stories had been boarded up.

"Sure you haven't made a mistake?" Adrien had followed closely on his companion's heels. "Charles Trowbridge told me the place had been closed for years, that the Leffingwells were all dead."

"He's right." Petty had descended to the basement and was fitting something which might have been a key into the lock. The little door opened inward, disclosing nothing but blackness. Putting his back to the aperture, Petty said: "Pitt-Martin, it isn't fair

[*Continued on page 109*]

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None Such Cookies

1 cup butter; 1 1-2 cups sugar; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon soda; 1 1-2 tablespoons hot water; 3 1-4 cups flour; 1-2 teaspoon salt; 1 cup chopped walnut meats; 1 package None Such Mince Meat which has been broken up into very small pieces. Method—Cream butter, add sugar gradually, add eggs well beaten. Add soda dissolved in hot water, and 1-2 of flour, mixed and sifted with salt. Then add nut meats and None Such and the remainder of flour. Drop by spoonfuls an inch or two apart on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven 350° until golden brown. Remove from oven when still soft and cover before entirely cool.

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TEARS OF NIOBE

[*Continued from page 108*]

to take you in here without telling you. This is going to be a fight to the death. No matter what people tell you afterward, there's no reason why you should think too badly of the Scorpion. In his own world he was king. Here—" thrusting a card into the Englishman's hand, "if I don't come out of this place alive, you're to go to the shop of Louis Minnikin—West Forty-eighth Street—half-way down the block. A basement, you can't miss it. Search until you find a majolica Joss—the Joss of Ah Sing. It's easily recognizable by its color—green and gold. All the other images there are white. Guard that Joss with your life; carry it to the address on the paper I've just given you, and turn it over to the man you find there. Tell him who sent it. That's all. You don't have to worry about the rest. And—oh, yes—You might say to Virginia Trowbridge that I'm sorry the joke didn't turn out quite as she anticipated, but that I've had my thrill out of it just the same. Come on!"

With that the ex-bookkeeper turned and plunged into the pool of darkness inside the narrow door.

VIRGINIA TROWBRIDGE opened her eyes.

Memories rushed at her like bats, flapping their wings—the darkness of her uncle's stairway; Elsie Scully's moist, nervous palm; the sudden intrusion of that unknown third person; fingers—or were they talons—gripping her throat; the swift descent into oblivion. She struggled to her feet and limped across the room. Passing her hands over the shutters, she verified her first impressions. The blinds were as unyielding to the touch as a stone wall. No steel-barred cell could have held its inmate more securely.

The door was locked. This was no surprise—she had merely tried it as a matter of form. The drawers of the bureau yielded nothing. The only valuable find was a box of matches on the stand by the bed. Virginia put these in the pocket of her mink wrap and sat down in the one easy chair to consider the situation.

Had the necklace been taken from her while she was unconscious? Had it been dropped, lost during the struggle on the staircase? In a sudden panic she sought and located the sheathlike pocket she had made in the hem of her dinner dress. Well, she had been longing to be rid of it; here apparently was her opportunity. To the person or persons who had brought her here, she would barter the necklace. Sixty-two pearls for life and liberty!

Going to the mantel, she took the great brass candlestick in both hands and lifted it down. It was made in three sections. Could she take it apart or had time and verdigris welded it together so tightly that it would be impossible to unscrew? The whole strength of her young arms and shoulders went into the effort. The candle itself was a handicap. She could not extinguish it because it afforded the only means of light. Suddenly, when all hope was gone, the candlestick yielded with a suddenness that almost ruined everything. But to Virginia's delight, the base was hollow—forming a small compartment which would amply accommodate the pearls. Hastily dropping them in, she screwed the whole together and carefully remodeled the wax drippings.

Putting the candlestick back on the mantel, she pushed the arm chair against the footboard of the bed so that she could at once command a view of all four windows as well as the door and sat down.

Listen, what was that?

Virginia looked at the candle, now only a bit of wick gasping in a pool of liquid wax. In its death throes, the yellow flame strained upward, gilding the farthest corners. The girl tucked her feet under the mink wrap and put one hand on the box of matches. The heavy brass candlestick was the only object in sight, but it had already been put to use. She could not, even if she wished, take it for a weapon. And besides, if they had meant to kill her, they would have done it long ago.

There was that sound again, annoying, like the drilling of a tooth by a dentist or a key turning in the lock. Why couldn't the old candle have held out a moment longer? It shrank again and with a faint, despairing hiss, expired.

Heavens, it was dark! That certainly was a key turning in the lock. And a draft . . . . the door must be open and . . . . well, unless the person entering had eyes like a cat, he'd need a light to see where she was. The door was shut and was locked again . . . . a light step . . . . the bed, of course, that was the first place he'd try. . . . .

That faint, swishing sound like a snake gliding through long grass . . . a hand feeling over the bed clothes . . . . coming closer, closer . . . . the foot of the bed. . . . .

Virginia was on her feet, fumbling for the matches. In her haste, she snapped the head off the first and made a sorry business of the second. That second match flickered for only a moment and went out. By its light she had seen, not three feet away, a man whose face was hidden by a slouch hat pulled well down over his eyes.

"Who are you?" she demanded, "and what do you want?"

A VOICE told her: "For the moment, I am your host." And the inflection even more than the words, conveyed an impression of refinement.

"Where am I?" she asked, wondering at the same time where she had heard the voice before.

"You are in the Nest."

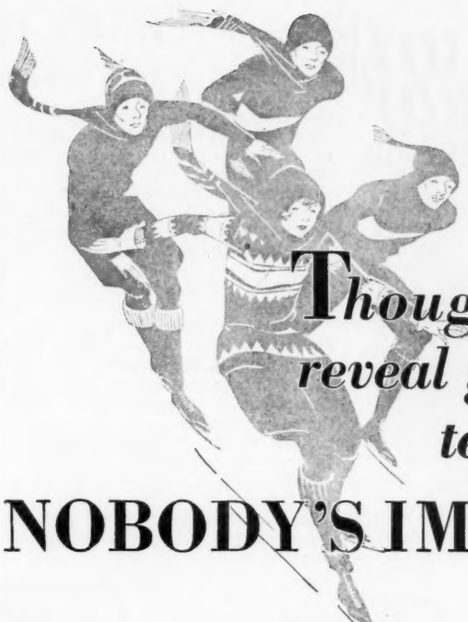
"Who brought me here?"

The voice took on a peculiarly thin, high note which made it sound as though it came from a phonograph. "No one is permitted to know his name. We call him the august one. His person is veiled in mystery."

Though the situation would have had most women in hysterics, Virginia was still able to see the funny side of it. "Don't talk like grand opera," she said, stamping her foot. "I want to know who this person is and what I am to expect."

With opposition the whining note grew more noticeable. "The august one is not as other men. His smile is the warmth of the sun—his frown the chill shadow of the storm cloud. When he speaks, one hears the music of the spheres. When he is silent, it is the

[*Continued on page 110*]



Though smiles reveal glistening teeth

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TEARS OF NIOBE

[*Continued from page 109*]

vast calm that reigns at midnight on the desert. His movements are majestic. He enters like the wind and like the wind departs."

Suddenly Virginia remembered. One had to agree with everything a crazy person said. Waiting a moment to gain control of her voice, she put the idea to the test.

"This august person, how wonderful he must be."

"Wonderful indeed!" was the reply. He makes for his use and for his use he breaks. The virgin metal glows on his forge and becomes a weapon for destruction. His sting is sharper than the adder's tooth."

Again Virginia murmured "wonderful" and decided to stick to it.

Lulled by her submission, the man forgot some of his former caution. "The august one has power unlimited. Time was when all Europe lay in the palm of his hand, when kings hearkened to his command, when women poured their jewels at his feet. And those who dared defy him perished, dying a thousand deaths before his sting ended their misery."

The girl started. Slowly, horribly, came the memory of something O'Connor had told her father about the manner of Brunhilde Clemment's death. Poison on the tip of a dagger.... the poisoner, a fiend, who delighted in the mental sufferings of his victims.

Meanwhile, the voice, enamored of its own cadence, had been droning on. "—this place is called the Nest. Here the august one may retire from the world. It is as secret as the hole of a weasel, as intricate as a spider's web. The entrance is cunningly hidden. He comes and goes at will."

Virginia drew back a step. If this man's ravings had any truth in them, she had unwittingly stumbled into the hiding place of the Scorpion, the most notorious criminal of modern times. "Is—is this august one called—" She whispered the dreaded name.

There was a silence, a silence which seemed to quiver. At last, not untinged with pride, the simple statement: "You have spoken."

"And did he tell you to bring me here?"

Once more the voice became agitatingly shrill. "Miss Trowbridge, the august one knows nothing of your presence in the Nest. I—I, alone, am responsible. I, alone, know that you possess the treasure, the prize for which he has waited for years."

THE Tears of Niobe! Her first guess then had been correct. "It's Mrs. Clemment's necklace you're after?"

Again the flat statement: "You have spoken."

"If that's all," she tried to laugh, "if it's merely a matter of a few pearls, why—"

She came abruptly to the point, "Will you let me go if I tell you where you can find them?"

The man weighed the proposal pro and con, muttering to himself. "Women are treacherous. They have ever sought to entangle men by soft speech. Schemers, schemers! Yet if this one tells the truth, if she will give up the treasure—Nay, nay, trust them not, trust no words that fall from the lips of a female." And then craftily, slyly, "Where are the pearls?"

"This necklace," Virginia's tone was admirable in its indifference, "means nothing to me. I couldn't wear it. I daren't even show it to anyone. And besides, an opal's very unlucky. If I had my way, we'd destroy the thing, and rid the world of a curse."

"Destroy the Tears of Niobe? Vandal!" Virginia shrank back, fearing he meant to strike her; but after a moment the lust of possession again gripped him. "Where are they?"

"The necklace," she said, "is hidden away."

"Here?"

"No. My own home, in my own room—the dressing table—a little drawer inside the large drawer. Take me there and I will get them for you."

He did not believe her. He dare not wholly disbelieve. "I know that room." And as she started, "Yes it was I who climbed to your balcony the other night. Knowing Charles Trowbridge had the pearls, I meant to search your house, his studio, the office, every place he visited, until I found them." A significant pause, and then, "By great good fortune, just as I peeped through the blinds, you took the necklace from your dress. My task seemed all but finished when the night wind warned you of my approach. Once awake to your danger, you were too quick for me." With renewed suspicion, "How do I know you are not too quick for me now? This story of the dressing table—how do I know it is not a ruse, that you are not planning to trap me?"

LISTEN. I swear if you take me to my home, you shall have the pearls and go unmolested."

Again he weighed the matter and again suspicion sharpened his wits. "You may be lying to me. The necklace may be on you now."

"Light the candles and search me. I am willing to have you search me."

The man was convinced despite himself.

"I will test this tale of yours," he said finally, "but you shall remain here as hostage."

"Oh, but don't you see"—realizing too late how feeble the strategy had been, Virginia grew desperate—"you mustn't go without me. You shan't go without me. I'm afraid to stay here alone. The august one may come, and if he finds me here and I cannot explain, he may kill me. He might even kill you for having me here without his permission. He—"

The voice checked further argument. "Your home is right next door. I shall be back with the pearls or without them in five minutes."

She heard the door open softly and as softly close. A key turned in the lock. Next door, within a stone's throw of home! This, then, must be the Leffingwell house, the mansion on whose steps she had played as a child. Well, she had five minutes—five minutes in which to fight for life and freedom—five minutes, and utter darkness.

[*Concluded in* MARCH McCALL'S]

Gray Hair let me end it Safely

1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.

2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. *Clean . . . safe.* Takes only 7 or 8 minutes.

3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

FREE Test at Home

WHY try to fool others with "crude dyes"? Why endanger lovely hair by poisonous chemicals? Now instead of "crude," dangerous dyes you call back the original girlhood color to your hair. Simply comb in a clear, water-like liquid containing elements that give natural shade. If auburn, hair reverts to auburn—if black, black returns.

This scientific way defies detection. 3,000,000 women have used it. Makes hair live looking and lustrous. Will not wash off. May be applied only to gray parts. Keeps hair easy to curl.

Test free by sending coupon—or go to nearest drug store. Few cents' worth restores color perfectly. Money returned if not amazed.

TEST FREE

Mary T. Goldman, 357-B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Check color: Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown.....light auburn.....blonde.....[Print name]

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S
Hair Color Restorer

GOING TO PIECES

[*Continued from page 31*]

sprawling on their noses. But from behind the hedge there comes the delighted laughter of the authors, the gleam of two pairs of eyes alight with an urchin joy. When its like dies out of the world, we might as well move to the moon. The brilliant production of *The Front Page* is another feather in the cap of Broadway's youngest impresario, Jed Harris. It was written by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, two redolent young graduates of Chicago's Fleet Street.

SPECIFICALLY, *The Front Page* relates the efforts of one Hildy Johnson, a war-worn Criminal Courts reporter, to escape the thraldom of his job by marrying a nice girl and retiring to the refined dignity of the advertising business in New York. His bag is packed, his tickets are bought, his girl is waiting in the chugging taxi. Then a big story breaks and—well, the bride must wait. But that is a chance interruption. The real antagonist in this battle of wills is the maniacal managing editor who fain would keep him stuck to the old last.

But in the end, when the big story is over, when the escaped murderer—who has been run to earth in a roll-top desk in the very press-room itself—has been snatched from the gallows by a reprieve, the girl bears her Hildy off to the New York train. It is then that the antagonist, as though finally frustrated, bows to her and to the inevitable, kisses her on the brow with a gingerly peck of benediction and presses into the embarrassed Hildy's hands as his wedding gift the gold watch which the Big Chief had once given him, the beautiful watch inscribed "To the Best Newspaperman in the World." It is, therefore, a much uplifted Hildy who goes off to the train and it is a still resolute managing editor who goes then to the telephone and arranges for Hildy's arrest by the police of La Porte, Indiana, when the twelve-forty should pass through that community on its way to New York. He wants not only Hildy's arrest but his immediate return to Chicago in chains. Indeed, as the curtain falls, he is sounding most indignant. "Why," he explains—and it is the last line of the play—"he stole my watch."

The newspapermen in the first New York audience to greet *The Front Page* rose and clasped it to their bosoms, then hurried each to his office and played paeans of praise on their typewriters for the next day's issues. It mattered not to them that their craft was pictured in this play as peopled with shabby, shoddy wastrels. It mattered not to them that Hildy would cry out: "Who wants to work on a newspaper? A lot of crumby hoboes, full of dandruff and bum gin they wheedle out of nigger aldermen. Journalists! Peeking through keyholes! Running after fire engines like a lot of coach dogs! Waking people up in the middle of the night to ask them what they think of Mussolini. A lot of lousy, daffy buttinskis, swelling around with holes in their pants, borrowing nickels from office boys! And for what? So a million hired girls and motormen's wives'll know what's going on. I've been a newspaperman for fifteen years. And if you want to know something, you'll all end up on the copy-desk—gray-headed, humpbacked slobs, dodging garnishees when you're ninety."

The authors have since admitted that for all its mouth-filling oaths and hoodlum rowdiness, their prankful play is a valentine thrown wistfully back across the years to the bouncing days of their own servitude on the streets of Chicago.

I WAS the more pleased by the moist kiss which the press of New York implanted on the sweaty brow of *The Front Page* because so often when a craft is jocosely used on the stage, committees of the injured are formed to draw up resolutions and sulk in public.

Every time, for instance, that a person in a play turns out to be a whited sepulchre, the clergy grows restless and renews the ancient war upon the theater. Then we all recall how a silly admiral had the vapors because in his ineffable folly, he felt that *What Price Glory* would lower the United States Marines in public esteem. But the press took *The Front Page* like a man. Indeed only one newspaper of any importance shook a reproving finger.

THE BOOK CORNER

[*Continued from page 31*]

are to his stories what the weaver's beam and shuttle are to the fabric, a device to hold the golden threads while the pattern is being wrought. Holding that "the true function of literature is the notation of the heart," his theme is always the ageless problem of love and death. To prove that the great joys and sorrows of humanity rise forever from the same secret sources, he takes from history such striking individuals as Madame de Sévigné and Saint Teresa of Avila and as he does in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, transplants them in contact with other famous persons of whom they never had the slightest knowledge—for the actress Camile Ferichole is also a real woman, who really lived in Lima two hundred years ago—and there is nothing incongruous in the juxtaposition, for it is with their inner lives that he concerns himself, and they remain unchanged in character and destiny. And though Thornton Wilder's next novel will probably be placed in ancient Greece and composed upon a theme drawn from a drama by Terence, it is safe to say it will have the same universal significance and be open to the understanding of whoever has loved and suffered as lately as yesterday.

IT is noteworthy that among the newer novelists the women writers are least given to the romantic approach; and again, that the keenest realists come from the traditionally romantic South, while the Middle West is taking on a touch of glamor. Having domiciled himself in France, Glenway Westcott—in *The Grandmothers* and *Goodbye, Wisconsin*—invests with the "pathos of distance" the frontier days in Wisconsin in which his grandparents and parents lived.

The same motive actuates Ernest Hemingway and Louis Bromfield. Hemingway is from the Middle West; Louis Bromfield hails from Ohio, but his family is rooted in New England. Though Hemingway has spent much of the last ten years abroad and his novel, *The Sun Also Rises*, portrays expatriates who drift about Paris and the pleasure resorts of the Riviera, the point of view is wholly American. Thomas Beer, in a similar way, is fascinated by the Arcadian objectiveness

[*Continued on page 112*]

Her wrinkles and age lines have disappeared

Drooping muscles, heavy chins, crows feet, coarsened skin and other signs of waning youth and beauty are successfully treated by *Catherine McCune's Simplified Home Beauty Treatments.* Catherine McCune is a graduate and practicing skin specialist. In the course of her personal practice she has perfected and now offers to women everywhere—

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Catherine McCune's
SILK FACIAL MASK
AND BEAUTY TREATMENT

Catherine McCune's long practice as a specialist in beauty and youth retention has taught her that comeliness begins with the underlying muscles and tissues. Her Silk Facial Mask *lifts* the muscles, making them firm and vigorous. The specially prepared creams, astringents, lotions and powder which go with the mask treatment nourish the tissues and keep the skin smooth and tight, so the face has no chance to droop.

It is marvelous, really! Improvement is apparent with the first application. After a week or two pristine freshness and peach bloom texture glorifies the skin. And it is so very inexpensive, and so simple and easy to apply.

But let Catherine McCune explain her system of home treatments fully by sending for her book "Beauty is Yours to Have and to Hold." It is filled with helpful beauty hints, and it is FREE.

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You may send me your book "Beauty is Yours to Have and to Hold" without obligation to me.
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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outht and supply you with work. Write today for free booklet.
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Instantly darkens eyelashes and brows. Makes lashes appear longer and more luxuriant. Gives depth, brilliance, expression and charm to the eyes. Harmless. Easily applied. Approved by millions of lovely women the world over. Solid or water-proof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.
MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

FOOT PAINS
GONE in 10 minutes
OR COSTS YOU NOTHING

Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended.

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles that permit the foot bones to become displaced and press against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Now a way is discovered to strengthen these muscles while holding the bones in position. Pains stop in 10 minutes when this amazing band, the Jung Arch Brace, is used. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. An exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift is provided and urgently advised for severe cases. Worn with any style footwear. There is nothing stiff to further weaken muscles or cause discomfort.

Pains stops like magic. Soon band may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

Wear it 10 days; if not delighted, your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. **Write for free book on foot troubles.**

1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

FREE if it fails

Jung Arch Brace Co., 272 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio
Send one pair of braces marked below :
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR *SEVERE* CASES — with cushion lift	FOR *MILD* CASES — without cushion lift
☐ BANNER (*medium*) $2	☐ WONDER (*medium*) $1
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☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.
Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....
Name .....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Canada: M. L. C. Bldg., Montreal. Add 25c to above prices

When this work must be done..

Protect your hands with this invisible glove

LAUNDERING or similar household tasks need not redden or roughen your hands. Before and after putting your hands in the soapy water, just rub on a few drops of Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. You'll be surprised how effectively this will prevent the skin from drying out and hardening.

Really, it's amazingly easy to keep your hands soft, white and satiny-smooth with Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. And it's ideal for busy housewives. It takes only a moment to use for *it dries quickly and is not the least bit sticky.* This clear, liquid lotion beautifies hands because it softens, soothes and refreshes, and also because it protects the pores "like an invisible glove."

You will want to try this new, delightful lotion because it's different from any other. On sale at druggists—50c for a large bottle. For one-week trial bottle free, use coupon below. Chamberlain Laboratories, 202 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

A—See how this "invisible glove" protects pores. B—No protection. Pore inflamed by dirt and cold.

Chamberlain's HAND LOTION

"The Invisible Glove"

Sign the coupon and try the "invisible glove" at our expense

CHAMBERLAIN LABORATORIES
202 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa

Please send your one week trial bottle, free.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

THE BOOK CORNER

[*Continued from page 111*]

of the husky farmer boys who figure so largely in his stories. They supply a gauge, a dynamometer of the vital forces which keep humanity going against all odds, which appeals to the critically introspective mind of the literary artist imbued with the spirit of a scientific age.

Louis Bromfield supplies a remarkable antithesis. He is a born novelist, he perceives character in terms of action and develops his characters through their relations with each other and by their efforts to find their own places in the existent scheme of things. He gives depth to his occasionally sketchy and sometimes confused canvas by his large contrasts of two or three generations; the shrewd and thrifty, plain and sober founders of fortunes and the luxurious women and cosmopolitan young men who inherit.

His novel, *Early Autumn*, won the Pulitzer prize in 1926, while opinion of his newest work, *The Strange Case of Annie Spragg*, remains divided.

Of the possibilities of the newer women novelists there can be little doubt. By another paradox, they, the traditionally sentimental sex, tend strongly toward realism. Mathilde Eiker and Edna Bryner both draw immediately from life, using the material nearest at hand. Miss Eiker is a Washington woman, and holds a position in the public schools. In her astonishing first novel, *Mrs. Mason's Daughters*, one of the three daughters is a school teacher; and so is Eltin Handerson, the heroine of *Over the Boat Side*—the routine of teaching is wrought into the story with sharp satiric touches.

Nothing could be more surprising than to meet Edna Bryner after reading her first novel, *Andy Brandt's Ark*. The book is powerful and tonically bitter. It is an unsparing analysis of the unbreakable and therefore frequently painful ties of association and blood which unite individuals who have nothing else in common. Bred on an Oklahoma farm, Miss Bryner put herself through college and supported herself as a settlement worker in New York while developing her special technique. She radiates vitality, competence and good humor.

ISA GLENN—in private life Mrs. Bayard Schindel, the widow of an army officer—has published three novels. In the latest, *Southern Charm*, she has found herself, achieved a style. She combines a strong appreciation of the great Victorian novelists, especially Dickens, with a sense of the value of modern methods. Emily Clark, in her volume of sketches of Southern life, *Stuffed Peacocks*, is more sympathetic toward the traditions of the old South, though she turns them to Meredithian comedy. A Virginian feeling for elegance keeps her touch caressingly light. Miss Clark is a Richmond girl by antecedents; though she now resides in Philadelphia, where she was married and widowed, as Mrs. Edwin Swift Balch.

Since the order of names is wholly accidental, the last to be considered is T. S. Stribling. The second from the last of his five novels was the first to attract wide notice; and it is a grim study of the mental stagnation of the "poor whites" of a backwoods village in Tennessee, Mr. Stribling's own state. He did the job with a thoroughness no northern visitor could equal. It is my own belief that *Teeftallow* is a *tour de force*, decidedly successful but not representative of Mr. Stribling's greatest powers. His finest work is in the vein of imaginative satire, in *Birthright*, *Fombombo* and *Red Sand*, the latter two laid in South America. And his latest novel, *Bright Metal*, is a contrast between northern and southern manners.

MUSICAL EDUCATION

[*Continued from page 31*]

and musical possibilities of the individual orchestral instruments. In addition, the series will give the older pupils a grounding in the structural elements of symphonic music.

The concerts are played by a new permanent symphonic organization, known as the National Symphony Orchestra. The ensemble undoubtedly sets a new standard for "radio" orchestras; for inasmuch as the recent amalgamation of the New York Symphony Orchestra with the Philharmonic released many of the finest players of the former organization, it was possible for Mr. Damrosch to recruit his new organization from among instrumentalists who not only were skilled artists but had played together under his baton for many years. The National Symphony Orchestra is, consequently, virtually an abridged edition of the New York Symphony.

These radio concerts go a step farther than the traditional children's concert; for every program is supplemented by a carefully graded questionnaire, designed to test the listener's ability to recognize the various orchestral instruments, to encourage him to formulate his own interpretation of the music he has heard and to teach him the rudiments of musical form. These questionnaires were prepared by Ernest La Prade, the former program annotator of the New York Symphony and likewise leader of its second violin section for the past nine years. They have been published by the Radio Corporation of America and distributed by tens of thousands throughout the schools that listen in on the concerts. The teachers submit them to the children and correct the answers from a key, being thus enabled, regardless of their own degree of musical expertness, to check the progress of their pupils and the degree of interest that they manifest in the concerts.

There are four separate series in the course, planned respectively for very young (primary) children, for fifth and sixth grade pupils, for junior high schools and for senior high school and college students. By the time this issue of McCall's appears the course will have been running for some time. Those still scheduled run as follows:

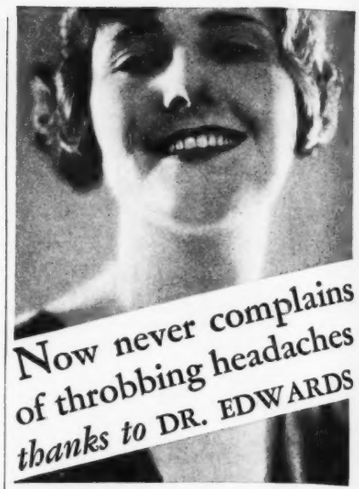
First Series (for the very young), 11 A. M.—February 1, March 1 and 15, April 5 and 19: *The Instruments of the Orchestra.* May 3: *Dances.*

Second Series (public schools), 11 A. M.—January 25, February 8 and March 8: *The Instruments of the Orchestra.* March 22: *Nature in Music.* April 12: *Fun in Music.* May 10: *Sorrow and Happiness.*

Third Series (junior high school), 11:30 A. M.—February 1 and March 1: *The Instruments of the Orchestra.* March 15 and April 19: *The Symphony.* May 3: *The Symphonic Poem.*

Fourth Series (high school and college), 11:30 A. M.—February 6, March 8 and 22: *The Instruments of the Orchestra.* April 12: *The Symphonic Poem.* April 16 and May 10: *The Symphony.*

The time is Eastern Standard.



Now never complains of throbbing headaches *thanks to* DR. EDWARDS

EACH night, just before going to bed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablet and you'll be delighted with the way headaches vanish, for good and glorious health returns. For more than twenty years, Dr. Edwards prescribed this formula for patients who found grateful relief. It is a compound of rare vegetable ingredients, mixed with olive oil. Now he brings this formula to you. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Know them by their olive color.

Relief is Quick and Gentle

An efficient substitute for calomel and far more pleasant to take, Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets merely assist nature in restoring the bowels and liver (trouble starts here) to normal action, thus relieving danger and protecting good health. They are safe, harmless, and mild in action. No griping. Non-habit-forming. If your skin is sallow; if you are tired and listless; if headaches bother you, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Quickly you will look and feel so much better. Sold by all druggists, 15c, 30c, and 60c.

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TINTED BED SETS

The vogue for delicately colored pillow slips and sheets of linen, crepe de chine or cotton can be easily followed at great savings by tinting your white ones. Just dissolve a package of Putnam Dye in a pint of boiling water and bottle it. This Tinting Fluid can be used like blueing, a few drops at a time for successive washings to keep the tint uniform. At your druggist's—15¢ per package.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES *for* Tinting *or* Dyeing

Send for new Revised Edition, "The Charm of Color," a beautifully illustrated guide to Dyeing, Tinting, Bleaching, Dry Cleaning, etc.

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Your old carpets, rugs and clothing are shredded until all *fibers* are entirely separated. These fibers are then *scoured, steamed, carded, combed out* and *bleached* into soft, downy wool that looks just like wool right off the sheep's back. This wool is *spun* into rug yarn (*double twisted* for extra durability), wound into *skeins*, and expertly *dyed* and *woven* on modern power looms into new Olson Duo-Velvety Rugs that have the rich, closely woven appearance of store rugs costing twice our price.

PERSIAN →
No. 9780. A lovely rich Persian design on a Taupe field. Woven Seamless and Reversible in 13 sizes.

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TWO TONED
Taupe—the popular color. Any size.

THIS COUPON → Is Worth $10 to $25 *to Any Woman*

who has old material around the house

Reversible for Double Wear

A striking new Chinese design. Taupe field, mulberry border. 13 sizes.

UNTIL you see the beauty of these fine, new Olson Duo-Velvety Rugs—*walk* on them—*feel* how soft and luxurious they are underfoot—*examine* the deep, closely woven pile on both sides—*know* the thrill of possessing these modern, rich-textured rugs, you cannot begin to appreciate the extent of all the *advanced manufacturing* features included in these latest and finest Olson Rugs.

Here, at a low price, is everything you want in a modern rug—not ordinary one-sided rugs—but seamless Duo-Velvety Rugs woven reversible for double wear.

Here are colorful, up-to-date rugs, *any size you want*, that will lift rooms out of the dull and commonplace. Thirty charming new colors and patterns to choose from regardless of the colors in your old materials—serviceable colors such as: Taupe, Mole, Grey Green, Grey Blue, Mahogany, Russet, Beaver Brown, Rose and Mulberry in the new Moresque *Weave* that won't show soil or foot marks—*Two-Toned Rugs* noted for their ability to fit gracefully into every decorating scheme—rich *Chinese* and *Persian* designs—new *Modernistic* effects—*Hooked* patterns and *Oval* rugs.

Don't Waste *Your* Good Material

American women are thrifty and intelligent buyers. The idea of using the *good, seasoned wool* in their old carpets, rugs and clothing appeals to them. So does the idea of weaving rugs *reversible* and *seamless*.

THERE is a fascination in sending away a bundle of old material and getting a lovely new rug in return *10 days later* As one woman expressed the thought that so many have stated, "Your plan appealed to my curiosity. It has been great fun and I am delighted with my rugs and proud of the saving I made."

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Write for FREE book on decorating and complete information.

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Reversible OLSON RUGS

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

A color photograph

Some like it *sliced*... Some like it *crushed* . . . . . and many prefer the *tidbit* form

BUT most women keep all three on hand—and use the style best suited to their purpose.

Tender, golden Slices—dainty, triangular morsels called Tidbits, or Salad Cuts—juicy heaps of Crushed: each has its purpose and its place in your pantry—each is all ready to use.

Think what that means. No need to cut up slices for fruit cups and salads, or chop them up for pies. No need to bother at all. Just pour out the kind of pineapple you wish—and there you are.

And *such* pineapple! James D. Dole, head of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, has spent 27 years developing it. Sliced, Tidbits or Crushed, it is all the same delicious fruit—perfect in ripeness and flavor, perfect in tenderness, perfect as pineapple can be.

If you have never tasted Hawaiian Pineapple grown and packed the Dole way, there's a treat in store for you.

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple

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This useful, entertaining book!

30 novel recipes, originated by food editors, and the amazing story of James D. Dole—that's what comes to you in this illustrated booklet called "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden." Send for it today—free. You'll be delighted.

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THAT PEDESTAL MYTH

[*Continued from page 19*]

of the very men who had said his wife was just like a child, the woman banker heard him declare to the table at large, "In America we put women on pedestals."

Where are these mythical pedestals? she asked herself.

To be sure there is sentimentality among us about motherhood. But in no country in the world is less consideration given the advice of the old, in no country are parents disregarded so completely as in our own.

The same audience which at vaudeville shows will applaud and sometimes weep at a song featuring "the old home and mother" will treat with indifference or contempt any efforts on the part of their own individual mothers to influence them.

In pioneer days, when the wealth of the nation depended upon more primitive labors, women were an economic asset and not, as they have now become, a liability. It was necessary to have women to cook, to sew, to teach school, to bear children. There were fewer females than males in unsettled districts, hence their value was higher.

TODAY a wife is regarded as a luxury. Contrary to the European system of *dots*, the average American girl does not receive so much as a dress allowance from her parents when she marries. It is a source of pride to the young husband that he shall support her entirely.

It is significant that in countries where a bride is dowered, where she brings to marriage property or money equal to her husband's, women play a vastly more important part in men's lives than they do in this country.

An attorney who has had long experience in trying to harmonize matrimonial discords, maintains that a majority of these cases concern money.

"No one wants to admit it," he says. "They manufacture all sort of smoke screens, talk about incompatibility, intellectual differences and so on. But when you get to the core of the matter, you find it's the pocket-nerve that's affected."

Another sign of the way in which marriage is regarded by the average young man, is the phrase with which most bachelors seek to excuse their state. "I can't afford to marry," is said, in much the same tone in which they say, "I can't afford to own a yacht."

In the era in which the pedestal myth originated, men couldn't afford not to marry. Wives were as necessary to their prosperity as firearms or ploughs or horses.

This leads to the inevitable question as to how far women are responsible for their present status. For it cannot be laid entirely to their lack of dowry. It rests also upon the equipment which they bring to marriage, of which their mental attitude is an important factor.

The European bride expects to contribute more in a material way than the American. She is also better trained and prepared for the intellectual and spiritual partnership which must be the basis for successful marriage. She does not go into it blindly, confident that romance and physical attraction through some miracle will last forever and will make smooth for her a path which she must know quite often is dangerously steep and rocky for others. She expects to earn whatever happiness comes her way.

There is hope that our younger generation may gradually attain this wisdom, in spite of the efforts of their elders to keep them from it. They are considered "hard boiled" when they look at life impartially, and older women, either through envy because their own days of freedom are ended, or because they get vicarious pleasure out of the contemplation of conduct they declare depraved, spend many happy hours in condemning them.

The serious deterrent to clear sightedness these youngsters may find is that many of them are the product of disorganized families, hence their attitude toward the possibility of divorce in their own cases is too casual. Also they are so befogged by a general atmosphere of hypocrisy that they are sure no one not of their own generation can teach them anything.

A girl of twenty who was married last year shocked her mother and amused her father when she declared, before the rehearsal of the ceremony, "I don't care so much about this word 'obey' being left in, but I wish the bunk about 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow' could be cut out and Jack would sign an agreement to give me a straight ten per cent of all he'll have! For sex and checks are the things that usually break up marriages."

It is not only the feminine half of the younger generation who go into marriage with a changed point of view. The boys today approach matrimony from a different angle from their fathers.

PUT women on a pedestal? Why?" one of them asked. "If they're superior to us, it'll show soon enough without any artificial elevation to prop them up. But what I like best about my wife is that she's the best sport and good pal I ever met. We can go along a lot better together if I don't try to make her wear stilts."

The pedestal myth takes no account of the desirability of man and woman walking hand-in-hand. It carries back to the old-fashioned American theory that men had work to do—rough work which no womanly woman could or should understand—and that the proper position for her when they could afford it, was "to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam." When the fine seam became too outmoded to be used literally, it was supposed to be replaced by interest in the arts, in general culture and in charity work on a small scale.

But in a country where, generally speaking, it is supposed to be effeminate and unmanly to know too much about paintings, chamber-music or poetry, it is inevitable that as the French lecturer said, the average husband should regard these activities of his wife, "with the paternal indulgence with which he regards his children's performance in a school play."

Just what women can do about it is a matter for individual analysis. To encourage the coming generation to regard marriage as a true partnership to which both contribute their full capacity, would seem the most important step for the future. The next might be to point out to them the successful marriages, with many of which all of us are acquainted.

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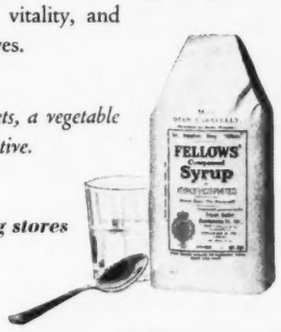

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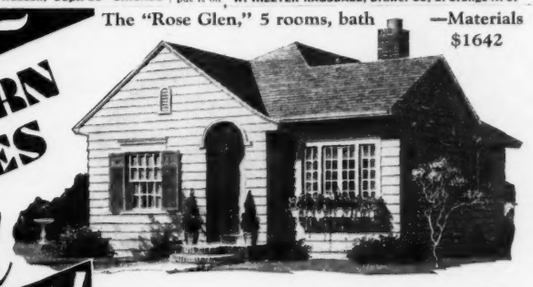

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BURNING BEAUTY

[*Continued from page 29*]

She considered that with a little frown. "Surely you won't insist if I don't want you."

"You do want me. Look me in the eye and say you don't."

She smiled at that. "We can sit here on the stairs."

"Not if I know it. I left my car a block away. Come on and have lunch with me."

"I might, of course, if—"

"You weren't so obstinate? I wouldn't have believed it!" He was pressing his advantage.

"Well, I'll run upstairs and change my hat."

"The one you are wearing is superlative."

"It's a thousand years old!" She sped lightly up the dark stairway, while he, his hand on the newelpost, waited for her. His eyes rested on the Bronze Knight, but he saw him not as a crusader lighting his small world, but as a rather shabby remnant of former grandeurs. Tony had little imagination. This place was unspeakable as a setting for Virginia's radiance. He must have her out of it.

As he drove up Riverside he said, "I'm taking you into the country. We can have a longer ride."

"Not too long," she warned him.

Yet she felt it was delightful to slip along in Tony's purring roadster, past this monument and that, with the river glinting in the cold sunlight, boats going up and down and across, their smoke billowing back of them in pearl-white and silver; with the line of the Jersey shore cutting up into a sea-blue sky, and the great apartment houses on the left gaining something of glamor because of the clear air and the glow of the morning sun.

SHE did not watch the road and was somewhat startled an hour later to find that they were entering the gates of Derekdale. "You shouldn't have brought me here, Tony."

"Why not? I'm a bold buccaneer, Virginia."

"Please take me home."

"No. You're being kidnapped."

She was half frightened. "What do you mean?"

He redeemed the situation from seriousness by his light laugh. "I mean nothing except that you are going to have lunch with me. Mrs. Fields, the housekeeper, will play propriety."

They laughed together, and Virginia forgot her fears with Mrs. Fields to welcome her and Tony saying, "Will you look after Miss Oliphant for a bit? And have lunch for us at once. Virginia, take off your hat and let me see your hair."

The housekeeper was smiling as the two of them went up the stairs. "Mr. Tony wants his way," she said, "and he usually gets it."

When Virginia joined Tony a little later, he took her to the portrait gallery and chose a seat for her at one end of the room, so that she looked down its length with all the imposing pictures to her right and left.

"Do you know why I brought you here?" he demanded.

"No."

"Because I want you to gaze on all these lovely women and imagine yourself among them."

"Among them?"

"Yes. Painted as the wife of the eighth Anthony Bleecker—in gold lace with a purple curtain back of you as I saw you on the stairs, and with your hair making a crown."

She was refusing that future, for what? To go back to her attic. To go back to cooking her meals on the little round stove. To work like mad on Rickey's book that she might pay his debt to Michael McMillan. Michael, who did not love her.

And Tony was urging. "My dear, my dear, why not be gay and happy? We could be married in a minute, and join the others in Florida."

"Mistress of Derekdale — mistress of Derekdale—" never to go back to the grim old house, never to walk up the dreary stairs. She dared not raise her eyes to Tony's lest he read her thoughts. "Is there anyone else?" he asked.

She looked up at him. "Yes."

"Is it—Michael McMillan?"

She nodded.

He bent down to her. "I shan't give you up," he said, "remember that."

Tony and his father sat late that night by the fire in the great hall at Derekdale. The dogs lay at their feet. A storm was raging outside yet so firm were the foundations of the fine old house that no blast could shake it. The wind had come up before Tony got Virginia home.

And young Anthony said to old Anthony, "She is such a little thing to fight alone. And she could do so much for me. I'd have ambition to be something more than a rich man's son. She wouldn't care about my money if she cared for me. She'd be a companion, a good comrade. If she loved a man it would be with all her heart and soul, but there'd be more than romance in it, there'd be all the qualities of mind and heart that make a man content. You know what I mean, Dad. You've missed it."

THE old man lifted his head and nodded. "Yes, I've missed it. Never since I married have I had a home. I might as well be honest about it—you know it and I know it. I've had houses, yet your mother and I have never sat by our fireside satisfied to be together. We've never gone into deep forests or sailed the seas, happy to have no other soul near us. When we married I wanted a hearthstone, your mother wanted excitement. She has what she wants, and I make up my life as best I can. I have no complaint, I chose her from among all other women, and if I made a mistake it was my own fault. But I have this to say to you, Tony. If you can't have Virginia Oliphant, make no compromises. You'd better be single to the end of your days than marry the wrong woman."

"You mean Marty?"

"Yes."

"Not the ghost of a chance she'd have me even if I wanted it."

"That's not the truth and you know it. She'd like the linking of the fortunes even if she hadn't a shred of love for you." He hesitated, then said significantly, "Your mother wants it."

[*Continued on page 119*]

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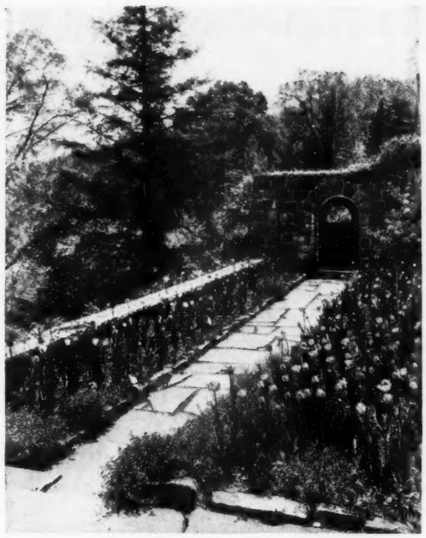

A small space, filled with tulips for early spring

PLAN NOW *for* A GARDEN

By OLIVE HYDE FOSTER

TO enjoy flowers from season to season—in other words succession of bloom in the garden—plans must be made long in advance. The cold winter months, therefore, when we are shut indoors, is the ideal time to carefully consider what our garden lacked the season past, and how we should like to make it richer and more beautiful in the season to come.

The very first step to simplify the planning is to make a diagram or chart of the home grounds. Sketch in all the buildings, the walks, the trees, the growing shrubs and any existing flower borders that are satisfactory enough to be retained, and then it is easy to see how much space is left.

The matter of light and shade and the kind of soil should next be considered. For ground that is shady and probably damp, (as often found on the north side of a building) will successfully maintain only the kind of plants used to such environment. There are plenty to be found in this class, however, (which will be discussed below). Ground open to the East, South and West with average good garden soil, generally will grow most of the old-fashioned favorites, and if the soil needs improvement it can be easily enriched. The gardener in doubt about such quality is advised to send a sample of the earth to the nearest State Experimental College for testing, if the particular flowers desired require special conditions. On the other hand these special conditions often can be met by making a pocket of the desired soil (such as that from the woods for the evergreens) large enough to supply the root needs.

It is easy, to so arrange a single border so that different varieties of plants will be accommodated, by putting those that like shade in the shadow of a tree or even planting a tall shrub so as to protect from the strong sun; and plants requiring woodland conditions can be made happy by bringing in soil from the woods to make them feel at home.

Where rather unusual conditions are found, that is when the home grounds may be either rough and rocky, or flat (as in the middle West) special plants and shrubs can be found adapted to these conditions; and the garden beginner should study good gardens in the neighborhood, send for best catalogues available and study authoritative garden books.

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McCALL'S SERVICE EDITOR
236 West 37th Street, N. Y. City

Choice of Annuals

The flowers that bloom most quickly—and yet often can be had blooming up to the frost—are the annuals. These germinate quickly and many such as Sweet Alyssum, Candytuft, blue Ageratum and blue Lobelia are low growing, make splendid edgings and flower until late in the fall.

The taller growing for the center of the bed would include Poppies, Clarkia, Annual Larkspur, French Marigolds, Petunias, Snapdragons and Zinnias, which are all especially good for cutting and decorating indoors.

For the back of the border among the tall flowers highly popular come Hollyhocks (now to be had in both annual and biennial varieties), Cosmos, Nicotiana, Spider Plant and some of the fine Sunflower types in the annuals.

The perennials—our grandmother's great favorites—take more time and often do not flower much, if any, until the second summer, but are known as "the aristocrats of the garden." It is well to start them early in the season, use plenty of annuals to fill out the vacant spaces the first year, and then let the hardy plants have their necessary room the second year.

Among the best known and most highly favored perennials for edgings, are Forget-me-nots, the lovely new Viola (Jersey Gem), and Creeping Phlox, which are all low growing and fine for edging.

Bleeding Hearts, several varieties of Companulas, or bell flowers, Columbine, Phlox (decussata). Coral Bells, Coreopsis, Peonies, Shasta Daisies, Sweet Williams and hardy Chrysanthemums (which bloom well into November) are all of medium height for the center of the bed and give a steady succession of full bloom.

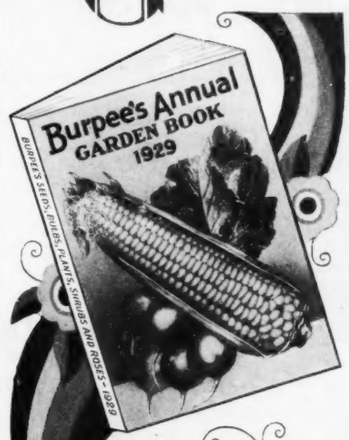
A few of the tall perennials for the back of the border would include Foxgloves, Golden Glow, the old-fashioned hardy Sunflower, Hibiscus (often called mallow), Monkshood (aconite) in the especially fine varieties and Delphinium. The new delphiniums originating in France and England must be seen to be appreciated, and are well worth all they cost. And when once planted they will provide seed enough to supply beauties for a whole community.

Iris, which will stand partial shade, is lovely in single clumps or in a border or for a low hedge, as selected in the various kinds. These vary in height from four inches to eight inches in early Pumila and Cristata varieties, to the thirty inches Germanica (or well known German iris) of the late spring, with the stately four foot Japanese iris of July. The best catalogues list these with fine color plates and complete descriptions, so it is easy to make a choice.

Roses may be selected in the rambler and climbing varieties, of innumberable shades, with some in the "ever-blooming" class (flowering late into the fall).

[*Continued on page 118*]

Burpee's Seeds Grow



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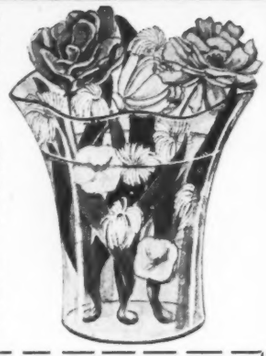

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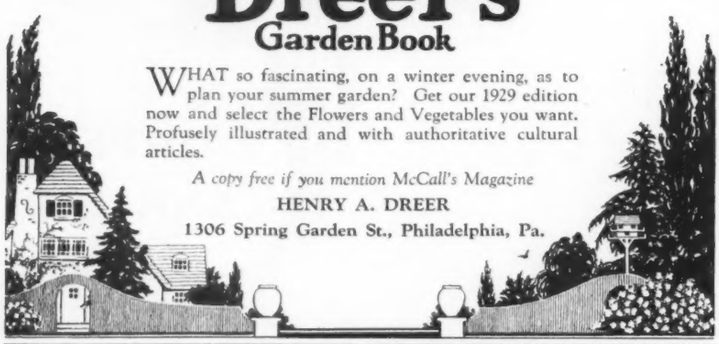

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PLAN NOW FOR A GARDEN

[*Continued from page 117*]

A VALENTINE PARTY

Are you planning to celebrate St. Valentine's Day with a party? The new party leaflet prepared especially for this occasion will help you give the jolliest and most unusual affair. It includes plans for a children's party and one for the grown-ups, too! Send six cents in stamps to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

The Hybrid tea roses (frequently referred to as the ever-blooming, because they produce more or less abundantly all season) will bloom in gardens from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf; but wherever they are they need good rich, well-drained soil, with plenty of sun.

The hardy Perpetuals are the old popular hardy June rose, of which a few, like the Mrs. John Laing, will bloom occasionally during the autumn; and the Frau Karl Bruschki rules as the finest pure white rose of its class.

Among a number of other varieties illustrated in good catalogues will be found the Baby Ramblers and Dwarf Polyantha roses. These are especially desirable for planting in masses or for edging borders. Their hardy, tiny flowers come in large clusters and bloom throughout the season, Cecile Brunner, a soft pink, and Miss Edith Cavell, a brilliant red rose, are highly recommended.

Flowering shrubs—so indispensable in a garden—come in both the evergreen and deciduous. Of the former, Rhododendrons, the evergreen Azaleas, Kalmis (Mountain Laurel) and Andromeda (Lily-of-the-Valley bush) all bloom very early in the spring when we have little else. The rare Cotoneasters bloom in the spring and carry attractive berries all winter.

Among deciduous shrubs in the low growing are found Deutzia, for early spring, Anthony Waterer spiraea, for mid-summer, the Snow-berry, for the late fall. These are only a few among those for succession of bloom.

In tall growing shrubs—eight feet or more, to mention only a few, come Cornelian Cherry, Forsythia, Japanese Pussy-willow, for earliest spring, the common snowball, Weigelia and certain Honeysuckles for mid-summer, with Hibiscus, hardy Hydrangea and the common Witch Hazel to round out the late autumn.

The indispensable vines required in so many places, come in both the annual and perennial, the tender and the hardy. Study your catalogues for a selection of vines.

Trees are absolutely necessary for good landscaping. Evergreens can be had in dwarf varieties even twelve inches high, for foundation planting, and such favorites as hemlock, arborvitae, yew, pine, spruce and the less known retinospora (Japanese cypress), give a wide range of choice. Flowering trees have a charm all their own. Dwarf fruits, flowering Cherry, flowering Peach, flowering Plum, flowering Crabapple, are decorative both when in bloom in spring or in fruit in fall. The beautiful flowering dogwood in a mass of white or pink in spring, with berries for the birds in the autumn. Shad Blow, Silverbell, Goldenrain and the Japanese Pagoda give succession of bloom for many months.

Bulbs are an indispensable class in any garden. Once put into the garden most of them will continue to flower for years to come, and increase in numbers. The earliest blooming ones include the Snowdrop, Scilla, Chiondoxa, Crocus, Daffodil, Narcisus and Grape Hyacinth, which comes in the early spring with the Tulips that bloom from early spring to late May.

Shrubbery, vines and blooming plants in rich profusion

BURNING BEAUTY

[*Continued from page 116*]

Tony was aware of a cold chill of apprehension. What Jane Bleecker wanted she usually got. It was foolish, of course, to think that she could make him marry anyone he didn't want to marry. Yet if he couldn't have Virginia, might he not be too indifferent to set his will against his mother's?

IT was a day of purple seas and warm moist winds when he arrived at Miami and boarded the Van Duyne yacht. Nothing could have been a greater contrast than his memory of Virginia on the dreary stairs and the gay group which welcomed him. Jane, in faint pink, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. "My blessed boy!" she cried.

Marty, silver under the sun, came flashing across the deck. "Tony Bleecker, I've a thousand things to say to you. Let's find a place to talk. Jane, they want you for bridge. You can kill the fatted calf later."

Jane laughed and rushed away. There were left presently only Marty and Tony and Rickey Oliphant.

Rickey had shaken hands with Tony and now he offered, with a touch of gloom, to leave them. "I'd better be getting at my work."

Marty agreed. "Run along. You've been dreadfully lazy." She touched him lightly on the shoulder with her finger tips. "Run along and write some lovely things about me."

The boy went with reluctance. Tony could see his discomfiture and was sorry for him. He wondered if Marty realized what she was doing. Did she really care for the lad? And if not, what was going to happen to him?

He challenged her as Rickey left them, "What about your tragic young god?"

"He's wonderful. But I must have moments when I can climb down from my pedestal." She said it lightly, but he perceived an undercurrent of seriousness.

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Heaven knows. He's mad about me, Tony. He wants me to run away with him and marry him. Of course I can't do it, yet the queer thing is that I want to. That's why I got you down here, as a sort of anchor to windward."

"It's a bit hard on the boy, isn't it?" Out of his own heartache Tony could appreciate the heartaches of others. "You'd better watch your step, Marty. He's a temperamental lad and high-strung as the dickens."

How hard it was on the boy neither of them knew. Rickey was at that moment in his stateroom. He was standing by the porthole, looking out over the purple waters, but his eyes saw nothing but Marty and Tony on the sunlighted deck. His face was white. She had sent him away because of Bleecker. She had treated him like a child. He had an almost hysterical desire to weep. He flung himself down at his desk and began to write. The words ran hot from his pen, yet when he had read it over he tore it up. Then with a sob he dropped his head on his hands. He had torn up hundreds of such pages since he had come south with Marty Van Duyne. His muse seemed to have left him. He was swept this way and that by tempestuous emotions, consumed by adoration of this silver witch. He wanted to lay on her altar the great gift of his genius. Yet he could produce nothing. He was burnt out, the flame of inspiration quenched. Would it ever again burn pure and bright? And if it did not, what had he to offer Marty?

It seemed to Michael McMillan in the two months following Virginia's flight as if all the restlessness of his restless years had crystalized into a dynamic energy which drove him through the days like a resistless, mighty engine. He worked as he had never worked before. After hours of almost superhuman energy in his office he would go home to read manuscripts until late into the night.

The room in which he sat was the library of his apartment. There were things in it which reminded him of Virginia—the little ladder-back chair opposite his own on the hearth, the needlepoint stool set foursquare on the rug, the silver candlesticks on the mantel above. He had often thought he would put them out of sight so that there might be no reminders. Yet he could not. He shrank from this separation of the past from the present. If he put them away, what tangible thing would he have left? There would be only the memories which tore him.

He had two Japanese servants, and one of them now came in to ask if there was anything else he could do.

"Nothing, Nogi." And presently he was alone for the night.

It was after midnight when he laid aside the manuscript he had been reading. He knew he ought to go to bed. He was burning the candle at both ends and was feeling the effect physically and mentally. He would have to run away for a bit, spend a few weeks on the Riviera, in Constantinople, Madrid, London; there were authors over there who would serve as an excuse if he needed one.

THE room was very still. The fire had died down so that there was only a glowing bed of coals. On the table beyond the fireplace a lamp of Chinese porcelain shed a pale gleam like moonlight on the dark wood, and bathed in this light was a tiny silver figure perched on the edge of a shallow basin of malachite. It was a thing Michael had picked up in Florence to hold flowers, and the silver figure was that of Pan piping among the reed-like plants with which Nogi kept the malachite basin filled.

There was something so gay and sportive about the little figure that it had seemed to Michael to typify all that he longed for of youth and vivid experiences. Yet tonight he felt poignantly the contrast between that debonair image and his own dry-as-dust routine. Was life never to give him what he wanted? Hours filled to the brim with expectancy, excitement, fulfilment, laughter?

Then breaking upon a startled silence the telephone rang.

Long distance and a strange voice! His Aunt Molly was not well. Could he come to her at once? Was it as serious as that? Yes, there was hope, of course. But she was asking for

[*Continued on page 120*]

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BURNING BEAUTY

[*Continued from page 119*]

Michael. There was an early morning train and they would be there to meet him.

He said he would drive up in time for breakfast. And they were to tell Aunt Molly he sent her his best love.

He went to bed and, unexpectedly, to sleep. He called Nogi long before dawn, had his bag packed and coffee made, and was off before the rest of the city was awake.

It was wonderful driving up the river with the rising sun spreading a soft pink sheen across it. There was a strong wind blowing and it had swept the sky clear. The countryside looked clean and bare as if nature were getting things ready for the gorgeous advent of spring.

AUNT MOLLY was in her room on the first floor, propped high among her pillows. Her breathing was difficult.

"Dear boy," she said, and clung to his hand.

She seemed to sleep a little after that. Michael sat beside her and when she opened her eyes, she said, "I want you to be happy."

She drifted away and came back. "Michael, I have left this place to you. You must bring Virginia here in summer. She can look after my little ducks. Your children—will love—my little ducks, Michael."

She was smiling. He was glad he had not told her that Virginia was lost to him, that she was going to marry Tony Bleecker.

"Michael, will you bring her here?"

He lied gallantly, "Yes."

She seemed to sleep again. The nurse came and whispered, "It is sleep she needs. Perhaps if she can get it—"

There seemed a bit of hope in that. Michael asked the doctor if the hope was justified.

"She may pull through. She has a strong constitution, but she never saves herself."

Michael understanding her, said, "I think she'd rather die saving others than save herself."

The doctor nodded. "She was out looking after the lambs. It was a dreadful night and she was chilled to the bone."

Michael, walking later about the place, came upon the ducks swimming composedly in a frigid pool. What was it Aunt Molly had said? "Bring Virginia here—she can look after my little ducks—your children—will love my little ducks, Michael."

One of the farm men coming up said, "She sent out to know if the ducks had been fed. She always does it herself. She loves every living thing on the place and they love her. She took cold looking after the lambs."

"The doctor told me."

That night a turn of the tide swept Aunt Molly away from the shores of death. Her convalescence was slow and she wanted Michael near her. So he went back and forth to the city, spending as much time as he could on the farm. It was thus that he saw all of Aunt Molly's friends and neighbors, and learned the place she had made for herself in the hearts of the people of the countryside. She had lived for others, not in any narrow sense, but wholesomely and heartily, with joy in their joy, sympathy in their sorrow. It seemed to Michael as he went among them, that this, after all, was the secret of real happiness, not to shut oneself away from the world, but to become a part of it, sharing the hazards of the road with rich and poor, simple and proud, as fellow travelers journeying toward a common goal.

A season of spring-like weather set in, and as he walked and rode about the farm, Michael began to sense the excitement of the approaching season. Everywhere one felt it; the little frozen streams thawed and rippled, there was a sprouting of clear green against the black earth in sheltered corners, birds flew up from the south, the barn doors were open, there were calves and lambs, piglets and goslings, tiny chicks and little ducks, making their first fascinating excursions into the outer world.

How Virginia would love it!

It was when Aunt Molly was sitting up that she spoke to him of Virginia. "When is she coming?"

Aunt Molly was in a great winged chair by the window of her bedroom. The view showed the round of the hill which led down from the house and a vast stretch of sky above it, pale azure with white clouds scudding across it like celestial ships.

And Michael, looking out of the window, said in a low voice, "She is not coming."

"Why not?"

He told her. Of the night at Derekdale; of her note; and of what Rickey had said of her marriage to Tony Bleecker.

Aunt Molly sat very still, her serene hands folded, her serene eyes on the scudding clouds. "And you let her go like that?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because," he told her, "I felt she was like all the rest."

"Why should I have faith in any woman?"

"Don't be so shallow, Michael."

Her scorn stung him. "I'm not shallow."

"You are, you are!" Her eyes were no longer serene. They were keen, accusing. "To judge a woman like Virginia by a woman like—Helen."

He sat staring at her, but he did not see her. What he saw was his wife, Helen, her cold loveliness, her indifference, and beside that Virginia's radiance, the clear glance like a child's.

And suddenly he found himself saying, "I've been a fool, Aunt Molly."

"Such a dear fool," she said, and held out her hand smiling, "but none the less a—fool."

WHEN he left his aunt, Michael walked under the wide azure sky. His heart was light. He would go to Virginia and beg her to forgive him. He would say, "Let me show you what you and I may share together."

He would bring her then to Aunt Molly's and she would know what he meant. That he was not offering her worldly possessions, but rather some treasure of heart and soul, a thing shared spiritually as it were by one who understood. Derekdale had its barns and stables, its livestock. It had its streams, it fields and pastures, but here on Aunt Molly's farm was an

[*Continued on page 121*]

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BURNING BEAUTY

[*Continued from page 120*]

intimacy with nature which the great estate lacked. At Derekdale men were hired to keep perfect the machinery of dairy and poultry yard, but here one seemed to get at the heart of things—the doves and the ducks, the lambs, and the fat horses knew their mistress and loved her. "You and I," he would say to Virginia, "will meet life as Aunt Molly has met it. If not on the farm, then in some other place where we shall have the realities of love and friendliness, and where we shall grow roots that will strike into the soil and bloom to the end of our days."

A week later, he came to Washington Square. He went into the hall and saw the Bronze Knight with his torch, and the dreary people going up and down the stairs. His heart was beating fast as he knocked at the door of Virginia's apartment.

The door was opened by a strange woman.

"Miss Oliphant asked me not to give her address to anyone," he was told.

Why had Virginia disappeared like this? And had she gone alone? He was tortured for a moment by the thought that she might have gone with Tony. He had the grace to be ashamed of that. He knew her for what she was, a woman with ideals as high as her high-held head.

At the end of the week he went to Annapolis. The Oliphant house was closed. There was a sign up—For Sale. The March wind swept over the dead garden and rustled the brittle leaves. He asked the woman next door if any of the Oliphants were in town. She said they were not, and that the house was heavily mortgaged and must be sold.

Michael asked if she had the key. She gave it to him and he went back to the house and entered it. In the dark drawing-room his footsteps echoed as he crossed the floor. He flung the blinds open. The light streamed in and illumined the big room and the stairway beyond. Michael stood very still. He seemed to see Virginia going up the stairs, the candlesticks like a crucifix upon her breast.

TONY, all in white and very good-looking, lay in a long deck chair beside Marty and said with some heat: "He's an insufferable young brute. Why don't you send him home?"

"I'd rather send you home," Marty's little smile held a hint of Mona Lisa. "Rickey's always thinking of me. You are always thinking of another woman."

He did not deny it. He simply warned her, "You'll have trouble with that young poet. If you try to drop him some day, he'll explode."

"Perhaps I shan't try to drop him," Marty told him.

"You will when the next one comes along."

"The next?"

"There's always another for you, Marty. And there always will be."

"How mournful. It sounds like a funeral procession, Tony." She laughed and sat up. "There he is now."

Rickey came toward them. He too, was in white and good-looking. Tony knew that the thing which attracted Marty was not Rickey's likeness, but his difference from all the other men she knew. There was the glamor of boyish beauty, of temperament which swung him swiftly from one mood to another, the charm and wit of his lighter moments, the reminder when he was serious of the young romantics of other days.

When he reached them, the boy gave Tony a curt greeting. "I've something to read to you, Marty," he said.

"If it's poetry," she told him, "it's too early in the morning."

He flushed. "It's almost noon."

"I haven't eaten anything. I must have lunch before I let my brain work."

Rickey stood looking down at her. "What makes you say things like that? You don't mean them. You want to hear what I have to read. You know you want it, but you never shall—" He tore the sheet in two and tossed it over the rail, then strode away.

Marty's eyes were clouded. "I've hurt his feelings," she said tenderly.

"What if you have?"

"It's like hurting a child."

"You are not usually so tender of the men who love you."

"I know. But in this case it isn't a question of the man who loves me, but of the man I love."

His quick exclamation showed his astonishment. "You don't mean you are going to marry him?"

SHE shook her head. "I don't know what I mean." Then after a pause, "Run along, Tony, mio, and I'll send for him and soothe his ruffled feelings."

"You really want me to go?"

"Yes. I'm sorry. I know it hurts your vanity."

"I haven't any vanity. Nobody loves me."

"Not even Virginia?"

"I wish she did." He rose and looked down at her. "I'll leave you now to your young poet. Remember if anything happens, I warned you."

But Marty would not be warned. Tony saw the pair of them that night under the moon—Marty wrapped in silver, Rickey at her feet, adoring.

Jane Bleecker saw them, too, and said to her son, sharply: "Marty ought to be ashamed of herself, leading Rickey Oliphant on."

"Perhaps he's leading her on."

"What do you mean?"

"She's in love with him."

"Marty—in love?"

"Yes."

"Nonsense."

"You may call it that, Midget, but she told me so herself."

"She'll never marry him."

"You can't be too sure what Marty may do. She's her own mistress."

Jane digested that in silence. All her life she had meant that Tony should marry Marty. She did not mean at this late day to have her plans frustrated.

So after her son had gone in, and Marty, and everybody except Rickey, who leaned on the rail and looked at the hot moon hanging low in the sky like a lantern, Jane still remained.

As far as Rickey was concerned, she might not have been there. Only a few minutes ago Marty had left him and he was in a heaven of his own. She loved him—! And now Jane Bleecker said, "For Heaven's sake, Rickey, stop looking at the moon."

He turned to her. "I thought everybody had gone to bed."

"Everybody has except the two of us. But why sleep on a night like this?"

Rickey came toward her. "You feel it, too? The enchantment?"

"Yes. We'll all be going north soon and you will be cool and calm and sensible."

"I shall never be sensible."

"Sit down," Jane ordered, with a little gesture toward the seat beside her. "Every year," she began in a musing voice, "we come down here in

[*Continued on page 135*]

How to have Lovely, Lustrous Hair—*always!*

Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

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A Hat for Every Costume and How to Make It

by Elisabeth May Blondel

1689. Wrapped Turban.

1690. Beret.

No. 1690—Pattern for Two Hats and Bag. With Special Transfer. In these models the art of hat-making has been simplified as smart women are now making hat and bag to match each costume, using the same material as in the dress or using tweed, velour or felt in the same colors. Beret requires ¾ yard 36- or 39-inch material. Sports Hat with Envelope bag requires ⅝ yard 54-inch material. Price, 45 cents. Crimson.

1690. Sports Hat.

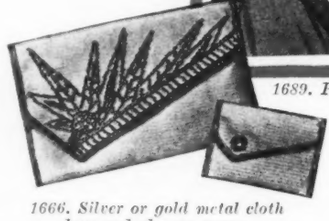
1690

No. 1689. Pattern for Two Turbans. Every smart wardrobe contains at least one turban, usually an expensive copy of a French model. Now the same wardrobe may have three or more for a similar cost and a few hours of pleasant work. The Wrapped Turban is stunning worn with the fur collared coats of the winter or the still heavy wraps of early spring. Requires 1¾ yards 4-inch tricot banding or ⅝ yard milliner's satin. The Pleated Turban also simple to make requires only ⅝ yard 36-inch material; ¾ yard grosgrain ribbon for the face band. Pattern gives explicit directions for the beginner in the art of millinery. The head measure for both turbans is 21 to 22 inches. Price, 40 cents.

No. 1666—Metal Cloth Bag 4 x 6 with Change Purse. Pattern provides the cut out gold or silver cloth, 8 rhinestones and transfer. Price, 85 cents. Read below.

1689. Pleated Turban.

No. 1666—This dainty bag of metal cloth is washable, wear- and water-proof and may be finished with a beaded or braid edge. Large bag may be plain like small purse or beaded as illustrated. Read above.



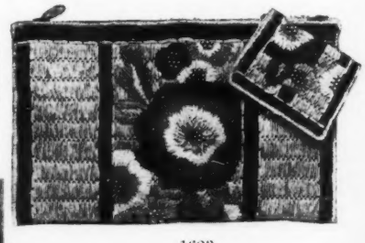
1666. Silver or gold metal cloth bag and change purse.

No. 1645. An Italian Quilted Bag is especially well adapted to the matching bag and hat made. Pattern provides the cheese cloth lining which, when stamped is sewn to a silk top and the entire design raised according to directions in the pattern. Sew bag to a 9-inch amber top. Price, 40 cents. Blue.

1679

No. 1679. This smart envelope bag, 6½ x 10, which may be made in materials or colors to match one's hat has an all-over embroidery design and may be closed with a metal slide fastener. Price, 50 cents. Yellow.

1645. Read above.



1623

No. 1623. Smart Bag and Purse stamped on canvas to be worked in tapestry wools or crepe twist. Pattern contains a metal slide fastener to close the bag (finished, 6¼ x 10 inches). Suggested color schemes and directions. Price, $1.00.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed above.

The Things Smart Women Take the Time to Make

1680

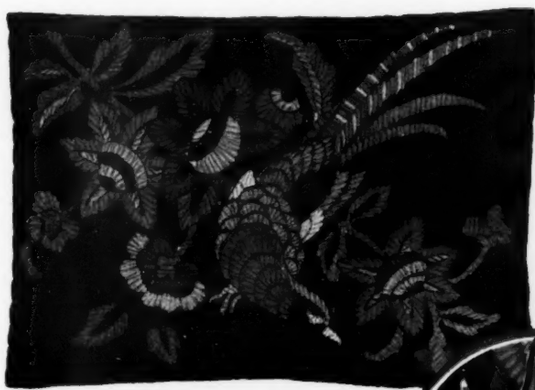
1680

No. 1680. With cutting outlines and transfers for the felt symbols it is ever so easy to make these smart 11-inch bridge pillows to surprise your friends with at your next bridge. See No. 1680 below.

No. 1680. The pillow vogue now brings to the fore small pups for decoration, some wool embroidered, some of felt appliqué, terriers, bulldogs, etc. A new wool stitch that is clipped to look furry can be easily learned. Cutting patterns also include the set of bridge pillows above and full directions for making. Price, 35 cents. Yellow.

1693. Boudoir Dolls you can make. Designed by Edith Ackley.

No. 1693. Women who have an eye for last-minute novelties will adore having a pattern that teaches them the secret of how to make these fashionably dressed boudoir dolls. The pajama suit is of jade green trimmed with blue transparent velvet, the other dress a stunning combination of white satin and purple velvet, the embroidery in colored wools. Cutting patterns provided for doll's bodies (33 inches long) and their clothes. Transfer included. Price, 50 cents.



No. 1687. To work the new fashioned canvas pillows in the long stitch here shown is quite different though just as effective as the needlepoint work of old fame.

No. 1686. The larger sized pillow claims its leading place beside the many shapes and sizes found in the pillow groups of today. This lovely spray design is ready stamped on canvas measuring 18 x 24 inches and especially adapted for easy, long stitches covering the background which is done in taupe wool, against which the colorful tones of rose, lavender, blues and greens develop richly in tapestry effect. Price, 85 cents.

1686. (Below.)

1682

No. 1687. Wool work on canvas was once a labor of love with its fine needlepoint stitches and intricacy of design. In this new bird pillow the long stitches (see detail) work up effectively and easily in the tapestry colors used to develop this stunning modernistic design. Ready stamped on the canvas itself measuring 14 x 20 inches with full instruction. Also adaptable for a footstool. Price, 60 cents.

No. 1682. "Arabian Nights" Place Cards are the latest sensation. They are ready printed on heavy quality water color paper, and it is very simple with a set of 10c water colors to add the required coloring in the fashion set by Paris. There are 12 cards, three each of four different styles, and in the pattern are also included the ostrich feathers and silver flitter trimming which enhance the effect—stunning for bridge party, luncheon or dinner. Price, 60 cents.

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

Diagonal Seamings

WHETHER a tailored frock is straight or flares at the hem in princess lines, the silhouette in the newest models remains simple. The one decoration that Paris uses in most of the new tailored frocks consists of seamings, and these are nearly always diagonal to make slender lines even more slender.

No. 5563. The diagonal line of the neckline is repeated in a group of pleats at the front of a straight line frock. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material or 2⅛ yards 54-inch.

No. 5595. The princess silhouette of a tailored frock is emphasized by decorative seamings. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch material or 2⅞ yards 54-inch; over collar, ⅛ yard 36-inch.

No. 5573. A straight line frock, bloused by means of a belt, has diagonal seamings suggesting a bolero. Size 36, 3½ yards 36-inch or 2¼ yard 54-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 36-inch.

No. 5582. The style feature of a simple frock is a pleated inset in the front cut in a pointed line at the top. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 36-inch material or 2¼ yards 54-inch.

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

Novelty in Necklines

THE new sports frocks show how complicated daytime frocks can look, even in their new simplicity. Hardly a neckline is cut in an outline and left plain. Most of them start as a V, but there is nearly always some detail to lend them originality, shaped bands in a novel line, a handkerchief or a bow.

No. 5589. A pointed yoke is cut in one with sleeves that are raglan in back. The flaring skirt is joined in a pointed line to match. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 5599. Trimming bands at the neckline accent the diagonal line of a section in front of the skirt which flares at one side. Size 36, 2¾ yards 39-inch or 2¼ yards 54-inch.

No. 5594. A border trims the edge of the jumper, the skirt hem, the V neckline and the scarf of an attractive two-piece frock. Size 36, 4⅝ yards of 39-inch bordered material.

No. 5559. The cape back, a style feature of a smart tailored frock, is held in place by curved bands at the neckline heading a pleated jabot. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 39-inch material.

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

Spiral Lines Interpreted in Flounces

No. 5457—Two flaring flounces dip to a deep point at one side and mount on the other to a bow on the hip. The neckline is square with shoulder straps. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch or 4¾ yards of 40-inch material.

AMONG all the new silhouettes shown in evening frocks, one type stands out as belonging definitely to the coming season, the frock that has a slender sheath for a foundation, with fulness added in the panels or the flounces. The flounces suggesting the spiral lines that many of the most important Paris designers are showing in evening frocks are prominent among the smartest ways of adding this fulness, revealing as they do enough of the sheath foundation to keep the effect of that important feature—slender straightness.

No. 5596—A novel spiral flounce is flared all round by means of groups of shirring. A long flaring panel in the back suggests the new short train silhouette. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch or 2½ yards of 54-inch material.

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

Fulness at the Back in Daytime Frocks

No. 5590—The clever cut of an apron gives the effect of fulness and animation to a slender frock, bloused in the back by a sash attached at the sides. Size 36, 4½ yards 36-inch material or 3⅞ yards 39-inch.

MANY of the newest style features in daytime frocks have a little history in evening gowns. The fulness at the back that is attracting so much attention in the newest French daytime clothes had its beginning in elaborate bustle effects on picture gowns for evening, and was gradually modified into graceful back draperies on dance frocks. Now Paris designers have discovered ways to make back fulness becoming for daytime, and even the simplest dresses may show flares at the back, or aprons cleverly cut to suggest back fulness.

No. 5591—The new tendency toward fulness in the back is illustrated in a frock which has a flaring underskirt and an apron which flares at one side. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard 36-inch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

Variety in Flaring Hemlines

SOME of the French designers are introducing even hemlines on afternoon frocks this season, and others prefer the more familiar dipping irregular hemlines. But whether the hemline is even or irregular, it is always wide. Godets, circular cut, flaring flounces, or a wide straight skirt tightly shirred at the hipline are only a few of the numerous ways of adding the width required at the hem in the new spring silhouette.

No. 5598—A new afternoon frock has a bertha collar, a draped girdle and fullness at the skirt hem supplied by two godets. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch or 2⅞ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5581—The two tiers forming the skirt of a simple frock are flat front and back and flare at the sides. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 39-inch material or 3¼ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5503—Graceful lines are lent by a flaring diagonal skirt flounce and a diagonal neckline ending in a flaring jabot. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch or 3 yards of 54-inch.

No. 5575—The skirt of a youthful frock is shirred at the hipline, while a narrow sash suggests a higher waistline. Size 16, 3¼ yards of 36-inch; collar and cuffs, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

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IL' IECIHIO DE IPAIRIIS

Narrow Belts Are Important

MOST of the new French models except those on princess lines have a narrow belt. These belts, usually of the same material as the dress, are used not so much to indicate the position of the waistline—which varies with various models, but finished with a bow or a buckle, they provide that necessary touch of trimming to frocks that depend for their decorative effect not on trimmings but on their new lines.

No. 5560—A widely flaring skirt is joined to the frock in a scalloped line, with a group of shirring in front. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material or 2¾ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5576—The snug silhouette is produced by rows of shirring. The shoulder yoke knotted in front is a new detail. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch or 2¾ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5513—Circular cut lends graceful lines to a skirt that wraps over at the side, and to a deep bertha collar. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material or 4⅛ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5593—A shaped band suggests the lines of a draped girdle in a two-piece frock. A bow with flaring ends accents the front flare. Size 36, 4¾ yards 36-inch; lace, ⅝ yard 36-inch.

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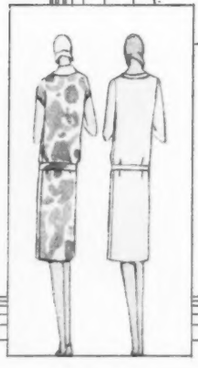
L'ECHO DE PARIS



Sports Frocks Sponsor Every Length of Sleeve

THE sleeveless frock is one of the many attractive surprises shown in the new collections in Paris. Often when the three-quarter length coat of a tweed ensemble is removed, it will reveal a tailored frock, also of tweed, made without sleeves. But now that this sleeveless type is being introduced in all types of sports frocks instead of those reserved for tennis, some Paris designers, to make the range of choice still wider, are making even the tennis frocks with long sleeves.

No. 5562—Short kimono sleeves are a spring style feature of a slender sports frock in which jacket lines are suggested by seamings in the front. Size 36, 3½ yards 27-inch or 2⅞ yards 36-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 36-inch.

No. 5557—A closing that buttons down the side front and ends in a pleated inset lends distinction to a simple dress slightly bloused by a belt. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material or 2¼ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5506—A handkerchief collar attached at the neckline forms a smart trimming detail. Fulness is supplied by an inverted pleat in front of skirt. Size 36, 4¼ yards 32-inch or 2⅜ yards 54-inch; scarf, 1 yard 36-inch.

No. 5579—For active sports, a new frock is sleeveless, buttons down the side front, and is accompanied by bloomers of the same fabric. Size 36, 6⅜ yards 27-inch or 5⅝ yards 32-inch; collar, ⅝ yard 36-inch.

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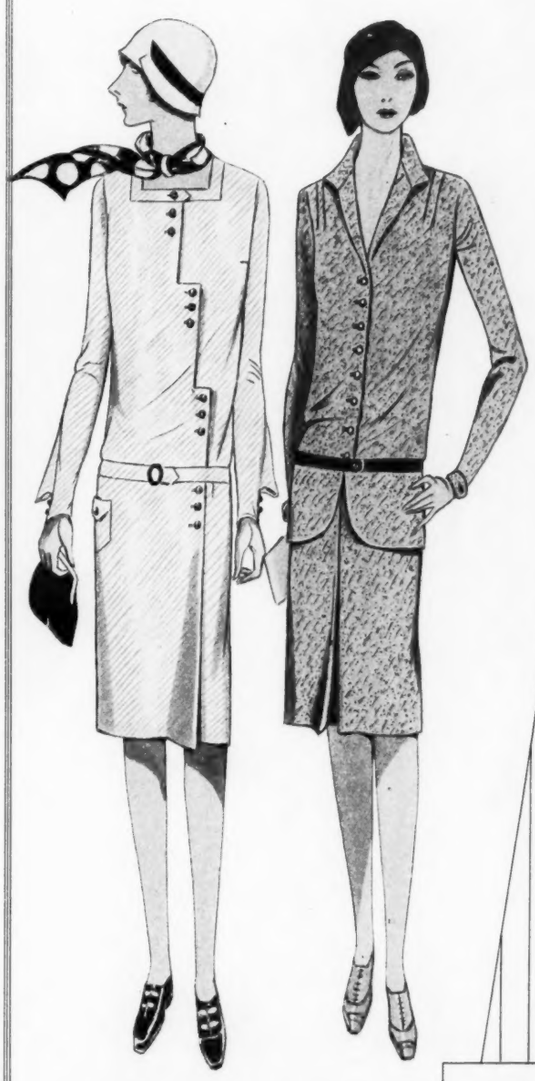
L'ECHO DE PARIS



Paris Buttons Tailored Frocks with Novelty

WITH trimmings neglected, and silhouettes straight and slender, the lines of the closing offer Paris designers a smart opportunity for decorating tailored frocks. In each of these four frocks, the closing suggests something besides the mere fact of fastening the frock. One has a variation of the double breasted effect, another suggests the long tunic, the third is cut in a skyscraper outline, and the fourth simulates the lines of a short jacket. In each case the effect is emphasized by buttons.

No. 5597—A quaint variation of the double breasted effect shows the blouse buttoned at the left and the skirt trimmed with buttons at the right. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material or 3⅜ yards of 39-inch.

No. 5590—The effect of the new long jumper and skirt is given to a one-piece frock by a flounce pleated in front attached under a deep tuck. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard 40-inch.

No. 5565—Skyscraper lines are smartly adapted to the side closing of a straight line frock. The novel sleeves and square neckline are style features. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 32-inch, 2⅞ yards 39-inch or 2¼ yards 54-inch.

No. 5558—A straight peplum lends jacket lines to a one-piece dress that has an inverted pleat in the front of the skirt. A belt marks the waist. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch material or 2⅝ yards 54-inch.

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

The Practical Ensemble for Sports

PARIS is giving such prominence to ensembles that this spring it is less a question of whether to have an ensemble or not, but how many ensembles to have. Besides the new sports costumes made with a loose jacket of short or three-quarter length, there are tuck-in blouses, separate skirts as well as frocks that lend themselves admirably to ensemble themes.

No. 5580—A new type of sports frock, made without sleeves, is cut on princess lines to supply the necessary fulness at the hemline. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch or 2¾ yards 39-inch material.

No. 5594—Decorative fabric finds attractive use in a frock with skirt pleated in front and long jumper with a separate kerchief. Size 36, 3¾ yards 39-inch bordered; kerchief, ¾ yard 39-inch.

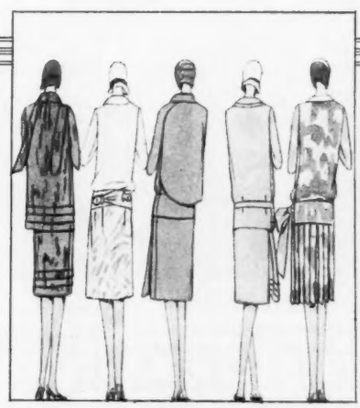
No. 5583—A tuck-in blouse may be worn inside or outside the skirt. Size 36, 2⅛ yards 32-inch material. No. 5570—A sports skirt has a shaped yoke. Size 30 requires 1¾ yards 54-inch material.

No. 5569—A spring ensemble consists of a jacket with raglan sleeves and a simple one-piece frock finished with a pleated jabot. Size 36, 2¾ yards 54-inch; waist, 1¾ yards 39-inch material.

No. 5574—A separate jacket with tuxedo revers in front. Size 36, 2⅛ yards 54-inch. No. 5534—A two-piece frock with jumper and a pleated skirt. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 136.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



The Formal Ensemble for Daytime

A POPULAR type of ensemble for formal daytime wear is the short jacket costume that borrows the merits of both a suit and a dress. In line, these ensembles are almost as simple as those for sports, but a suggestion of formality is conveyed in intricate cut, decoration in the form of tucks or a touch of embroidery, and a softer treatment of scarfs and sashes.

No. 5592—Overlapping bands trim the edges of the jacket, the sleeves and the skirt hem of a three-piece ensemble. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch; blouse, 2⅛ yards 36-inch material.

No. 5584—A sports blouse worn tucked inside the skirt. Size 36, 2⅜ yards 36-inch. No. 5577—A skirt with an inverted pleat is attached to a yoke. Size 30, 1⅝ yards 54-inch.

No. 5504—The purposes of either a suit or dress are served by a pleated skirt attached to a bodice top, and a smart jacket with bolero back. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch material.

No. 5445—Narrow bands trim the pleated section of the skirt of a two-piece frock with similar bands decorating the side pocket and forming the cuffs. Size 36, 3½ yards 40-inch material.

No. 5572—Blouse has surplice closing and wide sash. Size 36, 2⅜ yards 39-inch; collar, ⅞ yard 36-inch. No. 5578—Pleated skirt is attached to yoke. Size 36, 2¼ yards 39-inch material.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5568—An ensemble costume consists of a smart frock in contrasting materials and a short jacket. Size 10, 2 yards 54-inch; waist, 1¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 5567—A child's raglan coat with patch pockets and double-breasted closing has a smart hat to match. Size 8, 1¾ yards 54-inch; lining, 1½ yards 39-inch.

No. 5498—The style feature of this frock is a skirt cut in a flaring wrap-around effect in front. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch or 1⅞ yards 40-inch material.

No. 5587—A two-piece frock is made attractive by the use of contrasting fabrics. Size 10, waist, 1⅜ yards 27-inch material; contrasting, 2⅛ yards 27-inch.

No. 5588—A practical frock with the waist opening down the front and a very full skirt is accompanied by French panties. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch material or 2 yards 36-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 36-inch.

No. 5586—Very becoming to a little girl is a new spring coat smartly gathered on a deep round shoulder yoke. Size 6 requires 1¾ yards 36- or 39-inch material or 1¼ yards 54-inch; lining, 1⅜ yards 39-inch.

No. 5585—Pleats at one side are balanced by a one-sided collar and a long streamer trimmed with rosettes on the other. Size 8, 2⅝ yards 27-inch material or 1¾ yards 36-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 36-inch.

No. 5564—A round cap and a coat which has raglan sleeves and a double-breasted closing form a smart little boy's costume. Size 8, 1⅝ yards 54-inch material; lining, 1¾ yards 39-inch; cap lining, ⅜ yard 36-inch.

No. 5561—Simple rompers are made attractive by the addition of pockets, belt and collar in contrasting fabric. Size 4, 1⅜ yards of 27- or 32-inch material or ¾ yard of 39-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 36- or 39-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 136.

BURNING BEAUTY

[*Continued from page 121*]

Marty's yacht and have a few weeks of hallucinations, and when we go back we wonder how it happened."

Rickey asked idly, "What do you mean by hallucinations?"

"Oh, I flirt and Marty flirts, and we fall in love and fall out again."

She had his attention now. "Marty has never been in love," he said with a sort of tense eagerness, "until now. All the rest—were—what did you call them—hallucinations."

Jane's cool laugh matched her crystal beads. "She tells all of them that. It's a part of the game—to tell the last man there has never been another."

Rickey's face was turned toward her. "I wish you wouldn't speak like that of Marty."

"Oh, if you want evidence, there's enough of it. Ask the man at the wheel how many nights she has sat late under the moon."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"I don't want you to be hurt."

He laughed, such a joyous laugh that Jane was startled. "How can I be hurt when I have her promise?"

"Her promise?"

"Yes, to marry me."

Jane stared at him incredulously. "Of all the mad things," she said.

"We are both mad, I think. But it's a beautiful madness."

Jane stood up. "You are two beautiful fools, if you want my opinion."

"I'm not sure that we want it," was Rickey's assured response, "if it's cynical and all that. Marty says she's tired of her world. She wants to live in the world I create for her."

"After you're married," said the practical Jane, "she'll live in your world for about five minutes."

"She'll live in it forever." Rickey's tone was rapturous.

Jane went to bed after that. She had not shot all the arrows from her bow. She had always meant that Marty should marry Tony.

And she still meant it.

[*Continued in* MARCH McCALL'S]

WOMEN OFFICIALS IN AVIATION

[*Continued from page 30*]

age, responsible for their hiring, their firing, and the overseeing of their work at drill presses, punch presses, soldering and assembling. That, then, was the beginning and today when Bessie Davis goes out to sell, say, a gyroscopically controlled fore-and-aft inclinometer she knows the physical laws upon which its invention rests, each step in the manufacture of the delicate instrument and what purpose it serves anyone who invades the ether.

This caution and this belief in flying by instrument are characteristics Bessie Davis shares with Amelia Earhart who, long before she became the first woman to cross the Atlantic by air, was one of the five incorporators of a commercial aeronautical concern.

Just so another girl took up flying for the fun of it, when polo held no more excitement for her, and is now on a full time aviation job. Miss Ruth Nichols, of Rye, New York, had been flying for several years and held the only hydroairplane license issued to an American woman by the *Fédération Internationale Aéronautique* before she broke into the public eye by hopping down the coast on a non-stop flight from New York City to Miami. That led her into sales work for an airplane manufacturing corporation for a time. At present she is chairman of the organization committee of Aviation Country Clubs, Incorporated.

Kathleen Kelly is assistant general manager of a Wichita company that is the oldest maker of commercial planes in America.

Geraldine Mirell is purchasing agent of an instrument company in Brooklyn. "I don't think I can tell you why I came into the aircraft business, but I've been in it five years and I can tell you why I shan't leave it," says the gray-eyed girl who regards her profession as seriously as her husband regards his. "It's too thrilling and I like it too well ever to give it up. I feel as though I am in on the biggest thing on earth!"

That is also the way Pearl Young, physicist for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, feels about it. After two years instructing in physics at the University of North Dakota, she entered the federal research laboratory at Langley field "to escape from the monotony of teaching." She has the responsibility of verifying the accuracy of aircraft instruments before and after the important test flights.

Six years ago Olive B. Williams established an aviation engineering school at Miami. The hurricane blew it away. She came to New York and started over. Today she presides over a faculty of twelve government-licensed pilots and has a hundred and fifty pupils from seven different nations, thirty of them girls. Jessie Horsfall has been editing the *Aero-Digest* for four years. Dorothy T. White is associate editor of the *American Aviator*. Florence Bergstrom is business manager of the *U. S. Air Services* magazine and sometimes contributes an article as well.

B. Davis, G. Mirell and K. Kelly kept their sex hidden for years under their nonchalant signatures and doubtless many more women are quietly working away behind a similar anonymity. "Zimmy," who drifted from sketching still-lifes into drafting working drawings of the minutest constructional details of such things as altimeters, drift indicators, compasses, and fuel level gauges, is really Miss Frances Zimmerman outside the plant.

And ever since the war Mrs. Marie Goodbar has been doing similar work in production drafting for the Material Division of the Army Air Corps at Dayton, Ohio.

Mona Rossiter, who had charge of flight research data at McCook Field during the war is now secretary to the president of an air express company that carries freight and passengers from the western coast to Butte, Montana. Olive Mellor is office manager for an airplane manufacturing company at Wichita. Anna E. Basset is executive secretary for an export company at Garden City, Long Island. Vera L. Mahon assists the purchasing agent of an airplane motor company at the same place and buys streamline wire for her firm from Dorothy B. Dennis, sales manager of a manufacturing concern and starters and generators from Miss M. E. McDennett of another company. Phoebe Fairgrave Omile, the only woman pilot who entered the National Air Tour for 1928 and the holder of one of the few transport licenses issued to women by the government, conducts an aerial service corporation with her husband at Memphis, Tennessee. Edith Keating has been with a well-known aviation corporation for four years and is assistant manager for one department of their aerial surveys division.

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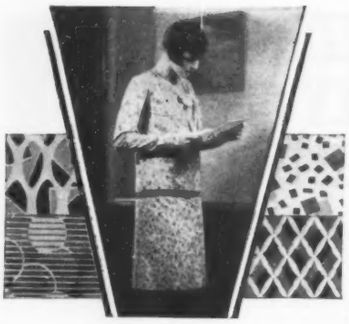

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THE LOST FIFTY MINUTES

[*Continued from page 27*]

find again. I wonder," his tone was whimsical, "I wonder where they go—these lost minutes?"

The woman was quick to catch the man's mood.

"They go to the place, perhaps," she murmured, "where all lost things go. The lost dreams, the lost chances and desires, the lost faiths and vanished opportunities."

SHE wore a coral-colored frock the next evening. Her face was white above the color.

"I'm feeling the motion a bit," she told Bland, the critic. "No, we wouldn't interrupt your bridge for worlds. My husband and I have so little time together."

The critic, with a knowing wink at James Trent, had disappeared. And rapidly, upon the heels of his disappearance, the woman turned.

"I've been thinking," she said, "all day long I've been thinking it over. You—you made me feel last night that the tour was my fault. But it wasn't. No, really it wasn't. If you'd said a word, made a gesture—"

The man raised his hand in swift denial.

"If you had!" he told her. "How about—"

But the woman was speaking angrily, "It isn't as if the tour was the only time, either, that we lost anything. It isn't as if I were the only one at fault. How about that play you could have written, in which I could have starred? The one that my millionaire friend wanted to put on? Why," her charming brow was wrinkled, "why did you refuse so blankly?"

"Your millionaire friend?" he flared. "Don't you suppose I knew what it was all about? He was in love with you and was giving me a chance because he wanted to bribe me. If I'd let him put on one of my plays I'd have felt unclean. I'd have felt that I was selling you, that his money was buying you."

"Old enough to be your father!" he grumbled.

The woman spoke hotly, "Why didn't you say all this four years ago instead of being so stubborn, so frozen and still? Why didn't you tell me all your silly doubts? The millionaire? He *was* old enough to be my father. He was just my father's age. You see, he was his best friend." She paused ever so slightly. "And I went to school with his daughter. We were great pals—until she died. We—the millionaire and I—we get along ever so well together. He did love me! Just as he'd loved his own child, almost!"

The man spoke stiffly: "If you'd bothered to tell me all this at the time! Why in heaven's name didn't you explain?"

But the woman was playing nervously with the edges of her coral-colored scarf. Her voice was very low as she asked, "How could I? You were rude. You told me never to mention the play or his name again."

A waiter, tray in hand, was passing. He spoke friendly-wise, "Have you turned your watch ahead, sir? So many of the passengers forget."

Fifty more minutes—and a vanished opportunity.

As they walked down the hall toward the lounge the man glanced down at his companion's face.

"I never saw you wear rouge before," he remarked, "off stage!"

The woman flicked at her cheek with a scrap of a lace handkerchief.

"I never needed it before," she told him, "except when I've been really ill!"

The man was holding open the door of the lounge. He spoke with an effort at being casual, "I never knew you to be really ill," he said, "except once. And that was—"

The little cry upon the woman's lips turned into a wry smile of greeting. She waved her hand across the room to Bland, the critic, seated at a card table. The man bowed stiffly.

"That," her husband finished, "was when the baby—"

The woman's face was very white, the rouge stood out upon it in queer cerise circles.

"You didn't seem to care," she said. "You never seemed to care! The baby—it never cried but once. It only breathed for just a moment. And you never seemed to care! You looked at me so strangely; I'll never forget your look. And you said, 'We didn't want a baby, not ever—' I'd held it in my arms, and it was dead."

The man's voice was molded of a sob.

"Didn't care!" he rasped. "Do you think I'm made of stone? Do you think I'm a graven image? Every man wants a son. I'd been frantic, utterly frantic with joy, at the prospect. And then when the son couldn't stay—" Swiftly he brushed a hand across his eyes. "Oh, then I knew blind agony! But could I—could I let you see my disappointment? Your loss was so much bigger, so much more poignant than mine. So

[*Continued on page 137*]

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., Spring & Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada; 204 Gt. Portland Street, London, England.

No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price
5445	14-18, 36-42	45	5558	14-18, 36-46	45	5572	14-18, 36-46	35	5586	1-6	30
5457	14-18, 36-42	65	5559	14-18, 36-42	45	5573	14-18, 36-42	45	5587	4-14	35
5498	2-10	30	5560	12-20	45	5574	14-18, 36-42	45	5588	1-6	30
5499	14-18, 36-46	45	5561	1- 4	25	5575	12-20	45	5589	14-18, 36-42	50
5500	14-18, 36-46	45	5562	14-18, 36-46	35	5576	14-18, 36-42	45	5590	14-18, 36-42	50
5503	14-18, 36-42	50	5563	14-18, 36-42	45	5577	28-38	35	5591	14-18, 36-42	50
5504	14-18, 36-42	45	5564	2-8	35	5578	14-16, 36-44	35	5592	14-18, 36-42	65
5506	14-18, 36-46	45	5565	14-18, 36-42	45	5579	14-18, 36-46	35	5593	14-18, 36-42	50
5513	14-18, 36-42	50	5566	14-16, 36-42	35	5580	8-20	45	5594	14-18, 36-42	45
5534	14-18, 36-42	45	5567	2-8	35	5581	14-18, 36-42	50	5595	14-18, 36-42	50
5553	14-18, 36-42	35	5568	6-14	40	5582	14-18, 36-50	45	5596	14-18, 36-42	50
5554	14-18, 36-42	45	5569	14-18, 36-42	50	5583	14-18, 36-42	35	5597	14-18, 36-46	45
5555	6-14	35	5570	28-38	35	5584	14-18, 36-42	35	5508	14-18, 36-42	45
5556	14-18, 36-42	45	5571	14-16, 36-42	50	5585	2-10	30	5599	14-18, 36-42	50
5557	14-18, 36-42	45									

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THE LOST FIFTY MINUTES

[*Continued from page 136*]

I tried to keep a stiff upper lip. I tried to tell you that it didn't matter, that I wasn't too shocked and shaken. I didn't tell you that something in me went all to bits when I heard that the little fellow had gone. The doctor said I was to make as light of it all as possible, that you were in a dangerous condition."

"If I had only known," she breathed. "Oh, your lack of sympathy hurt almost more than the baby's death. Your callousness shocked me more than his little cold body. If I had only known!"

The man was on his feet.

"Oh, for God's sake," he said, "let's get out of here! I can't stand these lights and the sound of people talking."

Quietly, like two young people, well-bred and intensely interested in each other, they walked the length of the lounge. Quietly they reached the hall and there, on the bulletin board, they saw a message posted.

"The clock," it read, "will be advanced fifty minutes at midnight."

Fifty lost minutes! Vanished into the land where dead desires go!

THE fourth night out she wore a black gown, spangled in jewel-like stones. It made her seem more sophisticated, more finished than usual. And her gleaming hair, above a white brow, was as curved and smooth as polished metal.

"You look somehow different," said Bland as he pressed her hand. "Like a beautiful actress cast as a young divorcée."

The woman managed a laugh.

"I should hope not," she told the critic, archly, "I should hope not!"

The critic was inclined, again, to his playful mood.

"I don't suppose," he said, "that I could tear you away from your husband for a turn around the deck? I'd like to ask some questions about this new play your manager is ballyhooing."

The woman was about to give a quick assent. But the man at her side spoke quickly, "Why don't you have your walk tomorrow morning, while I'm hard at work on my proofs? Then you people can talk to your heart's content."

Bland laughed. "Far be it from me," he said, "to interrupt a tête-à-tête between five-year married folk. God bless you, my children."

The man and woman, left alone, settled themselves in their chairs.

"It's strange," said the man as he sank back, "how even yet you get a kick out of making me jealous! You'd have gone off with him, walking the deck in the moonlight.

The woman was looking at her husband with a strange light in her eyes.

"I didn't know," she said softly, "that I could make you jealous. I thought all that was over. I thought that we—were all over!"

"I suppose," he said, "you've forgotten the time I came home with the satisfaction that my novel had won the Keen prize. The prize that I'd—I'd been praying for. Came home aching to tell you all about it. To," he laughed bitterly, "to lay my laurels at your feet. And I found you in his arms—that Spanish leading man of yours, who looked like Valentino. Oh, I knew you didn't care for him. But you were in his arms. I couldn't tell you then, could I, about my little triumph?"

The woman's laughter was also bitter.

"Apparently you couldn't" she said, "for you turned on your heel and went

[*Continued on page 138*]

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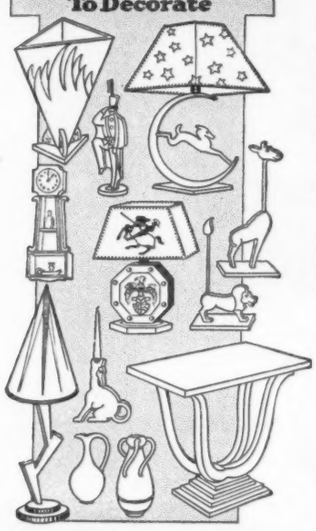

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THE LOST FIFTY MINUTES

[*Continued from page 137*]

out. You went to the home of that stupid little blonde who was—" her laughter died. "And you left the telegram notifying you of the prize on her table. Oh, I heard all about it!"

The man was not laughing now. "I expected that you would hear about it!" he said gruffly. "I wanted you to. I wanted to hurt you as you had hurt me. If—if possible!"

"You did hurt me," she said, "very much more than I had the power to hurt you. Juan, my leading man, was rehearsing a scene with me. He'd been telling me just before you came, of his young wife in Barcelona and how lonely he was for her. The scene with me went badly because he was so unhappy. That's why you never saw it on the stage if you ever tried to see the play."

"I never tried," said the man simply. "Why should I, believing as I did?"

IT was the fifth evening. And the woman wore white. She seemed like a bride out of a blue and gold romance book. As she walked into the lounge with her husband, an old lady clasped pudgy, ringed hands together, and a girl, bred of matinees, sighed ecstatically. And the husband, glancing down, sighed too.

"You look," he said suddenly and quite without meaning to speak, "you look as you did on that night five years ago when we stood in front of the minister and somebody sang from behind a tall palm."

The woman's hand was tight upon her husband's sleeve.

"If one were only clever enough to hold fast to the dream," she said. "If one could only keep the morning from coming! It should have been possible in our case. After all we had so much to build on—youth and a great love and the beginnings of success and a million rainbow plans. Where have they all gone, I wonder? Why didn't we keep them? Ours wasn't an ordinary marriage. There wasn't anything lacking in it. But we did'nt have enough sense."

The man's hand had crept up to cover the small one upon his sleeve.

"We didn't have enough sense, ever," he said, "to do what we've done on this voyage—to talk over situations as they arose. We might have avoided almost every jolt, every jar, every unpleasant scene, every false suspicion if we'd only been big enough to throw our little prides away. To talk it out!"

The woman laughed, but her laughter was unsteady.

"Jimmy," she said. "Jimmy! You're like a chapter from one of your own novels! And we're," all the laughter had died from her voice with only the unsteadiness left, "we're on our way to Paris. To buy a divorce. Talk it out? It's too late to talk it out!"

"Is it too late?" the man was questioning huskily, eagerly. "Oh, Milly!" his eagerness was growing, "I'm more mad about you this minute than I ever was before. We've been such careless fools, using our dreams as if they were footballs! Let's try—"

PERHAPS it was the slim silk traveling suit that made her look so girlish; perhaps it was the little quirk to her smiling lips, the glow that lay in her eyes.

"You're like a honeymooner," said Bland genially, as he came upon them seated close together on a sofa. "A pair of honeymooners!" he corrected himself.

The woman spoke. Quite frankly her

[*Continued on page 139*]

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THE LOST FIFTY MINUTES

[*Continued from page 138*]

hand lay in her husband's hand.

"We feel that way."

Bland, the critic, was lowering himself into a chair, in front of them.

"I've just finished an article about you two," he told them. "I've referred to you as perennials, and so you are!"

"So we are!" echoed the man, his voice a paean of joy.

Bland's smile as he surveyed the pair, was oddly uncynical.

"Where are you going after you land?" he questioned suddenly. "Maybe we can have luncheon together somewhere in Paris."

There was a stir in the corner of the room. The clock was making its fifty minute race. For the last time on that voyage it was hurrying ahead. The man's hand, detaching itself from that of his wife and automatically setting the hands of his own watch, was steady. So was his voice, but his eyes were all at once misted.

"Just at the moment," he said, "we're going outside. To see the lights of a harbor grow from the dark. And," he paused—"I'm sorry, old chap, but we'll have to put off the luncheon, much as we'd enjoy it. My wife and I have had a sudden change of plan. We're going home on the next boat."

The critic's eyes were filled with surprise. He spoke and his voice was crowded with curiosity.

"You're the craziest people I ever met!" he told the man who was a novelist and the woman who was a star. "Why on earth are you going back so soon?"

The woman's mirth was a delightful ripple of sound. "We've lost so much time coming over," she said and her slim hand indicated the corner clock. "Fifty minutes every night. And on a return voyage one picks up the lost minutes!"

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 32*]

breaks up the hero's happy home; she proves to be unfaithful, extravagant and generally worthless. The son dies, and the father, ruined and broken-hearted, sinks back to the lowly cabaret, to be solaced and restored to happiness by the one who had always loved him.

FROM this recitation of the plot you will gather that *The Singing Fool* is not all gay, exuberant merry-making. On the contrary, it is the most thoroughly tearful picture since *Stella Dallas*. One must be inhumanly hard-boiled to be able to choke back the sobs during the scene in which the hero, having just come from his little boy's death-bed, must step out on the stage and sing the song which had been the child's favorite lullaby.

Mr. Jolson is absolutely superb in this dramatic episode; indeed, his work throughout *The Singing Fool* is by all odds the best that he has ever done. He sings magnificently and he is thoroughly efficient in the delivery of his lines.

Josephine Dunn is both competent and ornamental as the faithless blonde, and a small boy named David Lee gives a really marvelous performance as the son. The scenes between Mr. Jolson and this child are beautifully played and genuinely touching. *The Singing Fool* deserves to be seen: it is a grand show and an impressive demonstration of the amazing scope and flexibility of the talking picture as a medium of expression.

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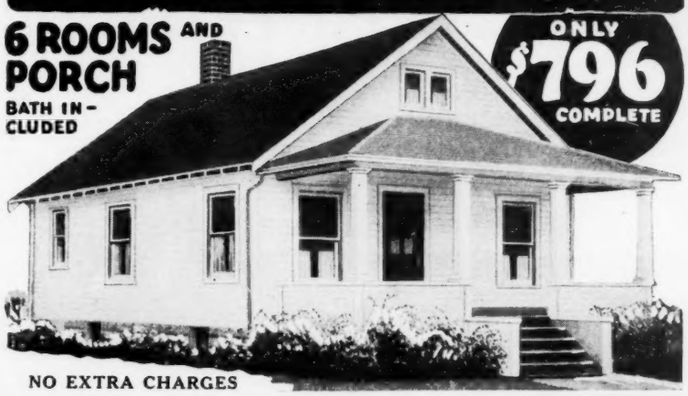

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THIS page is yours and to it you may bring those problems which affect your lives. Letters requiring a personal answer should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, care of McCall's Magazine.

The Steps

THE most acute of human triangles is not formed by one man and two women or one woman and two men, but by a husband, a wife and a step-family. If we may be forgiven the geometric contradiction, it is the most obtuse of triangles also, for the heartburning that generally attends it is often avoidable. If we were one-half as polite and as painstaking in our private relationships as we are in our public ones, if we gave one-tenth as much thought to succeeding as parents and sons and daughters and husbands and wives and friends, as we do to making figures in the business and professional world, we would live longer and more happily. Success in human relationships, like success in every other endeavor, requires hard work and intelligence. I wish we had space to print the many valuable letters we have received on the step problem. Some are full of black bitterness on both sides but most of them paint a surprisingly bright and encouraging picture. Here are some excerpts:

My dear Margaret Severance: Jealousy is the root and branch of all "step" troubles. It is, perhaps, a natural and original sin, but if we set about to fight it as we would fight fire, we can smother it as water does any blaze. Jealousy is senseless because it presupposes that one person can take another's place, whereas not even two children of the same family ever occupy the same niche in the heart of their own mother. How, then, could a second husband or wife take the place of the first, or a stepchild be superseded by an own child or *vice versa?* Nature is more original than man and has millions of patterns. We should strive to make, each our own pattern and our own place in the hearts of our loved ones and to fill it so well that we banish fear that it can be refilled—Mrs. T. L.

My dear Margaret Severance: I am both a stepmother and a stepdaughter and so I can speak with some authority on one of the most vexatious of domestic tangles. I have had my difficulties in both relationships, but I have overcome most of them. And I have found myself richer and happier for having had them. One danger lurks forever around every step-parent and every stepchild and against it all such would do well to be warned; namely, the menace of interfering relatives and other busybodies. Any relationship can be complicated and ruined by a third person and this one more easily than any of the rest.—Mrs. E. J. G.

My dear Margaret Severance: All the bother about step-parents and stepchildren is merely begging a question that humanity will not face. The quarrels, the faultfindings, the failures and undutifulness that take place among parents and their own children are so many and so constant, that it is small wonder to me that step relatives cannot get along. Why not be honest and lay the blame where it belongs—to human fallibility rather than to any particular relationship into which human beings enter?—Emm E.

My dear Margaret Severance: I married into a half-grown and very temperamental family of children who were often beyond their own father to control. I faced the fact that I might have grave trouble, but I loved their father and felt that I did not want to fail him in any way. I was reluctant also to be either a coward or a quitter. I determined to be frank with the children and to deal with them alone. We had our difficulties at times, but we discussed them frankly and tried honestly and with all the intelligence we could muster and all the patience to let bygones be bygones. This has been the greatest development of character I have ever had and I am grateful for it.—A. A. C.

My dear Margaret Severance: My stepchildren and I were fast friends until I had children of my own; then, overnight they changed into suspicious enemies. Whatever I said or did was wrong and they actually seemed to hate my children. Naturally this caused resentment in my heart and my husband was placed in a most embarassing position. I advise any woman who marries a man with children not to have children of her own, if she wants to keep harmony in the family.—Mrs. S. B. M.

Here is a woman who records the opposite experience:

My dear Margaret Severance: My father married a widow with several children and so, with my sisters and brothers, we made a strange, alien, and conglomerate household. The stage was set for misfortune. Everybody who knew us predicted it. Our various relatives held up their hands in horror; our neighbors shrugged and whispered. I suppose they had reason to do so. Here were two separate families, with different traditions, different backgrounds, different aspirations, asked to function as one just because of a bond between our father and their mother that all of us resented! Fortunately both our families had been well bred, taught not to parade our tangles and to keep our worries as much to ourselves as possible. We all realized that to be impolite did not hurt the one to whom that impoliteness was directed, but ourselves. Yet, as we all knew and felt, everybody was ill at ease, constrained and unhappy.

Then, with the birth of our little half-sister, sunlight came out of darkness. Here was a being who belonged to us all alike, who drew upon our love and protectiveness and became the center of one large happy family. Now we are all grown and married but the family bond between step-sisters and stepbrothers is, I can truthfully say, almost as great as that between blood brothers and sisters. We have capitalized our differences in early experience and made interesting conversation out of them rather than contended about them. Yet I know we should have made a lamentable failure, in spite of our little sister, had we not all been polite, even when we did not want to be!—G. H. M.

This writer gets down to bed-rock:

My dear Margaret Severance: The step family is merely a variation of the normal family. The elements which would break up one home would break up the other. If members of a family want their home to succeed, that feeling, consciously held and followed, is, I believe, the greatest binding force except love that any home can have. Without it on the part of husband and wife and children, even love cannot hold a family together. Children should be taught what psychologists call the "we feeling" until it becomes part of their subconscious lives. I belong to a step family that could have quarreled violently if we had only wanted trouble. But we didn't. We wanted to be on good terms with each other and were willing to pay the price of a united family. Whatever elements we had in common we kept in the foreground. Many young girls and some older women too, love to think of themselves as martyrs and are always getting the worst of it. The best thing that can happen to a motherless family is to have a good stepmother. I know, for I have one.—R. E.

Generalizations are dangerous about anything so subject to the changing temperatures of personality, mind, spirit and circumstance, as are human relationships. However, step relationships are happy or unhappy according to the diplomacy and understanding that are put into them.

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DR. EDVARD EHLERS

says . . "I invariably prescribe yeast"

Municipal Hospital, Copenhagen, where Dr. Ehlers is chief physician of the dermatological department

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Dr. Ehlers

DR. EDVARD EHLERS, *of Copenhagen*

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A Page For Children

The Old Wooden Bridge

How an owl and a turtle were saved from a flood

BY PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE

ONE afternoon Aunt Harriet and Carol had George Delay for tea at their house which was called Stone Steps. It was his birthday and Aunt Harriet had let him choose his own cake. So he had selected a jelly-roll. Carol didn't like the idea of a jelly-roll for a birthday cake but, as Aunt Harriet said, she must remember it was not her birthday but George's. The roll was filled with currant jelly and set on a platter and all powdered over with sugar. Icing doesn't go well on a jelly-roll.

"And how can you put candles on?" asked Carol who felt like making all the objections she could.

"We will put them in a row like soldiers," Aunt Harriet answered.

There were seven red candles, six for his birthday number and the seventh candle for him to grow on.

While they were eating the jelly-roll and drinking cambric tea Aunt Harriet told them a story about a bridge which was what George wished as his father was an engineer and built bridges.

The bridge was built across the Connecticut River and had stood for over a hundred years. It was an antique and was of wood and covered over like a house. The floor was of wide planks and the horses would go clattery, clattery over the boards and sometimes wake people up at night. There were windows along the walls and midway on one side was a door with steps leading down to a small island which was one of the nicest islands in the world for it had a sandy beach and a few rocks and grass and trees and a little inlet where water-lilies bloomed. When children went there for picnics and took off their shoes and stockings to dabble their feet in the water they would laugh to feel how strong the current of the river was as it rushed by.

There were two friends who lived in this place all the year around. Buff was a barn-owl and he made his nest inside the bridge. He was a soft downy little fellow with yellowish gray feathers and a white face with big eyes which shone so bright at night that he looked like a lantern set up in the rafters.

Tom who was a turtle lived below the bridge on the island. He had a nice olive-colored shell with black markings and just touches of red, while on his head were two yellow stripes. His eyes were sharp as bits of diamonds. He enjoyed basking in the sand near the edge of the water where it was warmed by the sun, and snapping at the flies in the lily-bed.

Buff slept all day but when the sun set over the river he would open his eyes and blink and then go down the steps to have a visit with Tom. The only difficulty was that Tom was sleepy about this time and had a hard time to be polite and turn his head away in time when he yawned. Buff would see his friend's head drawing more and more inside his shell and the hooded lids falling over the little eyes and know he had gone sound asleep. After awhile it would be dusk over the river and then the little owl would ruffle his feathers and glide noiselessly away.

Nothing ever disturbed these two friends until the flood came. That spring there had been heavy rains and the river grew so full that the children were told not to play on the island below the old bridge. One clear moonlight evening Buff who was watching the river rising against the bank saw a sty with a mother pig and her baby pigs go floating down the river. This alarmed him for he had never seen such a sight so he flew down to awaken Tom. "What's the matter with you?" asked Tom, crossly and opening only one of his little eyes. "Can't you let a fellow sleep?"

"Not when the river is covering the island!" answered Buff, sharply.

Now while a turtle like Tom can swim a little he can't swim at all against a big rushing river. He would be turned over and over like a leaf. "What shall we do," he cried, very much frightened.

Tom had a saying he was fond of quoting and which he had picked up from a sailor. The saying was, "Don't put your neck out." He always said that to Buff when the little owl grew excited. But Tom didn't say, "Don't put your neck out" now. He stretched his neck out just as far as he could and saw the water rising to the point of rock on which he was sitting.

"You'll have to climb the stairs to the bridge where it will be safe," cried Buff all in an owl-like flutter and quite excited.

TOM had to swim from the point of rock to the stairs for the island was now flooded. If it had not been for Buff he never could have climbed up. His feet were so small to pull himself up by and his shell was so heavy that Buff had to fly below him and push, or he would have tumbled back into the water. At last he was safe on the bridge.

For two days the river rose, slowly but steadily. People around began to fear the old bridge would go. Every night Buff flew out over the rushing river into the woods to get food for Tom and himself.

The third day the two little friends were alarmed to feel the bridge shaking in a strange way and then suddenly it broke away from its holdings and turned and floated like a house down the river. Everyone stood on the shore to watch the old bridge go. Some of them saw an owl and a turtle inside of it.

A long ways down was the falls and the people ran along both banks to see the old bridge swept over the falls. But instead of going over, the bridge took a turn. It rose and backed away as if it knew and was determined not to be dashed to pieces over the falls. It veered about and was caught in a cove, then rose suddenly and stood on end and a second later plunged forward and fell half on the land and half in water.

Buff and Tom were well out of the ruins before the people reached the bridge. The sunlight was so bright that the little owl could not see a thing. He flew around and around and missed his direction.

Poor Tom, frightened for his friend, put his neck out as far as he could to look for him and then he called. "Don't go that way. That's into the river."

Buff heard him but he kept flying the wrong way.

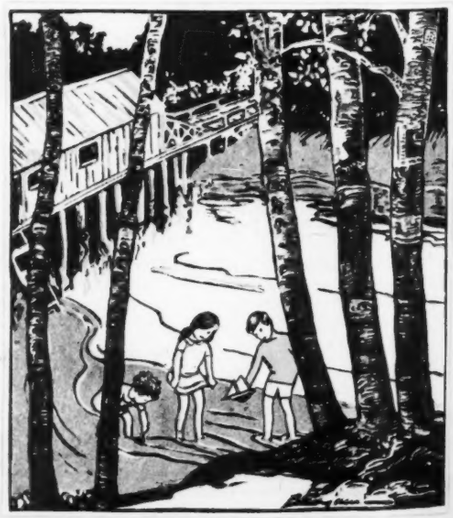
"Not that way. Come down to me," cried Tom. "Get on my back and I can see which way to go."

Buff fluttered down trembling on top of Tom's shell. His friend's shell was a little slippery and rounding to afford a safe perch but still he managed to keep on.

Tom walked as fast as he could but it was hard going along under the tough underbrush. He lost his direction and he would have been in a great deal of distress if he had not met a little clown, wearing a Spanish cloak and in company with a blue jay.

They were Gazpacho and Peter Jay who had come down to see the flood and to find if they could be of help to any of the refugees. It wasn't long before they had Tom and Buff comfortably resting in the little stone house under the fence in the woods.

PETER JAY was extremely active that day calling at people's houses and picking up crusts of bread. No one knew, of course, that he wasn't in a mischievous mood but was getting food for the flood-sufferers.

When the flood was over the owl and the turtle went back to live near their beautiful river.

"Not that I don't like the deep woods quite as well, myself," said Buff, in a confidential tone to Gazpacho, as they took their departure, "but Tom wouldn't be happy anywhere else. You know he is a river-boy."